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THE

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

OF CURRENT EVENTS AND HISTORICAL NOTES CONNECTED
WITH THE COLLEGES AND MISSIONS OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS

VOL. XLVIII

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1919

FOR CIRCULATION AMONG OURS ONLY

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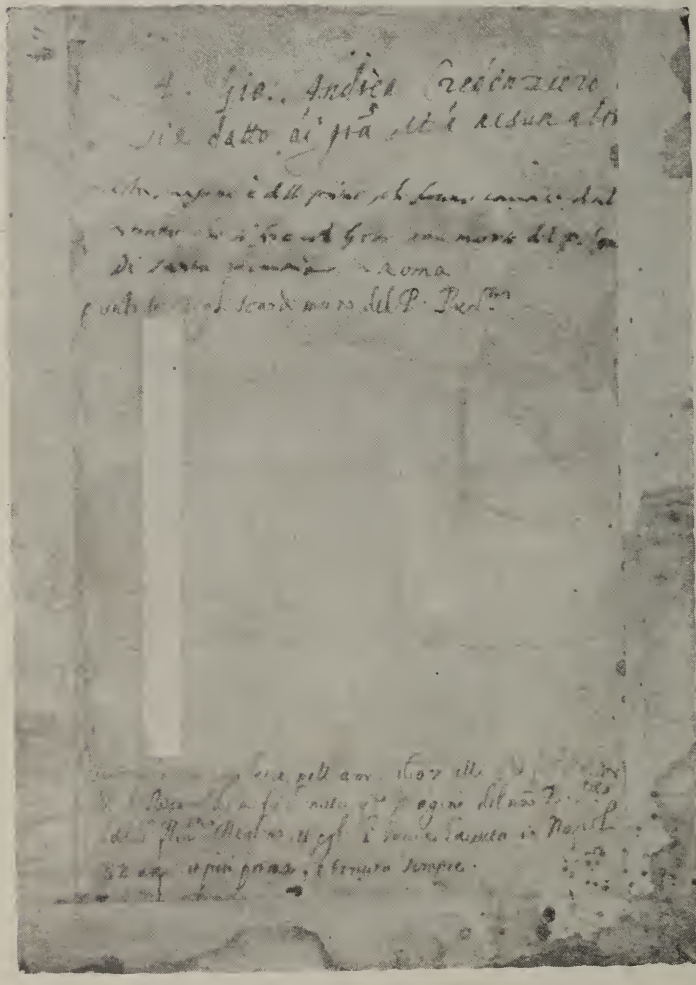

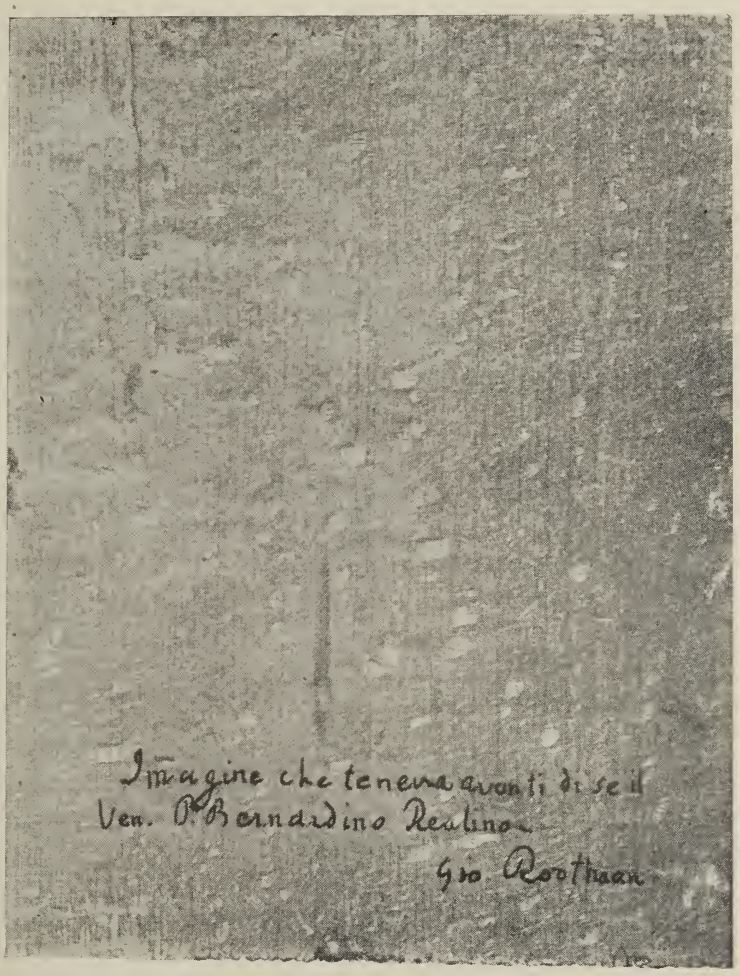
Imagine che teneva avanti di se il
Ven. P. Bernardino Realino
Gio Roothaan

11 Luglio 1865.

Iscrizioni existenti nel piccolo quadro di S. Ignazio di Lojola conservato con grande ve= nerazione, e tenuto in molto pregio da Mons.r Angelo Giansanti

F. Ruv. Simonetti.

Sotto l' Immagine

=Ignatius de Loyola Fundator Societatis J.=

Nella parte posteriore

=A Gio Andrea Credenziero sia dato di grā et á nesun altro.=

= Questa imagine è delle prime, che furono cavate dal ritratto, che si fece col Gesso alla morte del p Ignatio di santa memoria, in Roma=

= Questi tre righi sono di mano del P. Ber.no

= Ritrovandomi in Lecce, nell anno 1607 alli 8 di Feb.o il dì di S. Romoaldo mi fu donata q.a Imagine del nro B. P. dal P. Ber.no Beatino, et egli l' havea havuta in Napoli 32 anni et più, e tenuta sempre=

Dietro la tavoletta

= Imagine, che teneva avanti di se il ven. P. Bernardino Beatino - Gio: Woothann =.

THE
WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XLVIII, No. 1.

THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE OF OUR HOLY FATHER, ST. IGNATIUS

Reverend and dear Father:—P.C.

Good Father Frisbee often asked me for an account of the miraculous picture of Our Holy Father, St. Ignatius, which I brought from Rome in the year 1900. I often promised him the account, but my busy days always seemed to grow longer and I delayed. Your own letter in which you tell me that the reproduction of the picture and its history would be of much interest to the readers of the Letters urges me to send the account.

The picture is a small wood cut of Our Holy Father, measuring three and a half by five inches. It was made from a plaster cast of the face of St. Ignatius, taken immediately after death and is probably the only one in existence. These small pictures, as we know, were sent by Father Laynez to the various Provinces of the Society that all might have the consolation of possessing some little memento of their common Father. Blessed Bernardine Realino, who entered the Society in Naples, October 30th, 1564, about eight years and three months after the death of St. Ignatius, received the picture before leaving Naples for Lecce, December 12th, 1574. Blessed Bernardine was in Lecce forty-two years and died there July 2d, 1616. The readers of the Letters will recall that it was said of him that it was a miracle when he was not working miracles. The picture, therefore, is venerated not only because of its antiquity, but also and chiefly on account of the fact that it was in the possession of Blessed Bernardine Realino for the greater part of his religious life. It is the picture before which he constantly prayed and by means of which he worked many of his wonderful miracles.

On the back of the picture there are three lines written in Italian by Blessed Realino. They are:

"Questa imagine e delle prime, che furono cavate dal retratto, che si fece col gesso alla morte del P. Ignazio di santa memoria in Roma."

"This picture is from among the first made from the plaster cast taken at the death of Father Ignatius of holy memory at Rome." Just below these three lines, in another hand, is the following: "Questi tre righi sono di mano del P. Bernardino." "These three lines were written by Father Bernardine."

In the same handwriting and lower on the picture is the following: "Ritrovandomi in Leece, nell 'anno 1607 alli 8 di Feb. il di di S. Roumaldo, mi fu donata questa Imagine del nostro B. P. dal P. Bernardino Realino, et egli l' havea havuta in Napoli 32 anni et piu', e tenuta sempre." "Finding myself in Lecce on St. Romuald's Day, the 8th of February, 1607, this picture of our Blessed Father was given me by Father Bernardine Realino, and he obtained it at Naples more than thirty-two years ago and kept it always with him." As blessed Realino left Naples for Lecce on December 12th, 1574, he must have received the picture on or before this time; that would be seventeen years after the death of St. Ignatius and thirty-four years before his beatification, as St. Ignatius was beatified by Paul V on July 27, 1609.

The tradition is that the picture belonged to each of the Generals of the Society from Father Mutius Vitelleschi to the death of the beloved Father Roothaan, who died on May 8th, 1853. On the back of the frame Father General Roothaan in his well-known hand has written the following in Italian: "Imagine che teneva avanti de se il Ven. Bernardino Realino. Gio Roothaan." "The picture that Venerable Bernardine Realino kept before him. John Roothaan."

On the death of Father Roothaan the picture passed into the hands of Monsignor Angelo Giansanti, an Archbishop living at Rome, a member of the Roman Curia, and who was greatly devoted to the Society. onsignor Giansanti frequently visited Father Roothaan and revered him as a Saint. It was not surprising then that he asked for and received this picture of St. Ignatius which Father Roothaan always kept on his kneeling bench. On the death of Monsignor Giansanti in 1865, the picture came into the possession of

Francis Simoneschi, who was the intimate friend and secretary of Monsignor Giansanti, and who at the same time was an Advocate in the Roman Curia. He, too, like the Archbishop, was devoted to the Society. At this time there was in Rome in the community of the Gregorian University a Brother Coadjutor, Brother Cammillus Dongo, whose duty it was to act as intermediary between the Italian Government and our Fathers who were driven from our Houses in 1870. His duties consisted in collecting the small amount of money allowed by the Government to the Fathers who were despoiled of their homes. Brother Dongo was a close friend of the good Advocate Simoneschi, and was told by Superiors to have recourse to him always in the many difficulties that continually arose in his dealings with the Government Officials. The good Simoneschi revered the picture of St. Ignatius, and kept it among his most valuable possessions. In his last illness he confided it to Brother Dongo.

Brother Dongo died whilst the writer was a student of Theology in the Gregorian University, and the picture was given to him on the occasion of his first Mass at the tomb of St. Ignatius by the Rector of the University, Father Augustus Ferretti.

The following document is attached to the picture officially attesting its authenticity:

"Imago haec, vultum S. Fundatoris Ignatii exhibens, inter primas adcensetur, quae ex effigie post ejus mortem gypso expressa, xylographice delineatae sunt. Magnae semper venerationi inter Nostros fuit, tum propter vetustatem, tum propter augustam illorum Patrum memoriam, quos imaginem hanc diligenti cura et studio apud se retinuisse constat. Ex his primo referre juvat B. Realinum, qui ante se cum orationi vacaret, triginta et duos annos expositam habere consuevit dum Aletii versabatur. In posteriore Imaginis fronte tres verborum lineae leguntur, ipsa B. Realini manu exaratae. Tandem in manus R. P. N. G. Roothaan devenit, quem eam uti carissimam apud se usque ad extremum vitae suae tempus retinuisse novimus. Item in tabella qua clauditur imago, quaedam verba et ipsum R. P. Roothaan nomen, sua manu conscriptum legimus.

"Torquatus Armellini,
Procurator a causis."

Walter F. Thornton, S.J.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC AT CAMP MEADE, OCTOBER 1918.

All during the Summer and Fall some Jesuit Fathers from Woodstock College had been going to Camp Meade to help the Army Chaplains there with the Saturday Confessions and Sunday Masses. As was natural, therefore, these Chaplains turned to Woodstock for help when the influenza epidemic infected the Camp. In answer to their call four Fathers left Woodstock Saturday afternoon, October 5th, and entered the camp at about six o'clock, after satisfying the Military Police as to their correspondence with the terms of the quarantine. At Camden Station, Baltimore, they had already gotten a glimpse at their work in the long line of army trucks laden with caskets. But they best realized their task as they entered the Priests' room at the main K. of C. building just as a 'phone message from the Base Hospital was announcing the death of one of the Army Chaplains—Father McCarthy of the Pittsburgh diocese. Father McCarthy's death was the final blow which shattered the nerves of those devoted Priests who for five days and nights, without interruption, had been fighting the battle for souls. That very afternoon one of them collapsed in the ward after administering the Sacraments to a dying soldier; that night another left for St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, two others were confined to their barracks, and the rest were physically and nervously exhausted. As our Fathers were hurried in machines from the K. of C. building to the Base Hospital they prayed God to make them equal to the battle and worthy substitutes of these heroic Priests.

The Base Hospital at Meade is made up forty-eight wards, each of which is a separate building built in barracks style. Thirty-two wards with a capacity of ninety patients each form the main group of the Hospital, and are joined together by enclosed wooden corridors. Three wards are up in the woods, being for isolation cases. The rest, ordinarily used as convalescent barracks, are two-story buildings removed from the main group and are capable of accommodating 120 patients. During the epidemic all with the exception of the isolation wards were used for influenza cases. All these buildings are

fitted out with every modern hospital convenience, and the whole organization and working system of the Hospital was of the highest order despite the strain that was so suddenly put upon it. For over two weeks ten or twelve ambulances, each carrying four patients and manned by six orderlies, were busy from six in the morning until almost midnight transferring pneumonia cases from the field hospitals and barracks to the Base Hospital.

One of the Army Chaplains directed our work and after providing each one with the holy oils and the Blessed Sacrament, assigned three of us to the main hospital wards and one to the outside wards. The scene which greeted us as we began our work was one we shall never forget—ward after ward and bed after bed of strapping young fellows in the very prime of life racked with fever and choking with cough. All one could hear was the constant coughing and horrible sound of choking on every side. The scene was so harrowing that many a nurse, despite her long experience in hospitals and sick-rooms, stood in the middle of her ward and wept as she realized her own helplessness and the hopeless battle these soldiers were waging. In every bed a lad was critically ill. Many were bleeding and the congealed blood in the nostrils, on the lips and over the pillows was a gruesome sight and gave forth a most sickening odor. Others were in a delirium, wildly waving their arms and talking incoherently to the faithful orderly who stood over them. While here and there others were lying on their backs with mouths wide open, choking and smothering to death.

The disease followed no fixed laws. Without a moment's warning a patient would become delirious; and many whose condition was considered safe died within a few hours. This very treacherousness of the disease made our work all the harder and heightened the nervous strain. It made us realize, too, the prudence of the decision of the Army Chaplains to anoint every influenza victim as soon as his case was brought to our notice. There are 817 cases recorded in our sick-call book, but we feel this is by no means a complete record of the work done as the epidemic broke out so suddenly that for the first few days some of the Chaplains were unable to give a

minute to the record of their cases. In every ward a record of each patient could be found giving his name, regiment, home address, religion and clinical chart. Our first concern, therefore, in reaching a ward was to consult these records and to note any Catholics who were not listed in our book as having received the last sacraments. Later on to facilitate this work one of the K. of C. secretaries posted in each ward a typewritten list of all those in the ward who had received the last sacraments, and as new cases came in the nurses would mark on this list the names and bed numbers of the Catholics among them—this being but one example of the courtesy and co-operation we met on every side from Protestant as well as Catholics. One Captain—the ward surgeon and a Protestant, would consult his records every evening before leaving his ward and personally write out a complete list of the new Catholic patients received that day. Far from any manifestation of bigotry, we experienced the utmost respect and hearty co-operation. Even though they might be working on the clinical records, the doctors and nurses always handed them over to the Priest as he entered the ward. During the day in making their rounds from bed to bed, doctors and nurses and orderlies would be always careful to avoid that section of the ward where the Priest was administering the Sacraments, and this religious courtesy must have won for them many a rich grace from our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament to whom they were unconsciously doing reverence. At any rate, we prayed such graces for them and prayed too they be as generous in responding to these graces as they were in co-operating with us in our work.

It might be said in passing that one could hardly be guilty of an exaggeration in speaking of the efficiency, self-sacrifice and devotion of the Medical Corps at Meade during the days of the epidemic. We have yet to hear anyone mention a single incident of neglect of duty, which though but negative praise is a wonderful tribute when one recalls the tremendous task and the danger to which they were exposed. Every doctor and every nurse and every orderly in the Medical Corps at Meade should have the "distinguished service" medal for fidelity to duty in the face of death. And owing especially to the routine,

fatigue and danger of their work the faithful orderlies deserve a special praise. These were soldiers detailed to the hospital work and no sentinel in the mud of the trenches ever gave his country more heroic service than these lads, as wrapped in a big army blanket, oblivious of self and of danger, they stood watch through the weary hours of a cold Autumn night at the bedsides of delirious companions in an atmosphere infested with death.

After consulting the records in the office and marking down the bed numbers of the Catholic soldiers we would go into the wards and begin our work. It was a work against time and against death. Every moment saved meant a soul saved. Consequently, we could give but the bare essentials, always making sure, however, that each one was perfectly satisfied with his confession and realized what was going on. It was this very element that made the work such a strain, as many were on the verge of delirium, while others were so weak that we had to really make the confession for them. Because of the coughing and the choking, great care had to be exercised in giving them holy Viaticum, only a very small particle of the Sacred Host being given them. They heeded not, however, the effort and the added pain as with eyes closed in all reverence to the Master Whom they had just received they took the sup of water we gave them and with a smile on their lips bowed to us when they had succeeded in swallowing the Sacred Species. We then anointed them and imparted the plenary indulgence. The beds were very close together thus rendering our work, especially the confessions, very difficult. To ensure secrecy we had to lean over the bed and put our ear to the patient's mouth. We wore the regulation mask, but really never thought of the danger until in after days we looked back on our experience. How could a Priest think of danger when he saw the faith of those lads, who manfully went about their confession without a care as to who was watching or maybe overhearing them. They were true soldiers, and suffered and died as such. The fear of death was absent, nor was there any shrinking at the mention of the last sacraments. Their greeting was: "Oh! Father, I've been praying to St. Joseph to get me the Sacraments before I die, and he has brought you, Father."—Very early one morning I entered the Officers'

Ward to look up a case I had on my list. The nurse met me and strange to say begged me not to go to the patient, pleading that the young officer did not realize that he was dying, and that the approach of the Priest would so alarm him that he would die in an agony of disappointment and despair. He was in the very prime of life and in line for rapid promotion. I tried to explain my duty and the attitude of Catholics towards death, but Miss Protestant could not grasp it, and I had to go to the patient despite her protests. The young officer looked up as I flashed on the light over his bed: "Good morning, Father! Have you come to fix me up? I'm afraid I am pretty badly off so we will take no chances. Do all you can for me." And after receiving the Sacraments he smiled and said: "Thank you, Father. God bless and reward you. I am ready for anything now." The nurse met me as I was going out and in fear asked how I had left the Lieutenant, and when she heard word for word what the brave fellow had said, she reflected half audibly: "Oh! what a wonderful faith which can make a young man speak that way of death." I bade her go and judge for herself of the condition of her patient. And from the calm look on his face and the peace in his heart she learned her first lesson of true Christian detachment from worldly honor and ambition.

Only too sadly we realized after but a very short time that our work must be purely mechanical. For the first few days and nights all individuality was lost and each lad was to us merely a number. Going from ward to ward we saw lads dying all around us. It seemed heartless to pass them by without stopping to help them in their last struggle or to say a few words of consolation to the heartbroken mother at their bedside. But a glance at our book showed that the one in this bed had been attended to and so with a parting blessing and a prayer to our Lord whom we ever carried with us we hurried down the ward to other lads who were still waiting for the Master and the strength of His Sacraments. The piteous almost pleading look on many a Protestant soldier's face as he watched us administer the Sacraments to the Catholic beside him, was an indication of the first workings of Grace and a silent invitation for a few words of greeting.

But during those first days we could not stop. Our own might be delirious when we reached them. Later, however, we found time for the Protestants who were calling for the Priest and prepared several for a happy death.

Days of secret power were these and God's grace was working in wondrous ways. We were walking, as it were, hand in hand with death, on the very margin of eternity, but we felt that for the Catholic soldiers, at least, death was but the Angel of God awaiting the signal to crown these young knights with the garland of victory. For some the Viaticum was their first Holy Communion, for others it was the Master Who came just in time to welcome them into the Beatific Vision. And their graces became graces for all around them. Doctors and nurses marvelled at the effects of the Sacraments and with mingled feelings of admiration and respect welcomed God's Priest to their wards, knowing that his presence meant peace of mind and calm of soul for their fever-stricken patients. After a while the doctors looked to the Priests for help in all their most trying situations. I was passing down one of the long wooden corridors one day on my way to lunch when a Captain sent his ward master to call me. A mother had just arrived after a day and a night of weary travel only to find that her son had died several hours before, and that his body had been already taken to the morgue. The fatigue of her long journey, together with the announcement of her son's death, had proven a shock beyond her powers to endure, and the Captain was afraid that she was losing her mind. Though he felt there was little hope he begged me to do what I could. The poor mother was sitting in the office of the ward. The wild blank stare was already glaring in her eyes. I spoke to her. She heard the Priest's voice where all others had failed to rouse her. "Oh dear Lord! Father, give me some hope! My boy is gone! The joy of my life is dead! But tell me, Father, oh! tell me did he see the Priest before he died." Unfortunately I did not have the record book with me, but I assured her that no Catholic had died without the Sacraments. I then placed a crucifix in her hands and telling her that I carried the Blessed Sacrament, bade her make her act of resignation to Our Lord, to leave her boy in the hands of our Blessed

Mother and to pray God's mercy on his soul. As the Captain opened the door he stood there filled with wonder at the picture. The mother's head was bowed towards me in silent reverence for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and her tears were flowing down over the image of her crucified Saviour as she pressed it resignedly to her lips. I did not try to hide the tears in my own eyes, nor did I have to assure the Captain that all was well. He had witnessed the miracle of grace and could only plead: "But, Father, where is your secret? Whence comes your power?" That afternoon a mother began a sad journey home, but in her heart was a joy which conquered death. Our record book had shown that her son had received the Sacraments.

This power exercised by God through His Sacraments was in striking contrast to the utter helplessness of the eighteen Protestant Chaplains. During the epidemic one was on duty every day at the Hospital and spent the night in the Chaplains' room at the Officers' Quarters. The following are specimens of the written reports of their work left by these men each day in the Chaplains' Office before they returned to the lower camp: "I was on duty today, visited wards 1 to 8, going from bed to bed encouraging the boys and speaking to them of righteousness." "I visited the wards today, going from bedside to bedside—a little smile, a little joke and word as the spirit moved me." What a travesty on the religion of Christ! What a mockery to men whose brows were stamped with the horror of death, whose eyes were already looking into the mysterious depths of eternity, whose souls were red with the Blood of Christ. "A little smile and a little joke" where hundreds of men were dying. How bitterly sad and tragic these reports contrasted with the simple entries of our book: "Ward 32—bed 16—John Smith—omnia—November 6th—Fr. K." (R. I. P. November 7th)—a message which spelt Heaven for a poor sinner and God's sweetest consolation for those at home. It is the world-old story of the true and the false. It is no personal reflection on the Protestant Chaplains. They were an earnest, zealous set of men, but were simply helpless in the face of suffering and sorrow and death. As we met them, our Lord from the little

Pyx must have blest them for their zeal, but His Sacred Heart must have been sad at the emptiness and falseness of their counterfeit Christianity. Their own doctors and nurses noticed the difference between the Priests' work and the Ministers'. A Protestant doctor called away from Meade during the epidemic asked one of the Fathers for a pair of beads, saying that he would ever keep them as a constant reminder of the days when he saw Catholic lads die as heroes and witnessed a religion which could conquer death. A Jewish nurse summed up the situation very vividly when asked about several Protestant lads who were dying in her ward: "There's no need of calling their Chaplains. They told us not to unless the patients ask for them. Besides, what can they do when they come except make a speech. But with the Catholic boys it is different. The Priest is to be called whether he is asked for or not, for he always leaves the patient easier in mind. Why, you men seem to be able to do something for the boys even after they are dead." With true nurse's instinct she had taken the pulse and temperature of Protestantism and had pronounced its "low vitality—alarm." Shortly after I had the distinction of witnessing one of the so-called speeches. The Chaplain rose in the midst of the critically sick and dying with the encouraging message: "You must all get well so that you can fight in the trenches for your country" and so forth in the same strain. An Irishman, who in answer to his query "What's going on?" was told that a Minister was making a speech in the ward, said: "Come, Father, give your blessing to my dying brother lest he meet with any harm."

The Protestant nurses realized this unarmedness of their own ministers and one answered a Protestant Chaplain's request to visit the Catholics of his own regiment with the wise reflection: "You'll do nothing of the kind. Those Priests are wearing themselves out caring for their boys. So you leave them alone." In contrast with this many Protestant nurses begged us to go and do something for the Protestant lads who were dying, and several of them who heard us whisper the act of contrition in the ears of these lads, asked us afterwards to teach them the prayer, saying it was the most wonderful prayer they had

ever heard. Thus the crisis which brought out the very best and noblest in human nature, which proved the God-given strength of the Catholic faith, did but reveal the utter emptiness of Protestantism—a Christianity without Christ, a dead Christianity cut off by its human founders from those arteries through which flow supernatural grace and spiritual life—the divinely instituted Sacraments of Christ.

After watching God's Priests working in the wards these Protestants got to know what we were doing as we leaned over the bed for a few moments and then raised our hand to form the cross of holy absolution. Nay, they recognized in the Blessed Sacrament the secret of it all and in spite of themselves and of the prejudices of a lifetime, paid reverence to the Power which they now recognized hidden beneath the whiteness of the Host. They realized that God was there, bringing light to dying eyes and kindling hope in dying breasts; that Christ was still with His Church, still going about doing good—the comfort and even joy of the afflicted, the sick and the dying. But they did not realize this as vividly as did we Priests. Those were days when merely human and natural powers were helpless. We conquered where all else failed precisely and simply because we were the anointed Ministers of Him Who lay hidden in the little golden Pyx we bore with us and from Whose great Heart, all human and all divine, there went forth grace and strength, and comfort and peace, and hope and love and Heaven.

But there were other instruments of grace at hand—twenty Catholic Sisters whose sweet charity and piety proved the practical vigor of Christ's Church. A few days after the beginning of the epidemic, in answer to an appeal of the Government to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, these twenty nursing Sisters came to Meade. And if ever Angels came to earth to do God's work, they came in the persons of those consecrated women of God. Just at that time the Army and Red Cross Nurses were completely worn out, and utterly discouraged. Fifty per cent. of their number were down with the influenza in the Nurse's ward, and almost every day the death of one of these victims was thickening the gloom over the

whole hospital. Then came the Sisters and hope with them. They radiated a spirit of peace and of calm and of strength and of confidence. A feeling of sacredness filled that great army hospital which had never been felt there before. All seemed to catch their spirit; all learned to love and to admire them. The Sisters adapted themselves perfectly to their strange surroundings and to the army life. Their home was the main auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. Base Hospital Hut—a room which also served as a Chapel where they had Mass every morning at eight-thirty after the weary watches of the night. Gathered from four different communities—the Sisters of the Bon Secours, Charity, Mercy and St. Francis, they formed one happy family. Like their Master they united in perfect blend the human and the divine, the natural and the supernatural. Their modesty and solid religious virtues were an inspiration to all around them, while their efficiency and cheerfulness in the face of sorrow and desolation were the marvel of authorities and patients alike. One of the doctors was anxious to have the Sisters remain permanently at the hospital, being willing to make any arrangements to enable them to carry out all the requirements of their religious life. The dread disease did not spare even the Sisters. Four of them were found working in their wards with a 104 and 105 degree fever and only gave up when the military authorities and an order from their Superiors bade them return to their religious homes. We know of one who left Camp at the close of the epidemic heartily bemoaning the fact that God had not deemed her worthy of a Martyr of Charity's crown. The conversion of a Captain just before he died is but one example of their influence for good. Many a heart which the Priest would never have reached was first won and softened by the kindness and prayers of the Sisters, and new strength came to many a suffering lad as in his conscious moments he realized that a Sister had charge of his ward during the long anxious hours of the night.

The Sisters were not alone in this work of true Catholic zeal. There were numerous Catholic doctors on the Medical Staff, all of whom considered it an honor and a privilege to be of service to their Priests and a sacred duty

to care for the spiritual welfare of their patients. Their rooms in the Officers' Quarters were always open to us. In fact the room of two of the Captains served as our office and headquarters, and to the generous devoted kindness of these two officers was due in great measure the success of our work. To one of them, especially, we owe an eternal debt of gratitude. His position and ability gave him great influence at the hospital and in true militant Catholic spirit, proud of his faith and proud of his Priests, he used every bit of it to help us in our work and to provide for our personal needs. Their Protestant fellow officers were most courteous too, being always careful to address us as Father and invariably giving us the military salute. We could not but feel that this was something more than the mere external courtesy of a gentleman, and were convinced that these men were but manifesting outwardly the esteem deep down in their hearts for a Church which had so valiantly met a situation which had baffled all the laws and science of medicine, defied the skill of doctor and devotion of nurse, and proven an unmanageable problem to their own Protestant Chaplains.

When the worst days of the epidemic were over, and the Chaplains had time to talk over their experience, another class of Apostles got full attention in the refrain: "God bless the Nurses at Meade." And we had good reason for asking God to bless them. No body of women could have done more heroic work, no body of women could have been more generously self-sacrificing than our Catholic nurses. Some of their Protestant companions marvelled at the strength of soul and calm of mind they possessed in the face of such a crisis, little realizing that these women found consolation in the midst of physical defeat and professional failure in the thought of the spiritual victory they were helping to attain and of the souls they were helping to save. Nor did this calmness of faith in any way interfere with their professional efficiency, for the Catholic nurses ranked among the best at Meade. One I remember most vividly whose hands never grew weary, whose skill saved many an apparently hopeless case and who in her vigil from bed to bed during the long hours of the night repeated aspirations to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for mercy on the dying and Hail

Marys to our Blessed Lady to be a Mother to the suffering lads. Shortly after midnight one night I reached one of the outside wards, half of the upper floor of which had just been filled with new cases. About half of the lads were Catholics and all were critically ill. I asked the nurse who was also a Catholic to keep a close watch on all of them lest any should become delirious before I reached them, remarking that in handling so many there was always a delay as some of the lads really had to be prepared, others had to be persuaded that there was need of an immediate confession and at times it was necessary to work them up to make a good one. "Oh!" said this true Apostle, "I'll help you. Father, you just follow after me." And so as I attended the first lad, she went to the second, spoke to him for a while and then went to the next. Thus nurse and Priest went from bed to bed and as it were automatically each lad at the sight of the stole without a word from the Priest began: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned." All were administered to in a very short time—a good Confession, Viaticum, Extreme Unction and the Plenary Indulgence. And the Master in the little Pyx surely blest that nurse as she went about her work in the ward in her unassuming way. In another ward several nights later a mother was watching at the bedside of her dying son. He was her only means of support, and yet she thought not of her own loss or of sorrow or of poverty, but only of the eternal happiness of her boy. When I came she asked me to give him Holy Viaticum that our Lord might be with him and take him right to Heaven when he died. I leaned over the bed and spoke to the lad who opened his eyes and looked from me to his mother in a queer puzzled way. And when the mother said: "Robert, Father has come to give you Holy Communion." he shook his head saying: "Oh no, Mother, that isn't a Priest. That is the Adjutant. He fooled me once by taking off his uniform, but he can't fool me again." The poor lad was delirious and no pleading or prayer of mine could rouse him. The nurse who had called me had not returned from lunch, but in the adjoining ward there was a Catholic nurse whose faith and prayer had saved many a soul. I went over and asked her if she could spare a moment or two. She came, felt

the lad's pulse, brushed back his hair, and kept repeating an aspiration to the Sacred Heart until he looked up and said: "Hello nurse! What do you want?" "I have brought you the Priest," she said. "Oh!" said he, "you are always so good to me. Where is the Priest?" "Here he is," and she beckoned me to come to the bed. "Hello, Father," said the lad, "have you brought me Our Lord?" Where a Priest's efforts and prayer had failed, a nurse's had conquered. God taught His minister a life-long lesson in humility that night. A mother's heart is holding that nurse's name in benediction, and a saint of God shall be eternally grateful to her in Heaven. These are but examples of what our Catholic nurses were doing those days when God's grace was working not only through His Sacraments, but also through the hearts of all His servants truly devoted to His love.

The epidemic passed almost as rapidly as it came. Three weeks after our arrival the big wooden city was back to routine army life, the quarantine was lifted and the hospital was carrying on its normal work of caring for about a thousand patients of the ordinary ailments, accidents and surgical cases, incident to camp life and to a camp city of from fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants. All who had passed through those days of the epidemic look back upon them as a wild dream and a nightmare. They wake to find the dream a sad reality. Silently back in the cluster of pines still stands the mental ward crowded with poor soldiers who will never recover from the delirium. In the main hospital the tuberculosis ward still houses many a lad whose lungs will ever bear the scars of the dread disease. Scattered over the land hundreds of broken hearts still moan its bitter toll of dead. And if we had been in Heaven on All Saints' Day, 1918, we would have known it was no dream. For we feel sure that as the Angel of the Apocalypse "Ascending from the rising of the sun, having the sign of the living God" summoned the elect and they came forth twelve thousand strong—a new tribe was added to the call—the tribe of America—company after company—God's saints and our heroes—marched down the long line of Heaven, battle-scarred from Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne

Forest, from the fields of Flanders and the hills of France —and last of all there came a band, they whose service was to stand and wait, the heroes who died at Meade, led by a Catholic Priest and his companion Martyrs of Charity, the nurses and doctors and orderlies who had given friend and country the great proof of love.

And the devoted Secretaries of the K. of C.—I have not mentioned them purposely for a book could be written about their self-sacrifice which began with the war and waned not for an instant, amid the horrors of the plague. Death claimed one of their number too, a big-framed and a big-hearted lad whose unweariedness had long since been the charm of one of the K. of C. huts. May God crown him with the garland of charity and may his spirit and the spirit of his companions remain the lasting heritage of the K. of C. as well as the fragrant memory of those days of their blessed sacrifices for God and their country and the boys.

We came away from Meade with the highest admiration for our army, with the utmost confidence in human nature, with a deeper love in our hearts for the faith God has given us and with a blessing on our lips for all whom we met there—for the boys who suffered and died and for those who suffered and recovered, for the Sisters and the doctors and the nurses, and the orderlies, and not least, for the noble-hearted men—our fellow workers—God's true soldier Priests.

FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR AT WEINGARTEN

(Concluded.)

Then I told the sick soldiers that my real purpose in visiting them was to give them the opportunity to approach the Sacraments; to make their confession and go to Holy Communion. Since all were sick, it would not be proper to molest and torment them; I would therefore make their confession easy for them. They would not experience any difficulty at all. On the morrow they would receive Holy Communion in that very room. I added, moreover, that a goodly number of their comrades had been to confession yesterday afternoon and had received Holy Communion that morning.

But alas! What a sad experience was mine! For as soon as I began talking of such topics, I saw that all their countenances suddenly drooped, and in some cases even wore a confused aspect. The sunshine in their eyes was gone. They cast quick, short glances at one another, and scarcely perceptible movements of their head informed me, that something was in the way. To me it seemed the whole affair was a failure.

I continued undauntedly, however, and did what I could in all friendliness to prevail on them to accept my invitation. "So then," I concluded, "you are going to confession, aren't you? and tomorrow morning you will receive your best Friend, our Saviour." They kept looking at me with friendly mien, it is true, but somewhat puzzled, also.

I then approached the sick man who was nearest to me, and bending down, I asked him kindly and very softly: "Isn't it so, my friend, you would like to approach the Sacraments, that is, go to confession now and communion tomorrow?"

"No, Father, not now. I beg to be excused. It is impossible just now."

I did not urge the matter, but said a few kind words to him and went on to the next one. I put the same question to each patient and—received the same answer. The game was lost and that completely. I took care not to appear less affable. I rather continued chatting with the sick men some time longer and among other things expressed my hope, that on another suitable occasion they

would fulfill their religious duties, whereat all naturally nodded their assent.

Those who have any experience with the souls of the sick, will hardly be surprised at this lack of success. They know what a part human respect plays, especially in wards, where, as in this case, all are assembled together. I would scarcely say that this result of my first drive was agreeable to me. Yet there were two other sick-rooms, and what proved a failure in one case, might meet with success in the others. I must not lose courage.

A sudden inspiration now came to me. The logical course would have been to distribute the presents of books and cigarettes to the patients right from the start. I'll see to that in the next room.

Before leaving the scene of my first visit, I ask my very irresponsive friends, if they would not like to have some reading matter? for I had brought some splendid French books with me.

"Why, certainly, Father, we'd be delighted. We have but few French works in this place."

"And are you allowed to smoke cigarettes?"

"Of course, at least the majority of us."

"Well then, my friends, I'll go for the articles immediately."

I went to the pastor's residence to fetch my large chest. On the way I commended my efforts to the Almighty Ruler of men's hearts and returned soon, but this time with hands far from empty.

I again went into the sick-room just visited. The books created a fine impression. They were the most suitable presents I might have procured. I distributed a third of the books to the men.

With palpitating heart, yet, despite my hitherto untoward experience in the first sick-room, full of hope I proceeded to the second. Here, too, I distributed the presents as before.

When the invitation to come to confession was broached, some of the faces, to be sure, lost a little of their sunshine; but I had quickly noticed at the outset one young fellow, apparently more friendly and trustful. I'll ask him first, I thought. And so I did. I went up to him immediately and with kindness asked him: "You

want to go to confession now and receive Holy Communion tomorrow, isn't it so, my friend?"

"Oui, mon Père," was the answer. Praise and thanks to God; the ice was broken. To my intense joy I received the same answer from all: "Oui, mon Père," "Oui, mon Père," without a single exception. How remarkable! In the other place not a single man was won over; here all to the last man submitted!

But it was important that I should strike the iron while still hot.

I hurriedly went to the third sick compartment and succeeded in landing all with the exception of two. One of the two had been to the Sacraments three weeks previously. So his case was not so urgent. I thought, however, he was close to the end of life's journey. He was suffering intense pain and his heart pulsated heavily. A number of bullets had pierced his body.

The other on the contrary was on the road to recovery. He was very friendly and courteous to me, and impressed me as being quite intelligent. Yet he declared:

"I'm sorry, Father, I can't accept your kind invitation. But I have no religion whatever, never had any, never received a Sacrament, never received any religious instruction. You see, then, it is impossible for me to go to confession."

He continued: "You needn't fear, however, that I'll molest my companions. I respect the convictions of my fellowmen and never make fun of religion."

I was now ready to start the confessions. This was the hardest of the various tasks I had to perform at Weingarten. The beds were so close to one another, that it was with difficulty I could place a little chair between them. Out in the large hall work was progressing as busily as in a beehive. Every now and again some soldier tried to enter the sick-room. I had to lock the doors, but they constantly kept meddling at the doorknob. It was an uninterrupted disturbance. Add to this that the odor of the feverish and seriously wounded men's perspiration was often enough revolting. Yet I had my fill of spiritual consolation; for all showed the best disposition of will. And the latter was necessary, for I had to deal for the most part with confessions covering the period of a lifetime.

I finished towards 5 o'clock. After an hour the grand feast in the extensive hall was to begin. As I came out of the last sick-room, entirely exhausted, I could hardly believe my eyes. The hall looked like a beautiful bower. All the work of decoration had been accomplished, the tables and chairs arranged, and places set for between three hundred and four hundred men. For besides the Frenchmen, numbering about three hundred, the German attendants and many distinguished guests were to be present. One striking feature was that all the Frenchmen according to rank and file sat silently at the tables.

"What does this mean?" I asked a German officer whom I just then happened to meet.

"We're having our sitting practice?" he answered.

From this it could be seen, that every little detail was being carried out very orderly and with strict military punctiliousness.

I walked hurriedly through the festal hall, greeting those to the right and those to the left, and repaired to the rectory for a rest.

When I had entered my room I found a large envelope on my table with my address upon it. I opened it and lo! I drew forth a fine artistically written card. It was an invitation to the festivities. The following words were inscribed: "The Reserve Hospital No. 2, Weingarten—has the honor to invite Monsieur Jón Svensson to its Christmas celebration, Monday December 21, at 6 o'clock P. M. Please reverse." Besides this there was a beautiful programme, superby colored in all the hues of the rainbow. It contained various numbers of songs, musical selections and even theatrical sketches, which were to be performed during the banquet.[1] Judging from the programme, it appeared to me that the feast was going to be of vaster proportions than I had anticipated.

[1] As a curiosity I insert the complete text of the programs verbatim.

Programme de la partie (récréative (Programme of entertainment) :

1. Hymnean die Nacht—Doppelquartett—(Beethoven).
2. Violin and Harmonium.
3. Les Montagnards (Mountaineers)—Choeur.
   "O monts des Pyrénées" ("O Pyreneean mountains").
4. Sifflomane (whistling solo)—rendered by Pouzet.
5. Mirella (chanté par Kràmer—sung by Krämer).
6. L'insensé—chanté par Delaux.
7. Le baiser—chanté par Thibault.
8. Scène militaire Française.
9. La cruelle berceuse (The cruel nurse)—Choeur et Solo.
10. Sifflomane (whistling solo)—rendered par Pouzet.
11. La berceuse de Jocelyn (Lullaby)—chanté par Clement.
12. La Mule de Pedro (Peter's Donkey)—chanté par Pinatel.
13. La Marjolaine—chanté par Carpentier.
14. L'ami Bidasse (Friend Bidasse)—chanté par Dumeng.
15. Napoleon—chanté par Breyton.
16. Petit Pierre (Little Peter)—chanté par le choeur.

I rested a while, then washed hands and face and made other slight preparations. Soon a messenger from the baracks arrived, to escort the Reverend Chaplain and me to the feast. We were conducted over to the barracks. As we stepped into the large court, everything was calm and quiet; indeed the whole barracks seemed silent as death. An official bade us enter the German officers' quarters. He remarked that all the guests, the German and French officers, were now assembling there for a brief mutual interchange of greetings; from there they would march in procession to the hall of festivities.

The door to the ample officers' quarters was opened. As I entered, I must confess I was nearly taken off my feet by surprise. All was one glitter and glow, shimmering in gold and silver and the most beautiful colors imaginable. A large number of German superior officers intermingled with one another, dressed in brilliant uniforms, among them being two generals, veritable Huns in stature, tall and powerful. I could not even count the number of commandants, captains, lieutenants, etc.

They all had splendid, noble, martial, robust physiques, and faces as though hewn out of marble.

With deference we greeted the two generals and sundry other high officials. Suddenly the door opened, and in came the twelve wounded French officers. A new and mighty surprise for me . . . a real experience . . . a dramatic scene. To me it seemed to be Germany and France (of course in miniature) standing face to face.

The Frenchmen, too, were in their finest gala attire. I wondered exceedingly, for I did not dream that they could manage to procure such a magnificent array of fineries in their prison quarters. Their uniforms were not inferior to those of the Germans; nor were they less presentable in their external appearance, though arranged after a far different fashion. The thought came back to me again and again: Here are the two opposite, altogether contradictory extremes—and although now locked momentarily in the arms of friendship—they were two hostile elements, and, to judge by the exterior, two equally balanced elements.

With the exception of the French captain, who was minus one leg, no vestiges of their former wounds could be noticed in them. And how these opposing gentlemen now saluted one another in true military form! There a salaam as incisive as a clean cutting knife-edge, and this, strange to say, for the most part from the French. The usually sharp salutes of the Germans had mellowed into a calmer, friendlier and more hearty greeting. The French salutes, on the other hand, seemed to me to be purely military and formal. Was this because of a tone of reserve manifested by the conquered towards their victors? I do not know. At all events they saluted their German colleagues with a sharpness I had not expected and which puzzled me.

As soon, however, as these official greetings were over, all conversed with one another with the greatest friendlines and geniality.

Suddenly a voice was heard: "Gentlemen, it is 6 o'clock." It was the director of the entire celebration and toastmaster, Professor N., the warden of the military hospital.

With army-like punctuality, the brilliant assembly began to move. We two priests were treated with every mark of consideration. First in order were the two generals, then several French superior officers, then we two of the cloth, and after us the other noteworthies, the youngest last of all, the whole concourse chatting with animation. We were soon drawn up before the doors of the festal hall. They flew open and we entered, with military erectness and keeping a dead silence.

The almost three hundred French soldiers, sitting at

table, rose promptly and received the entering guests, first with a long, official, military salute; then of a sudden with a very unique, rhythmic clapping of hands, the like of which I had never heard before. They clapped their hands with measured beat four or five times, with a slight pause after every fifth clap and last of all with a sharp, tremendous crash. In all twenty-one claps. These were repeated several times in the course of the banquet, but only for the more solemn numbers.

We proceeded now through the length of the hall to the place of honor, the table being immaculately white and bedecked with a profusion of flowers and stood in the shape of a horseshoe at the other end of the vast space. Here each guest found his name artistically written on a white card placed at his plate. In the center was the toastmaster, at his left and right side the two generals, then the two French officers highest in rank, and next in order the two priests. Then came the other officers, German and French, each according to his rank.

The banquet began. Not only the table of honor, but all the others as well, were covered with snow-white cloths and richly decorated with green sprays and flowers. At each place were three glasses, two for wine and one for liquor. Beer, there was none, but only red and white wine. Nimble young French soldiers served the victuals. The menu was of first class order and of French cuisine. In point of food and drink the soldiers received exactly the same treatment as the guests at the place of distinction.

All the numbers of the festal programme were now rendered in masterly style, at times with genuinely artistic finish. I was amazed at the extensive and multiform talent for entertaining, possessed by these soldiers. It was particularly interesting, when here and there some German soldiers assisted the Frenchman in their theatrical performances and farces, as, for example, at the very beginning in an unannounced piece, before the first regular number of the programme.

In this scene two Genii entered, two tall Angel appearances in snow-white raiment, with mighty wings, colored in white, red and gold. The one, a massive, stately French soldier, a Parisian actor by profession, represented the Genius of of Peace. The other, a gigan-

tic German, also appareled in white, having besides a golden helmet and coat of mail, holding a monstrous war club in his hand, a veritable thunder-god, took the part of the Genius of War.

As these unusual figures solemnly ascended the raised platform back of the table of honor, breathless silence fell on the many spectators.

The Angel of Peace began his message: One day from his heavenly abode he happened by the merest chance to be glancing at the earth below. He was suddenly startled by an unwonted feeling of unrest among the nations of old Europe. They all seemed filled with malice and hatred against each other. He immediately winged his flight from heaven to find out more exactly what the trouble was. He soon realized he had not been deceived. Everywhere people were getting ready for the fray, nation against nation. He forthwith decided to go to the various kings and queens and try to establish peace. First he flew over to London and desired to have an interview with the English king. But the latter was busily engaged all the day long in the war cabinet and had not time to receive the visitor. Thereupon in all haste he sped over to Berlin and begged for an audience with Kaiser Wilhelm. He met with as little success in that quarter. The kaiser was so engrossed in business with his generals, he, too, had no time. In turn he went to Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg. But everywhere the same result. Meanwhile the unrest among the nations continued from bad to worse. At length, shots were fired, as though spontaneously. The war was inevitable.

Just then the Genius of War sent forth a thundering growl, said a few words, which, however, I did not understand, struck his enormous club on the floor—and the furies of war were unchained.

At the end of the scene, all naturally applauded most vehemently.

And now one piece followed the other, for a stretch of four hours, and this without a single hitch. One of the most successful renditions was by the so-called "Sifflomane," a splendid Parisian whistler, Monsieur Pouzet. His performance was unwontedly unique and took place in the following manner:

He took his position in front of the distinguished guests' table, made a bow and began, with no other aid than that of his lips, such a charming and true-to-nature imitation of twittering birds, that had one closed his eyes and merely listened, he would have sworn there was a whole choir of merrily singing and trilling and chirping nightingales, thrushes, larks and canaries in the hall, conducting a regular concert. He performed his part so creditably, that the toastmaster and the two generals thought it best to call for an encore—which he most readily consented to.

Finally the toastmaster summoned him and said: "Your companions will soon be taken to Ulm, to the fortress there. But I'll not allow an artist like you to go. You'll have to stay here with us. We'll hold on to you." The soloist again received congratulations from all sides for his artistic skill.

I shall briefly describe one more performance of an entirely different nature. It produced a most profound impression on all. It was the little blind Parisian. To the surprise of all he was led by two comrades before the assembled banqueters. With the help of the two he mounted a chair, and sang by heart, a long and exquisite piece. When he had finished he put out both his arms for assistance. Two friends jumped up and ran to him and led him to his place. There was a touch of sadness in my heart and, as it seemed to me, in the hearts of all.

Later on, accounts of the celebration appeared in the papers. In all of them particular mention was made of this young man.

And now a word about the speeches. I shall refer to but a few. The toastmaster led, speaking first in German and then in French. He dwelt on the principles which underlay his dealings with the wounded enemy; on the field of battle they had to be attacked, here they must be regarded as friends. He had made it his fixed resolve to be a father to them and in future he would continue manifesting this disposition. Finally he remarked in French, that if the day's feast had succeeded in being celebrated in such splendid style, it was owing to the fact that their Majesties, the King and Queen of Württemburg, had donated a considerable sum for the purpose.

He proposed therefore that all should rise and in testimony of their gratitude drink to the health of their Royal Majesties.

When he had said this I noticed that several looked at one another for awhile in mild perplexity. I, too, became a little uneasy and wondered if the Frenchmen would not in this instance raise some objection to drinking in public to the health of their foes.

But, thanks to God! none of this happened. All the French officers and soldiers rose together with their German companions and shouted their lusty hurrahs for the Royal pair of Württemburg.

On this occasion I became aware, that the wounded French had themselves contributed about $100 out of their own pockets, in behalf of the celebration.

Shortly after this speech, the highest ranking French officer arose, and with heartfelt sentiments, in the name of all his countrymen, expressed his warmest thanks for the intensely humane, yea even amiable treatment received by all in their captivity. He averred, that up to this they could hardly conceive, that they were in the enemy's country, for they seemed to be in the company of friends.

At this juncture the preacher of the forenoon also came in for his share; some hearty words of thanksgiving were expressed for the sublime Christian truths, which he had proposed to them, and which had been of so much profit to them. The speaker then closed as follows:

"I need not ask my countrymen, the French soldiers now present, to give a really generous expression of their sentiments to the German authorities and attendants at Weingarten, since I know they will certainly do it with me without my solicitation. He raised his glass, and as though at one sign, all the soldiers rose and filled the vast area with rousing acclamations, that threatened never to end—for the Professor and toastmaster, for the German attendants and the whole hospital personnel. The hurrahs were brought to a close by the peculiar clapping of hands mentioned above, 21 thundering crashes.

Just one more little remembrance. One of my companions at table was a professor from Munich. He sat there brilliantly uniformed. He impressed me most

favorably. He was not only an extraordinarily amiable personage, but a learned man as well. We conversed, therefore a considerable time, for instance, about ancient and recent Icelandic or, in other words, ancient Norse literature. He was such a master of the subject, that I had to be pretty careful not to compromise myself. He knew the literature of the Eddas and the Sagas thoroughly, in one point even better than I. He was familiar with the names and works of many recent Icelandic writers and savants. But how I regretted that such a capable and amiable man should go to war and exchange his university chair for the dampness of the trenches, where perhaps a hostile bullet would annihilate this treasury of learning, so precious to his country!

But we had now been there until 10 o'clock. The great festivity was at an end. We left the festal hall. On the following day, when I had again entered the barracks to take goodby of the Frenchmen, I observed that a new French soldier with ghastly wounds on the head, had been brought in, this time from the conflict at Rheims. I visited him immediately. When I came to his bed, I saw a large whitish bullet lying on his pillow. His head was bound with fresh white bandages. Out of reverence for me the poor wounded fellow wished to raise himself in his bed, but I did not allow him.

I spoke to him a short while. He was of a remarkably optimistic disposition, and as in the case of all his countrymen, full of confidence in victory. As regards his spiritual condition, the sick man was in a much better way than I had anticipated. But it was time now for me to bid adieu to my French acquaintances and at once begin my journey back to Feldkirch.

FATHER JON SVENSSON, S.J.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS.

The departure of Father Mitchell after years of devoted labor in British Honduras, is a fitting occasion for a few paragraphs on the new St. John's College. It has been said, ironically, that Belize is most beautiful when seen from the stern of an outgoing boat. Of the truth or falsity of this statement, Father Mitchell himself should be the best judge. He has seen Belize and her beauty from every possible angle. In all the planning

and worrying and accomplishing that has fallen to his lot since he arrived in the Colony 16 years ago, Belize and her people have been a large factor. He has been Superior of the Mission and Rector of the College. But the College is the child of his greatest anxieties. He, better than anyone else, could tell of its past and its probable future; of what it is and why it was founded; of the labors and sacrifices it has cost; of the battle it has to fight. He, better than anyone else, could correct the false notions so prevalent among our friends in the States, and straighten out the caricatures drawn by those who have emphasized the ridiculous as the best material for an interesting story and exaggerated the disagreeable in their effort to write something strong. The little Mission of British Honduras is not the most inspiring that the Society possesses, but the Mission and more especially the College, offers an ample field for the display of Jesuit zeal and energy. This we shall try to show.

The new College at Loyola Park is the most prominent building along the whole coast of British Honduras. It is the first object of interest that strikes the eye of the tourist from New Orleans after three days of vacant staring at the rolling waters of the Gulf. All who come to Belize from any direction are sure to enquire about the shining group of buildings embedded like a jewel in the wide expanse of tropical green.

But St. John's College is more than an object of passing curiosity. It is an outpost of the Kingdom of Christ, of Catholism, of Christian civilization. Behind the new College lies Central America, the land of revolutions, earthquakes and irreligion. Five independent Republics, with 99½ per cent. of their mixed population nominally Catholic, yet supporting Governments so rapidly anti-Catholic, that a foreign priest is an outlaw and a Jesuit is in danger of being shot! To save the helpless majority in these "lands of liberty" is the task that lies before our new College.

When the College was opened in 1896, the memory of the Jesuit expulsions was still fresh. The years between 1871 and 1884 witnessed the victories of the little Cavours and Garibaldis of Central America over the "unprogressive" Church and her Jesuit champions. But Belize was safe under the red cross of England. The

Fathers saw their opportunity. But how were they to attract the boys to a place like Belize? To make the College known was no easy matter; extensive advertising through the Press was out of the question. A catalogue going through the mails was almost sure to find a resting place in a Masonic waste basket. To undertake a canvassing tour was deemed altogether foolhardy. Nearly forty years ago Father Henry Gilet had narrowly escaped suffering the full rigor of Guatemala's anti-Jesuit laws. The anxiety caused by his ten days' imprisonment and the difficulty of his rescue, which was effected only by calling in the aid of Her Majesty's strong arm, left Superiors rather reluctant to risk a repetition of the experience. At length, however, Father Louis Fusz, in the guise of a travelling salesman, made the attempt. His success (related in past numbers of the Woodstock Letters), overcrowded the old College-plant and led to the erection of the house at Loyola Park.

We admire the hardihood of the men who conceived and carried out the plan for the new St. John's. The natives threw up their hands in protest at the impossibility of the idea. An energetic American might have laughed at their fears, but had he come to the future "Loyola Park" a few short years ago and found the water approach barred by the shallowness of the muddy sea; had he picked his way along the "camino real" and waded ankle-deep through the mangrove swamp, he would most likely have concluded that the place was a fit abode for the myriad land-crabs that scampered about his feet. He would scarcely have been enthusiastic over the idea of spading up enough sand from the slimy sea to build upon. Loyola-on-the-Sea was once very decidedly Loyola-on-the-Swamp.

The first overtures to secure possession of the site were made by Father Mitchell in 1911. The Government was suspicious. What could the wily Jesuits want with twenty-seven such undesirable acres? However, the land was finally made over, with the proviso that unless extensive improvements were made within ten years, it was to revert to the Government. Three dollars an acre was the nominal price paid; $3,000 an acre was the cost before a small section was in usuable condition.

Several natives undertook the work of filling. Had

they been left to their own resources, the buildings would never have gone up in wartime. But Father Edward Cooney, with his practical methods and his Northern energy, came to the rescue. No one would have recognized under the broad sombrero of the little man in mud-bespattered khaki, a Jesuit Padre. A superannuated dredger was employed and after many trials and disappointments, a space large enough to warrant the erection of a building was raised above high-tide.

Father Fusz then succeeded Father Cooney at the quite unenviable post of overseer and mud-buyer. He continued the work of improvement, until the winter of 1915, when he went to the States to beg (mostly from his own relatives) a starting fund for a $60,000 building. It no longer appeared an impossible or foolhardy venture. Rev. Father Provincial generously loaned $40,000 and "it can't be done," which was written in gloomy letters across the path of the young institution, began slowly to fade.

But even yet, the way was not clear. War prices were mounting higher and higher. Difficulties on the part of the freight companies added to the trouble. It was still necessary to plod on in the face of human prudence or, more correctly, against the "better judgment" of a few inopportunists." On the last day of 1916, the corner-stone was blessed by Bishop Hopkins, assisted by Bishop Ruiz of Mexico, and laid in place by the Colonial Governor. The orator of the day congratulated the Colony on its "greatest step forward in fifty years." An American Construction Company pushed on the work rapidly, while the natives gazed in open-mouthed wonderment. On July 16, 1917, classes were begun. The following description of the completed College is taken from the 1917 Catalogue:

"The new St. John's fronts on the Caribbean. Before it, a spacious playground stretches to the water's edge. Beyond lies the beautiful Harbour of Belize, where the steamers of three American Companies make regular calls, besides the numerous other boats from England and elsewhere, which are to be seen there at frequent intervals. In the distance, a fringe of Cays protects the Harbour and gives an added beauty to the landscape. An almost constant breeze blows from the sea during the

greater part of the year, tempering the tropical heats and producing a salubrious atmosphere, the best recommendation of which is the general health enjoyed by the students.

"To the rear a newly constructed Drive affords easy communication with Belize. An automobile can make the distance in a few minutes; day-scholars from the city walk to the College in less than half an hour. The College has all the advantages of isolation, yet loses none of the conveniences of one of the best ports in Central America.

"Improvements on the grounds up to the present time represents an outlay of nearly $100,000.00. The Main Building, which is 262 feet long by 70 feet wide, is to be devoted entirely to college purposes. It was designed by architects well acquainted with the requirements of like institutions throughout the States and aided by the suggestions and direction of men who knew Central American needs in particular.

"The accompanying views can give only an imperfect idea of the whole. On the lower floor along the seaside are situated most of the Class Rooms, together with the Library and Reading-Room. On the opposite side, are the Billiard-Room for the larger boys, the Wash-Room, the Shower-Baths and the day-scholars' Lunch-Room. The Wash-Room, with its white walls, its hundred mirors, enamel porcelain basins and double lockers, fully satisfies the modern demand for convenience and immaculate cleanliness. The plumbing-system is strictly sanitary and the fresh water supply, which is amply sufficient for present needs, will soon be increased so as to warrant a more generous use of the inside baths.

"The new Study-Hall on the second floor delights the eye of the visitor. A happy combination of white and deep brown on the walls and ceiling produces an effect at once cheering and subduing. Each student has his own desk and is separated by wide aisles from his neighbours. Everything is arranged with the practical view of promoting both comfort and earnest study. The hall is well ventilated, and at night the light of fifty acetylene jets brightens the scene. On the same floor are also the Music-Rooms, four in number, the Typewriting apartments, the large Locker-Room, where each boy has an

individual steel locker, the Society-Hall and the Director's Office.

"The entire northern half of the third floor is taken up with commodious Dormitories, which will accommodate one hundred and twenty-five boys. A handsome suite of rooms with a wide veranda is devoted to the Infirmary, where the ephemeral ills and aches inseparable from college life are cared for. The Scientific Laboratories, not yet fully equipped, are likewise on this floor. The whole is crowned by a stately tower, which affords excellent opportunity for astronomical observations of the Tropical skies.

"To the left of the college building is the Fusz Memorial Chapel. Its High Gothic arches, and a beautiful altar of imitation Carrara, exert a soul-raising influence, very salutary in the life of a student. Below the Chapel is the Dining-Room. The small homelike tables, limited to six occupants, obviate anything resembling a common mess-room appearance, while the rich bright colors of the walls present a pleasing contrast to the more sombre class-rooms.

"The Gymnasium serves a purpose more practical than ornamental. It is well equipped with climbing, vaulting, swinging and turning apparatus, but is so arranged that the floor can be readily cleared for Basket-Ball or Hand-Ball. Three hand-ball games may be played simultaneously; or, to give a better idea of the size of the building, a regulation Tennis Court may be easily laid off with a free space on all four sides. The students have a dry playroom during the rainy season and a cool shady retreat during the hottest hour of the day.

"Time is required to make the Campus all that it should be. Outdoor sports are possible almost every day in the year, but soon, it is hoped, an extensive green turf, with its Hand-ball, Basket-ball and Tennis Courts, its Baseball Diamond, Football Field and Elliptical Running Track, will make the hours of recreation even more enjoyable and profitable than they now are. A large Bathing Kraal provides a refreshing swim for heated and dust-covered athletes.

"Loyola Park is constantly improving. Clusters of flowers, verdant lawns and palm-lanes will soon make it a

pleasant stopping place for Tourists and a more pleasant home for the boys of Central America."

When the Catalogue was issued in May, 1918, the College could be avertised as completed, for all the practical uses of the student. The absence of moulding and overhead woodwork did not interfere with the studies or with classes. Inside ornamentation could wait. Toward the end of the construction, our very limited resources seemed to recommend the adoption of the principle "don't do today what you can do ten years hence."

Calamity crying is far from the purpose of this article. But now that most of the unpleasant experiences belong to past history, we may sketch a few of the disagreeable details which led the boys to declare that the old "hencoop" was better than the their new home. For weeks after the opening of classes, the workmen about the house actually outnumbered the boarders. With a gang of local noise-makers (who called themselves carpenters) above, below, around, within the classroom, teaching reminded one of Demosthenes trying to outnoise the roaring sea. The boarders, crowded together into one half of the unfinished study hall, did their daylight studying to the accompaniment of the hammering, sawing, talking and whistling of four Creole carpenters and a pair of painters, not to mention the waterboy, the boss and occasional sightseers.

Noise, however, and excitement might have passed as welcome offsets to the monotony of student life. But the Sandfly! Here was a visitor whose only purpose was apparently to add to human misery. Not even an enthusiastic naturalist could say a good word for this diminutive pest, and science moves but slowly in its effort to deal with the situation. Suffice it to say that a dormitory visit from the sandfly generally converted night into day for the boys, and gave the Prefect an opportunity to make up for neglected spiritual exercises; while a sufficiently numerous invasion of the refectory and classroom stole away the student's appetite as well as his zeal for learning. Study hours were several times called off, and on one First Friday, the Superior considered seriously the advisability of omiting the Students' Mass. At the present writing the Sandfly is only a memory. He has been taking a six months' vacation, presumably to recruit his

forces for another attack immediately after the first downpour of the Rainy Season. But we have improved our defences and are ready for him.

The results of our first year's work in the new College are very encouraging. One hundred and seventy-six registered for 1917. Of these there were seventy-five boarders in actual attendance at the end of the year. The fine spirit manifested by them and the evident signs of improvement to be seen lead us to resent the implication contained in the remark that: "these boys are not like the boys in the States." The American lad surely has some endearing qualities which are scarcely to be found in Belize. But if he possesses a slight mental moral and physical superiority over our less favored boys, the difference is to be ascribed to circumstances over which our boys have no control. Let it not be supposed, however, that the gulf, which separates the two, is a wide one.

The Central American boy is a faithful student; he is ambitious to succeed, and he is docile, though not always from the best motives. Handicapped as he usually is by a want of early education and an almost absolute ignorance of English, he is likely to give way to discouragement in the beginning; but before the end of his first year the language difficulty is solved and the student takes on new life. A glance at the Cambridge Examination Papers, which our boys are supposed to pass besides following the regular course, will give an idea of the standard upheld at the College and the progress which a Spanish boy must make. The boys are sent here to learn English and in the short space of a single year they get results that are surprising.

Most of their moral or unmoral traits are due to their home conditions. In Central America, deception is hardly ever considered dishonorable; it seems to be a sort of political necessity. To succeed in public life, one must be a reckless diplomat. Hence, it is not unusual to find boys who could lie most shamelessly. Then can, however, be gradually educated out of their habitual mendacity. On the other hand, in accordance with their political bent, they always endeavor to stand on the side of the reigning power. Theirs is a "land of revolutions," but where there is little hope of a successful revolution, each individual,

consulting his own interests, avoids anything that would lead to open enmity with authority.

The descendent of the old Conquistadores is not a lover of physical exertion. He generally prefers study to strenuous play; his idea of a vacation is perpetual rest; his favorite exercise is a leisurely stroll; if he had a national game, we surmise that it would be dominoes or checkers. And yet we do play games. In former years, athletics depended almost entirely on our Belize boys. But with better facilities with a well-equipped Gymnasium and a large Campus, the Boarders seem to have trampled on their national and climatic difficulties and are taking real pleasure in baseball, basketball and handball.

It has been sadly lamented that "we shall never be able to understand these boys." And why not? Their characters are certainly not the deepest nor the most complex. True, they have their racial and local peculiarities. They have, likewise, their native language, just as we have ours. Herein, we think, lies the difficulty. We must deal with them for months before they can express themselves in English. During those months, we may, without a knowledge of Spanish, teach them arithmetic or penmanship, but we are often very much hampered in our efforts to form their character or to gain their confidence. When we can speak their language, we shall understand them and they will understand us: we shall find it a pleasure to work for them and our labors will bear more abundant fruit. Other qualifications are required, but for efficient work a knowledge of Spanish is simply indispensable. The scholastic, who leaves St. Louis University with his Master's degree and a neat little roll of notes for a course of post-graduate lectures, is liable to receive a rather startling shock when he drops into our kindergarten of nine-year-olds, and finds that, barring his spirituality and a few ideas on pedagogics and, perhaps, an increase of physical strength, nothing that he has acquired since his First Year High, is of any practical use to him. This is, of course, the extreme case. The new recruit may be given a higher class in which the boys understand most of what he says in English. But even then, the key to the boy's heart is a word in the language of his mother.

Not so many years ago, one of our friends in the

States put his finger on a tender spot when he quite cleverly suggested that of course a commission in Honduras included a divine acceptance of the "Suscipe intellectum." Lack of intelligence is not a prerequisite of success in Belize. Few are called upon to make the heroic sacrifice recorded in the recently published life of Father Stanton. When he lost his heart in this land of ten thousand creeping pests, the choice he made demanded a very evident exercise of the Third Degree of Humility. The house which is the pride of Belize in 1918 is far removed from the Cayo bush-huts of 1908. Times have changed. The face of the Colony is no longer so wild as it appeared in the romantic tales of former days. The spirit of adventure and a sort of revelling in hardship and privation would now find little to feed upon. There is much of the unpoetic grind of modern college life. Though things here are most emphatically not "just the same as in the States," nevertheless our "suscipe intellectum" does not leave us without an occasional opportunity for the display of intelligence.

St. John's College is still doing pioneer work. As yet she can point to no glorious array of loyal sons. Failure rather than success seems to be the result of years of labor and sacrifice. Of our boys, very few could be named who have done anything at all to block the avalanche of irreligion that is burying the Church in Central America. No one has rendered any signal service to the cause of Christ. On the other hand, many have gone the way of their fathers. One prosperous town of a nearby Republic sent as many as fourteen boys to the college in a single year. Of these, it is reported that not one ever sees the inside of a church. The statement is an exaggeration. And, besides, even the delinquents seem to have some excuse. Their pastor has been driven into exile by the all-powerful "Librepensadores;" and the place is now, only one, of the one hundred and fifty-two stations under the care of a single Padre.

In the other Republics, there is no such dearth of priests. But the native clergy are often a despised class. Religious indifference is the badge of respectability. The American-educated apostate regards with a lofty disdain the superstitious extravagances of his less enlight-

ened countrymen. In such a baneful atmosphere, our boys are thrown, and very naturally the Christian virtues of one or two years' growth are suffocated. We were not surprised to hear a father from a certain college, not a thousand miles from here, where they are meeting similar conditions with resources vastly superior to ours, express himself as satisfied with an alumnus who, after a life of forgetfulness, still retains enough of his early lessons to ask for a priest when on his death-bed.

But the odds against us are not overwhelming. The sphere of our influence is widening. Old traditions can yet be revived. Many of our boys are the children of families that have known religious persecution. They are boys, whose mothers have all the piety of the devout sex, joined with the religious fervor of the Spanish nation, and whose fathers are even now making huge sacrifices for their maligned and much ridiculed Faith. Among them are no Garcia Morenos, but we can hope to train up at least a few leaders. Single-handed St. John's will never gain a complete victory. She will, however, do much to check the enemy's moves and rally the broken forces of Catholicism.

It is nearly fifty years since the Red Dragon of Masonry crept out of his Mexican lair and blighted with his pestilential breath the harvest that was ripening under the faithful care of the hard-working, self-forgetting Missionaries. One State after another in Central America witnessed the midnight expulsions of the Company of Jesus, until in spite of tears and protests, the people were left defenceless against the Antichrist. But all the while Belize was peacefully growing up to power. And now she seems to be realizing her destiny. Under the protecting aegis of a mighty nation, aided by generous friends in the States and blessed with the favor of heaven, St. John's can accomplish a great work. Will she come up to the high expectations of those whose humble heroism has made her what she is? Will she justify the trust committed to her? Will she fully execute her part in the Divine plan?

W. R. Corrigan, S.J.

TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE DEATH OF ST. ALONSO RODRIGUEZ.

(*Concluded.*)

Although the entire population was enthused over the coming procession and scarcely talked of anything else, the "Correo de Mallorca" wished to raise their fervor to the last notch and so on the 27th, published an account of the last moments and funeral of St. Alonso as written by Father Marimonn and left in manuscript by him.

The publishing of this old document carried the inhabitants of Palma back three hundred years to the golden days of lively faith and sterling virtue; brought back to their memories the esteem in which their Patron was held when he trod their beloved soil, ascended their beautiful mountain, opened the door to the wayfarer, and dispensed rations of bread to their hungry countrymen. This old document showed them what their ancestors were and depicted for them the sublime scene that took place in the Church of Montesion on the afternoon of October 31st, three hundred years ago when their ancestors vied with each other in showering honor upon the saintly brother. With the scene of 1617 again fresh in their minds, what could the Majorcans of 1917 do but imitate and rival, nay out-rival, the example left them by their forefathers?

The procession was set for four o'clock, but long before that hour, although it threatened rain, our church of Montesion was filled to the doors with those who were to take part in it.

A few minutes after four, the procession started, headed by mounted municipal guards in dress parade uniform; then followed the drum corps of the City Council, the "Trescadores" of the Patronato Obrero, the school children of the Patronato and other members. Behind the band walked the "junta" (i. e. governing committee of the different sections) of the Patronato Obrero, the Boy Scouts, Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin and St. John Baptist de la Salle, the college of the Theatine Fathers, Sodality of the Oratorio Parvo, Sodality of the Franciscans called "Juventudes Integristas y Seraficas," Third Order of St. Francis, the Montesion Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin and St. Aloysius, men and boys' section, the Society of Catholic Laymen and Sodality of the Sacred

Heart. Next came the new banner of St. Alonso preceded by a guard of honor consisting of some 12 or 16 men in full dress.

Four pages carrying lighted candles preceded the urn containing the body St. Alonso. It was carried on the shoulders of priests, eight in number, wearing dalmatics. Immediately after the relics of the Saint walked the Bishop of Palma, the Rt. Rev. Rigoberto Doménech y Valls, vested in full pontifical robes, escorted by Canon Roca, the dean of the Cathedral Chapter, an archprelate and deacons of honor, subdeacon and deacon.

Behind the ecclesiastical dignitaries walked the committee of the tercentenary celebrations with Father Francis Cualras, superior of the Residence. Palma was officially represented by the City Council with the governor at their head. To the right of the governor was the mayor of Palma, Mr. Suan, and to the left the vicemayor, while in the same party marched the counselors of the mayor, eight in number. The 62nd regiment with the Banda Mallorquina brought up the rear of the parade.

The procession was composed entirely of men. It was a grand sight and a magnificient manifestation of Catholic faith to see thousands of men from every walk of life marching through the streets of the Majorcan capital to pay honor to Majorca's Patron. There were boys, mere children of seven and eight years, scarcely knowing the meaning of it all; boys from 14 to 20 walking with the sprightly step of youth; young men and old, decrepid septuagenarians hobbling along with the aid of a stick.

The color scheme of the parade was beautiful. The Sodalities and other organizations all carried their banners, and the members wore their respective insignia.

The procession passed through the principal streets of Palma, and everywhere elaborate preparations had been made to welcome the body of St. Alonso. From the balconies hung silk and satin "colgaduras" that covered them from end to end and from top to bottom, varying in design and color with each house that was passed, red and white predominating in honor of the red and white roses of St. Alonso; pictures, paintings and statues of St. Alonso, with candles gleaming before them, graced hundreds of windows; no balcony that was not occupied, scarcely a window that did not have its enthusiastic spec-

tators, old and young, men and women. It is the Spanish custom to throw confetti of various colors from the balconies when a procession, religious or civil, passed and this custom was observed for St. Alonso. The procession marched through a veritable rain of gayly colored confetti thrown from balconies, windows and house-tops. The ordinary, fine confetti, however, gave way to a new variety on this occasion—small slips of different colored tissue on which were printed 2 or 4 verses relative to the life of the Saint.

Mindful of the words of the Royal Prophet, "Benedicite omnes volucres coeli Domino," carrier pigeons were held captive in covered baskets until the urn approached. Then the lid was opened. At once there was a flutter of wings and the "volucres coeli" rose above the house-tops and out over the city to proclaim to the world the love of Majorca for Saint Alonso.

Though the procession was composed of all classes, all ages, and all ranks, there was the most perfect order, and not the slightest manifestation of levity on the part of the participants or the great throng between which it passed. All had but one object in view—to honor their Patron, to surpass the homage paid him on all other occasions. Slowly and solemnly the long lines moved in and out of the narrow streets of the older sections, down the broad avenue of the new and into the narrow streets again and arrived at the superb cathedral of which Palma is justly proud. It is a monumental structure begun in the thirteenth and finished in the sixteenth century. Pure Gothic in every detail, it is 354 feet long, 181 feet wide, and 141 feet high. There are three naves whose arches are supported by slender octagonal pillars that rise to a height of 80 feet. Of the fourteen thousand people that it will hold, all are in sight of the pulpit, the altar, the choir of canons and the bishop.

As the body of St. Alonso approached, the elaborate entrance of the cathedral flashed with myriads of lights; the peals of the organ echoed from arch to arch and niche to niche; chimes proclaimed the exaltation of the humble door-keeper of Montesión. When the body of the holy brother had been placed in the sanctuary, the entire Cathedral Chapter sang "Iste Confessor." After the hymn the Rt. Rev. Bishop entoned the prayer of St.

Alonso and then the sacred relics of the Saint were again raised aloft and the procession, augmented by the addition of the Cathedral Chapter, began its return march to Montesión.

When the procession passed out the side entrance of the cathedral it was growing dark. Far from producing a somber and dismal effect, the darkness but added new attractions. The thousands of gleaming candles carried by those who took part, the open windows and doors and the countless tapers and electric bulbs that surrounded the images of the Saint, together with the illuminated balconies, changed night into day.

And so St. Alonso, after being carried in triumph for close on to four hours through the streets of Palma he had once trod, arrived once more at his beloved church where the urn was placed in the sanctuary. The Bishop entoned the "The Deum" which was taken up by the choir and congregation.

When the "Te Deum" was finished, the people filed into the sanctuary to kiss the relics of the saint, thus repeating the scene of 300 years ago. The concourse of people was such that one participant told me it took him half an hour to move forward some fifty or sixty feet towards the urn.

The procession to Bellver was a veritable triumph for the humble Alonso, but it was a triumph tendered by the people, in a certain sense, alone; the procession through the streets of the city was a triumph offered by these same grateful people, but to which the city and state sent their most distinguished representatives and on which the Church set her official seal. The pilgrimage to Bellver was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiastic love, and a display of popular magnificence; the procession through the streets of Palma was all that and more for there was the same spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm and popular magnificence enriched a hundredfold by civic pomp and the solemn grandeur of ecclesiastical splendor.

Though some might have feared that with the last strains of the "Te Deum" the enthusiasm for St. Alonso would begin to flag and that the two remaining festive days would result in a decided falling off in attendance and a waning of spiritual fervor, the very opposite was

what took place. The evening services of the novena on the 29th, were never better attended, every available space from the altar to the doors being occupied. On the feast day of the Saint, there were many communions at all the early Masses.

The "Correo de Mallorca" honored St. Alonso's feast by dedicating to him the edition of the 30th. The edition was printed on special smooth paper so the engravings, depicting various scenes of the Saint's life, would come out clean cut and well defined. Over half of the "St. Alonso" number was given exclusively to the humble Brother. Under a line of engravings on the first page were reproduced the minutes of the City Assembly of October 25th, 1633, in which Palma chose the recently deceased Brother as their Patron.

At 10.30 solemn pontifical Mass was said by the Rt. Rev. Rigoberto Doménech y Valls, Bishop of Palma.

The church was packed with clients of St. Alonso, men and women, young and old, rich and poor, nobles and workingmen. The tercentenary committee again occupied reserved seats in company with the Fathers and Brothers from the residence.

During the day there was an uninterrupted stream of devotees of St. Alonso ascending the steps of the mausoleum to kneel beside his body and ask his special protection.

To give God's poor an opportunity to bless the occasion of the tercentenary of St. Alonso and to rejoice in it, Father Vives prepared a reception for them in the Patronato Obrero the afternoon of the 30th, that consisted in the free distribution of rations of bread and rice. Tickets were printed and distributed by social workers of confidence who know who the needy are, and where they drag out their miserable existence. About three o'clock the poor creatures began to arrive at the patio of the Patronato where the ladies in charge had 400 large round loaves of bread and as many packages of raw rice stacked high on long tables ready for distribution. After a photograph had been taken of the entire group, the long line of unfortunates, with their tickets held tightly in their hands, began to move towards the tables. With a "May God and St. Alonso repay you" these poor people turned their steps homeward with gratitude in their

hearts and a prayer on their lips for those who had thoughts of them.

At 6.30 a tremendous throng of faithful filled the church of Montesión for the solemn closing of the religious celebrations of the tercentenary of St. Alonso. Canon Antonio Alcover, a gifted speaker, preached an impressive sermon on "St. Alonso and Majorca" in the native language of the island. After the sermon, Father Alfred Simon, S.J., Vice-Provincial, with Father Jesus Iglesias, S.J., Socius, and Father Stephen Moreau, S.J., as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, entoned a solemn "Te Deum" which was taken up and chanted by the choir and congregation, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The following Sunday, November 4th, at 11:30 a. m., in the patio of the old college, across which St. Alonso had so often passed, a literary programme was held, called "Corona Poetica al Excelso Copatrono de Mallorca." The patio, decorated with portraits of the Saint and with shields and coats of arms, palms, festoons, flowers and banners was a fit setting for the act. The audience was coposed of the élite of the city, admission being by special invitation. There were among others, the Bishop of Majorca, the Vicar General, Canon Mur, Canon Boneventura Barcelo, archprelate, the gentlemen of the "junta," General José Ripoll, General Nouvilas, Father Cuadras, canons, nobles and representatives of the most aristocratic families of the town.

The programme opened with an address by Senor José Font y Arbós, Palma's most distinguished lawyer, and closed with a superb rendition of the Hymn to St. Alonso by the "Orfeón Mallorquin." Between the opening address and the closing hymn there were some eleven or twelve other numbers consisting of music, speeches, dialogues, poems from the pens of Catalunya's most famous poet, Canon Miguel Costa, and the renowned poetess, Maria Antonia Salvá.

And so ended the tercentenary of St. Alonso Rodiguez. To appreciate the fullness of his triumph, recall for a moment what I said before, that Majorcans have very little sympathy for the outside world, and you will fully realize that when Alonso Rodriguez, a Spaniard from old Castile, with very little education, ignorant of the

language of the island, with humility and sancity as his weapons, gained an entrance into the Majorcan hearts, won their affection, was idolized in life, venerated in death and then placed upon the pinnacle of honor by a superb manifestation of love and devotion on the occasion of his tricentennial. He accomplished a feat that no one before him ever accomplished and which no one is likely to accomplish in the years to come.

Were St. Alonso to return to Palma today he would search in vain for ours in the old college of which he was door-keeper. If he should ask where the Fathers and Brothers were, he would be conducted to a residence some two blocks from the church. There he would find them quartered in an old narrow brick house that is in no way fit for the purpose. He would have to go in and out many doors in passing from one part of the house to the other, due to the smallness of the rooms. Should he ask why the Fathers abandoned the old college he would be told that there was no choice in the matter; that they were expelled in 1835, and the property confiscated by the state, and that subsequently the building, sanctified by his presence, was given over to a college called "El Instituto," belonging to the state.

With the growth of the "Instituto" the old college building became too small for their use, and they had to look for larger and more favorable quarters. Father Provincial went at once to Madrid to ask that the college be returned to the Society to serve as a residence for the Fathers who have charge of the Church. The "real orden" was given that the college be returned to our Fathers, but one complication after another arose, thanks to some bigoted politicians of Palma who stirred up every imaginable objection to the move. As the matter stands today, the chances of acquiring *half* of the college are good and everything seems to point in that direction. Father Cuadras, the superior of the residence, is working on the matter day in and day out; and while he is leaving no stone unturned to bring about a favorable settlement of the matter, he does not fail to storm heaven with prayer, begging the Lord, who "reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly," to grant this favor through the intercession of St. Alonso, Patron and Protector of Majorca, who glorified God and His

Blessed Mother, and became a great saint in that very college while exercising, for many years, the humble office of "portero de Montesión."

Asking a memento in the Holy Sacrifices of our Fathers and the prayers of our Brothers, I am,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

THOMAS J. S. MCGRATH, S.J.

THE MARRIED MEN'S SODALITY OF THE GESU AT PHILADELPHIA.

When the lamented Father William Gannon died at the end of October, 1916, it was found that he had planned a complete reform in his Married Men's Sodality, to bring it up do date and make its working agree with that set forth in the Rules of 1910, imposed on Jesuit Sodalities by Father General Wernz.

Father Gannon, naturally, had begun by trying to secure an authentic list of members. He was cut off before success crowned his efforts, but the movement was continued. There was an idea among the officers that there were about 180 members of the Sodality worthy of the name, though it was known that many of them could not attend all the meetings. There was no register for the enrolling of new members, and there were no minutes recording their admission. It was therefore necessary to have recourse to a kind of canvass among the Consultors, each being asked to hand in reliable information about members he might happen to know or perhaps to have in his hand. Several weeks after Father Gannon's death were spent in this, but the result was so vague that another plan had to be adopted. All the Consultors' books were now taken and every name in them for years back was copied on a slip of paper. When these were put in alphabetical order, there were 360 in all. The Consultors then met and each chose from this list those whom he recognized, to get their addresses and to report. The list, of course, contained not a few names of men who had died or had disappeared from the Sodality for years, and not a few unrecognizable from bad spelling. A few more weeks made it clear that not even this plan would do, and so the Consultors were abandoned entirely and recourse was had to the inquiry of names in a register bought for the purpose. In the pulpit in church,

in the monthly bulletin and at the Sodality meetings, notice was repeatedly given that all who desired to be considered members of the Married Men's Sodality were obliged to sign the register before the end of April, 1917. This was in execution of Rule 27. By the date set, 222 men had signed. It was then declared that delinquents were understood to have withdrawn from the Sodality. As it was quite possible that some of the 222 signers had not been validly admitted, this act of consecration was renewed and they were received again *ad cautelam*. It is not known how long Father Ganon had labored at the list, but it took almost exactly six months after his death to bring the matter to a definite conclusion.

The body now had certified members. But there were other points to attend to as well.

To make sure of the lawful erection and aggregation, the diploma was hunted up from the dust and dirt of the basement. It was dated 2 February, 1894, and it bore the names of Our Lady of the Assumption and St. Francis Borgia as primary and secondary patrons. The Sodality was a body of married men of the Church of the Gesù.

The meetings had always taken place on Monday evenings, and this was continued, the time spent being limited to one hour—7:45 to 8:45 P. M. Exceptional reasons, required in Rule 5, were thought to exist for omitting the meetings during the Christmas vacation, on Easter Monday, in July and August and on Labor Day. These omissions had gradually become customary, though the summer months had always been void of meetings. Perhaps meetings could have been held during these months, had the director not been absent.

One of the Sodality's greatest difficulties came from there being church functions—October and May devotions, novenas, missions, triduums and feasts—in its meeting place on many Monday evenings. It was attempted, but without success, to solve this tangle, and the Sodality had to suffer. However, recourse was had to requiring attendance at the functions when they interfered with the meeting—a device which had some effect, but did not remedy the evil of no proper Sodality exercises so many times in the year.

The exercises gradually settled down to the following:

Reading from 5 minutes before to 5 minutes after the hour set, Invocation of the Holy Ghost, Little Office of Our Lady Immaculate (Lauds of the Dead once a month), Conference, Benediction and Prayers. These are the traditional exercises. Care was taken to have them finish within an hour.

The General Communions came, as before, at the 6:30 Mass on the first Sunday, as had always been the custom. Thanksgiving was made in common, but the time allowed was short because of a Mass for the people following soon after the Communion Mass.

A special retreat was given a select number of the members in March, 1917. Fifty attended and 50 received Communion every day at the 5:30 Mass. Two hours were given every night for eight nights, from 7:45 to 9:45, to meditation, conference, reading, beads and Benediction. There was a break after the first hour to air the hall, but silence was ordinarily kept during it. The retreat was made in the College Sodality Chapel. The practice of General Confession was introduced, and the way was happily paved for a yearly retreat especially adapted to the Married Men's Sodality.

The Married Men's Sodality originally formed part of the omnibus sodality which existed in the church until one of our Father Provincials ordered it split up, according to Jesuit traditions, into class Sodalities. When this was done, the old custom of holding a splendid church celebration on or about the feast of the Immaculate Conception was retained, candidates being received on the occasion into all the four church Sodalities. Beautiful and solemn as this function is, it did not exempt the Married Men's Sodality from observing Rule 10 and so the feast of Our Lady of the Assumption was celebrated in 1917 and 1918 on the last Monday in April, the transfer of the Indulgences taking place according to No. 14 of the Summary of Indulgences. In a similar way, the feast of St. Francis Borgia was celebrated on 15 October in 1917. The preparation for both days was made, as Rule 10 suggests, by a triduum. Three meetings not being possible, *Little Flowers* took their place, consisting of acts of devotion during the days before the transferred feast of the Assumption—in 1917, there were 212 Communions, 146 Stations, 441 Beads, 319 Visits, 269 Acts of

Self-Denial and 167 Spiritual Readings; and of savings from unnecessary little expenses during the triduum before 15 October: $16.27 was thus contributed towards a picture of St. Francis Borgia.

The chief extra features of the two feasts were extra General Communion, the recitations of the Office before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, the renewal of the Act of Consecration and Solemn Benediction.

The first celebration of the primary feast, on 30 April, 1917, was perhaps the most splendid ever seen in the Sodality, made a profound impression and produced lasting effects. For the first time, the Prefect read aloud a presentation to Our Lady of the *Little Flowers* of the triduum. Next was read a formal decree of the Council awarding gold and silver medals and ribbons to the Sodality's golden and silver jubilarians. There were three of the former and thirty of the latter.

Little Flowers were collected on several other occasions, always with the same edifying result. Printed slips were handed around and the members filled up the blanks telling how often they intended to do the respective good works.

The practice of the Six Sundays of St. Aloysius was introduced in 1917, as suggested in Rule 10.

The Sodality had four Sections, instituted in 1917. In that year, the Visit Section numbered 46 members, making 112 visits a week to pray for the Sodality. A second canvass, in April, 1918, brought in 94 members and 18,772 visits for the year.

The Mass Section provided stipends for Masses said for the living members. Almost from the start, enough joined to secure two Masses a month. At the end of June, 1918, the Section Head was in a position to have four Masses said every month from September through the whole scholastic year.

The Holy Souls Section, contributing aid for the souls in Purgatory, comprised 112 members in 1917, and offered each month 658 Communions, 179 Stations of the Cross, 2,241 Indulgenced Prayers and 2,208 Beads. The new Head of 1918, reported in May that 909 Communions had been offered, 3,347 Beads, 611 Stations and 4,666 Hail Holy Queens: he had 186 members.

The Eucharistic Section, inaugurated on 26 November,

1917, had 69 members, volunteering to go to Holy Communion, 14 daily until May 1, 1918, 2 five times a week, 1 four times, 5 three times, 8 twice and 39 once a week. The ill health and finally the death of the Head named for 1918, prevented a new canvass in May, but a petition was presented to the Directors in June to change the General Communions from monthly to weekly; 1,041 Communions were undertaken by 110 members in May, 1917, as a special act of devotion for Our Lady's month.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society is composed almost entirely of Married Men's Sodality members. It was difficult to find external works for the neighbor not embraced by the Society. But a beginning was made in June, 1917, in the shape of a bureau of information about lodgings in the parish, and the project was formed of collecting and placing in the Director's hands a good sum of money to be used by him in secret to help any member who might be temporarily in financial straits. There was also some preliminary talk of a Debating Society among the members and of a library.

The method of election in vogue down to November, 1916, had had the result of continuing the same Prefect in office for 20 years. At the next election, Rule 20 was put in force and all the officers were changed as the rules suggest. The Council and the Sodality were asked for advice on the nominees proposed by the Director and then he appointed the officers by his own authority, as the rule desires. The result has been increased interest in the Sodality as an organization.

To carry out the rules on admission a printed formula was provided for applicants to make a formal petition to be received as candidates, the two months' probation was insisted on even in the case of those from other Sodalities, and a vote of the Council was taken on each one received to membership. The reception in the Sodality took place on the expiration of the two months, at whatever meeting that might come. But the medals were not given until the solemn reception of all the Church Sodalities twice a year, this to oblige the new members to present themselves on the occasion. Certificates of membership were printed and distributed to all in April, 1917, and on the reception days to the new members. Each signed the register on the day of admission.

The execution of Rule 31 necessitated the expulsion of 9 members at the end of 1917 for inveterate non-attendance after repeated warnings. It must be confessed that the number was small in view of the number of serious delinquents, but it was thought best to try the rest again. Many had entered the Sodality without any idea of the obligation of attendance and some with practically no probation. Certainly none of the 9 nor any of their friends could feel aggrieved at their dismissal, for their aggregate attendance was only 40 meetings, an average of 5½ each out of a possible 67!

The practice of Meditation recommended in Rule 34 was introduced into the Sodality by proposing it as one of the *Little Flowers* in November, 1917; 109 members responded with 1,150 quarter hours for the month. The proportion was larger in Lent of the following year, 774 quarter hours from 52 contributors. Spiritual reading was introduced in the same way, 167 readings being undertaken by 121 members in the triduum before 30 April, 1917. The saying of the Rosary every day is also in favor, as will be evident from the *Little Flowers* mentioned above.

The General Confession required of candidates in Rule 37 was made a regulation of the Married Men's Sodality from the first reception of 1917. The yearly review Confession of the following rule was introduced successfully at the retreat of 1917.

Frequent Communion undoubtedly obtains among the men, as was noted above. Under Rule 41, the method of recording attendance was changed in January, 1917. Cards were printed for all the members, and as each went to the place appointed for him on a printed list, he dropped his name in one of the boxes set out in each of the three aisles used by the Sodality. The cards were then copied into an alphabetical register. Absent members were obliged to send in an excuse; if they failed, they were notified by postal to do so. A special officer had charge of this part of the work.

It will be interesting to insert here some details of the attendance.

The old plan was to have the attendance marked by the Consultors. The Consultors' lists that are exact show a membership of 78 in 1895, with complete records for

only 50 of them. Their average attendance was about 31 meetings out of a total of 42. In the year 1900, 191 names are on the Consultors' books, with complete records of 164. These attended 22 times out of 38. The numbers in 1906 were 203, 181, 18 meetings out of 36, respectively. In 1911, there were 239 names, complete records for 224, with an average of 15½ meetings out of 36.

Some idea of the improvement in attendance resulting from the new plan proposed in the rules, may be gathered from this. The average attendance at four meetings in different parts of the year in 1895, 1900, 1906 and 1911 to 1916 was 91 out of an average membership of 205, namely, about 44½ per cent. In the single years 1915 and 1916 the average was 89 out of 242 and 81 out of 223, about 37 per cent. And there were only 30 and 33 meetings of those years. In 1917, there were 40 meetings with an average attendance of 113 out of 226, 50 per cent. And the average improved as the year went on. Down to 21 May, it was 104; from then to the end of the year, it was 122.

The low percentage of attendance was due to the fact that many of the men were employed at night. Ninety were excused in January, 1918, for this reason.

The attendance at Communions was not recorded until January, 1917. During the year, the record of 11 General Communions shows an average of over 117. At the Six Sundays Communions, begun the same year, the average, not counting the regular Sunday, was 88. Not a few of the men were excused from the General Communions also, because of being employed at that hour.

It would have been well to exclude from membership those who could not attend, even though their excuses were valid. It is hard to see what advantage, the Sodality brings them or what good they are to the Sodality. Various schemes for solving this difficulty were considered, but none seemed feasible. Finally, those excused for Monday nights were classed as Communion members, but this rather emphasized the fact that there was an evil to cure than helped to cure it. The attendance of the regular members were eminently satisfactory. Forty were included in the Roll of Honor published in the printed report of 1917, and the average of their attendance was over 62 times out of an obligatory 63.

Under Rule 46, it may be noted that the dues until 1 January, 1918, amounted only to 5 cents a month. A unanimous Council vote in October, 1917, raised it to 10 cents. The change was imperative, as any one can see if he reflects that the organist costs the Sodality $50.00 a year, and there is an average of 4 deaths a year, costing the Sodality $60.00. It is a mystery how it paid its expenses in previous years, but an insoluble one, for there are no treasurer's reports down to 1917. In that year, the deficit was met by several collections.

This brings up the question of suffrages at death. The old custom of 15 Masses for each member was kept up, but the change was introduced of having one said as soon as possible after the death, another on the 30th day and a third on the anniversary. These were said by the Director. The other 12 were passed in to the treasurer of of the College. Besides, the Office of the Dead was said in the house of the deceased once or twice before burial and also at the next Sodality meeting. The other Sodalists were required also to give their fellow members a Holy Communion and say the beads for him. Should the deceased have been a Prefect at any time, he was given 20 Masses, and extra Masses could be assigned specially faithful members.

The Sodality had a short set of Local Rules, according to Rule 69, but as they were in the making rather than permanent, they had the approval of the Director only, as in Rule 16.

The above incomplete sketch will serve to give some idea of an attempt to put a Sodality already existing, on a modern footing. The new footing is modern inasmuch as it is set forth in the modern rules, those of 1910, but it is also the traditional aim throughout the history of Our Lady's Sodality. To bring it about, then, was anything but a *reform* in the objecionable sense.

One thing is perfectly evident, namely, that even an old Sodality is capable of following the rules accurately, if they are but put in force. The Married Men of the Gesù, practically without opposition, undertook and executed each and every detail as it was presented. It was certainly edifying and encouraging to see that Our Lady's influence on her own is not a whit less easily exercised in

this country than in any other country of the world. Let us be bold, then, to ask much of our Sodalists, if it is in the rules.

ELDER MULLAN, S.J.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SODALITY MOVEMENT.

The very kind interest and enthusiasm expressed in many quarters over the details of the rise and progress of The Queen Work given in the February 1918 issue of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS has induced the courteous editor to request still further details of this movement, and it is a pleasure to comply. At no time perhaps was the progress of the work more promising, and there seems little doubt that by the mere development of events the movement for the lay apostolate in the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin will be one of the most consoling and edifying features of the work of the Church in this coming generation. It is very much to be desired that we ourselves should all realize the precise bearing of this movement on any work we may have at heart. Organization is the cry of the day. There is a universal conviction that the work of the Church in the United States can only be accomplished through the multiplication of successful and vigorous Catholic societies. On the other hand the very vastness of the field and multiplicity of the work has given rise to a danger, namely that so many different societies may be established that their very complexity will discourage and confuse those who would like to take a part in Catholic activities. There is such a thing, as we have found to our cost, as disunion through the very multiplication of unions, a disassociation which comes from too many societies. We shall be disorganized unless we have a care, by the very number of our organizations.

It is extremely desirable then, that some clear, simple, and definite means be found of organizing for all our needs and at the same time maintaining the essential unity and singleness of purpose which is required for success. Such a means may be found in the Sodality. As the instances, we previously gave and those to be given hereafter will show, the Sodality may be used for nearly every good purpose. A section may be formed in the Sodality to take up almost any work that is needed, and

while these sections multiply and rise and fall with the rise and cessation of the need, the Sodality itself goes on as a principle of unity, a continuous organization in the midst of which these sections or committees are formed and broken up. In this way it is possible to have one great society in the parish with all the sections needed for the work of the church, and when new needs arise a new section can be formed. When a need ceases the section which was attending to it may be disbanded. At the general meeting of the Sodality reports may be read from all these sections and in this way unity and system is preserved while any activity whatever may be attended to through its own section or committee.

Again, in the midst of our exterior works, there is always danger of a loss of the supernatural spirit. Distraction and worldliness are so much the order of the day that one must fear their inroads even in religious work. Social work in all its aspects is somewhat distracting and the workers may become so engrossed in the mere material part of their cares that they lose sight of the supernatural spirit which should be the soul of all their actions. Here again the Sodality offers itself as a solution, because, being so entirely devoted to the Blessed Virgin and so singly dedicated to the cultivation of the supernatural it inspires all its members with that religious devotion which will keep them from yielding to distraction and dissipation of spirit. All the exterior work of the Sodality is meant to be a means of intensifying the personal piety of the members and expressing their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, while on the other hand this outward expression of devotion through good works tends to intensify the devotion itself, and the Sodalists become more deeply pious in proportion as they express their piety by exterior good works.

Again, the welfare of the Sodality itself really demands some such movement as the present. It is a matter of general observation that at this time a great many Sodalities have fallen into decay and many have actually been abolished altogether because their members lost all interest in the old way of conducting the organization. Many Sodalities have fallen so far from their original purpose that their whole activities were confined to an occasional meeting and Communion, and our American

people, active and energetic, were not content with such a limited scope and abandoned the organization which had ceased to interest them. Multiplied experience shows however, that when the idea of active good works is introduced with such a moribund Sodality, and the members are invited to take their share in helping the missions, circulating Catholic literature, teaching catechism, promoting sociability, or in some other of the Sodality activities, a new life comes into the organization. Active persons who have abandoned the Sodality because they found it so monotonous come back again to share in the new work and those who were members, kept in the Sodality by a sort of dogged faithfulness, begin once more to take a real interest in the meetings, and are glad of the chance to show their devotion to the Blessed Virgin by some exterior effort and sacrifice. But one of the most powerful motives which should induce all of Ours to take an active part in promoting this movement is the spirit of loyalty and of fidelity to the rules and traditions of the Society. The Sodality, with the League of the Sacred Heart, is our characteristic and providential means of sanctifying the faithful in our parishes and schools. There is no question of this. The fact is attested by the words of our Generals, by the sayings of the Popes and by the common consent of the faithful. Far and wide, in all lands, the Sodality is known as the characteristic work of Ours, for the laity, and there is a general expectation that we will remain its leaders and its Directors everywhere.

Now, what is the traditional and correct idea of the Sodality? Are these works of piety and zeal a part of its very essence? Or are they a modern invention put upon the Sodality without authority or precedent? It is extremely easy to answer this question. To begin with, the authoritative statement of the Sodality spirit is to be found in the rules, approved by the Pope and imposed by our Father General on all Sodalities of Ours. As we mentioned in the last paper, the first rule of the Sodality declares that, while the first purpose of the Sodality is to excite devotion to the Blessed Virgin, through this devotion the Sodalists are to be stirred up to the three-fold work of the Sodality—for personal holiness, for the help of the neighbor according to each one's state of life and

for the defence of the Church against her enemies. Now under personal holiness, the help of the neighbor and the defence of the Church come every conceivable sort of lay activity and therefore, the program of the Sodality embaces the whole wide field of the lay apostolate. This same fact is clear from the old editions of the rules, the sayings of the holy Pontiffs about the Sodality, and the letters of our Father Generals and the decrees of the Congregations. We shall insert here some paragraphs in point.

"The idea of active work for the neighbor in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is more than three hundred years old. In the Common Rules of 1587 the Sodalists are recommended to visit prisons and hospitals, to teach Christian doctrine, and perform other good works; and these activities are proposed as the object not only of individual but of organized effort. The same prescriptions are repeated in the rules of 1855, and more emphatically in those of 1885. Again, in authoritative Sodality documents of 23 and 27 August, 1907, we find such words as these. 'The Directors must make apostles of the Sodalists.' 'Our Sodalists must be urged to become apostles by teaching Catechism, by visiting prisoners, and by every work of charity and mercy that can be done in the place.' And so on. Finaly, in the rules of 1910 the fostering of Catholic zeal and charity is emphatically set down as a part of the Sodality. The Sodality seeks to make its members 'good Catholics, sincerely bent on sanctifying themselves and zealous to save and sanctify their neighbor and to defend the Church against the attacks of the wicked. 'It must labor by various means to lead them to practice works of charity toward their neighbor.' 'Let them all be careful, as far as they can, to exercise their zeal, even in private, in spiritual and corporal works of mercy.' It is thus very clear, not only from documents, but also from the Sodality's history, that its purposes embrace the whole man, aiming not only at perfecting its members in the observance of the First and Greatest Commandment and of the Second, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' but in their intellectual life as well. 'It is quite in accordance with the original plan of Sodalities of Our Lady to have in them one or more Academies, for the young to practice themselves in scientific, literary,

artistic, or economic exercises to help them on in their studies or profession and to secure for them views on questions connected with Catholic faith and morals.'

"The more a Director realizes that the Sodality is intended to be not merely a devotional, but an active organization, that the spiritual life of his charges is to be stimulated and fostered by external works and manifested through them, the less is his Sodality apt to languish, and the less of sentimental and the more of virile piety will there be in its members. It takes a 'live' organization to engage interest and arouse enthusiasm; and it is the organization that 'does things' which attracts men."

The recommendations of the last General Congregation are so fresh in memory that there will perhaps be no need to print them here. In its first article we quoted the exhortation our late Very Rev. Father General to stir up in Sodalities the spark of the lay apostolate.

The actual accomplishments of the Sodality since its establishment and the traditions of typical Sodalities confirm these exhortations. Thus we published in *The Queen's Work* some time ago an account of the activities of the Sodality of France of the seventeenth century in which there was a remarkable wealth of details of social work. Indeed, these Sodalists had actually anticipated many characteristically modern developments in social work such as the poor man's bank, the employment agency, the Monts de Piété, etc. At the present time, though so many Sodalities have neglected the work of the lay apostolate, still a very great many luminous instances of well organized Sodalities might be adduced. We shall have space only for a few of them in these articles, but one will note that the continual progress of the work is a clear proof of the efficiency of this method of organization and that there can be no longer any doubt as to the practical value of the suggestions which have been made.

There is another aspect of this Sodality organization which should in particular appeal to our younger members. It affords an almost endless field of fruitful and apostolic effort to those of Ours who will prepare themselves to become efficient directors of Sodalities. Everyone has had the experience of conceiving ideas and forming plans for which it is difficult to obtain approval, because they

are a novelty and have no place in the work of the Society. But translate these projects into terms of the Sodality, put them into the form of a section and bring them in line with the apostolic work of the Sodalists, and matters take on a different complexion altogether. When you apply for permission to begin some one of the many approved works of the Sodality you are in line with the traditions of the Society, and it is as easy to obtain leave for such efforts as it is naturally difficult so to get authority for a new and independent project. If our young and energetic members will begin to think in terms of the Sodality, to translate their projects into the terms of Sodality organization, they will find a field ready for them which is inspiring in its breadth and possibilities, and they will have the consolation that their work will not be merely personal and destined as so many others are to die with the originator, but that the idea they have set on foot will go on and form part of the structure of the Sodality, and so be carried forward and endure long after they have left the scene of action or perhaps this life itself.

The instances of Sodality organization which we gave in the last paper was said to be so interesting and stimulating that we shall add some more, taking them at haphazard from the wide experience which these last four years have brought us. Perhaps it may be well to begin with the Sodality in the schools. Without question a great deal of the most solid work in building up the Sodality movement must be done in the schools. Indeed, if every one of our colleges and all the academies for girls had a well-managed Sodality, thoroughly in line with the traditions and entirely competently organized for good works, both for personal holiness, the help of the neighbor and defense of the Church, there is no question, but what the whole framework of Sodality organization would soon show an immense improvement. Because then our boys and girls would receive at school the idea that a Sodality is not a mere formality, a part of the school routine and rather a tiresome devotion, but a living and powerful organization, a personal consecration, a life to be lived in honor of the Blessed Mother, and the beginning of a long career of zeal and fervor in her honor which will only end with one's death. How much de-

pends on the meaning given to a word! We have continually to struggle in this work of organizing Sodalities against the deep-rooted prejudices, the gloomy preconceptions, and the actual distaste and dislike engendered in the minds of our young people, while yet at school, by the mismanaged, neglected and ill-organized Sodalities from which they first learnt the meaning of that word. Indeed, so profound is the prejudice against the very word "Sodality" that as we have remarked it has sometimes been necesary to begin this work under some different name so as to get the good people of the parish to join because the pastor knows from experience that if the society is called Sodality they will refuse to have anything to do with the work, being convinced that Sodalities are obsolete and tiresome societies from which no great good can be expected. Therefore, it is of extreme importance to organize alert, active, and fervent Sodalities in the schools. No one should be forced to join. No one should be forced to come to meeting. Indeed, membership in the Sodalities should be held up as a privilege and an honor and while no one should be included who is not willing to observe the rules and live up to the spirit, on the other hand there should be a most relentless weeding out of all unworthy and luke-warm members so as to keep the Sodality a living body without dead weight or deadwood of any kind. Here, as in so many other cases of Sodality work, the fallacy of numbers is likely to creep in. Some Directors boast of the number of members in their society. Is not this a very great mistake? It is not the number, but the spirit which counts, and one may have a very excellent Sodality with ten or twelve members while a Sodality of a thousand members may be nothing but a delusion and a sham. It may be well in this connection to say a word about the often-discussed requirement of Sodality organization that the Sodality should be a select body. The principle of selection is, it seems to me, a willingness to observe the rules and live the life of the Sodalist. Whoever is willing to observe the rules or at least to try to do so, is eligible for membership. Whoever is not willing to make this effort should be rigorously excluded. A sincere wish and resolve to be faithful to the rules is required and sufficient for membership,, and this good disposition may be dis-

cerned in the conduct of the Sodalist. On this the membership of the Sodality may be easily defined.

To take up, then, the Sodalities in the schools: It seems to be a general principle that given perservance, energy, and zeal on the part of the Director, one may have a good Sodality anywhere. More and more experience shows that the great essential for an active, flourishing Sodality, especially in the schools, is an active and persevering Director for the work. With such a one a good Sodality is assured, at least in the course of time. Without an energetic, faithful director continued success seems impossible. Wherever one sees a flourishing Sodality, one may be sure that the Director is able and willing to work diligently for its success. Wherever one sees a Sodality languish and fall off the cause is sure to be that the Director is not able, perhaps because of other occupations, to give due time and energy to the work. The appointment of the Director, which is, according to our rules to be done by the Provincial, is, therefore, of prime importance, especially in the case of school Sodalities and unless the Director can give a certain amount of time and energy to the conduct of the Sodality he had better be replaced or relieved to some other occupation. Of course, one must appreciate the great number of demands made on the time of our men who are in colleges, but the matter resolves itself to a question as to whether or not it is worth while to have good Sodalities. If it is worth while, then, the means must be taken to the end. If it is not worth while then it would almost be better for the credit of the Sodality idea to abolish Sodalities altogether than to have poorly organized, weakly managed, and discreditable organizations where our rules require a vigorous, earnest, and apostolic school of devotion to the Blessed Virgin and fervor in the lay apostolate.

Some of the earliest experiences that we had in regard to organization work in schools was in some of the large colleges for Catholic women in the West. A series of retreats, which culminated in the suggestion of activities for the students, produced very interesting and sometimes quite striking results. During the school year the activities suggested for the students had, of course, to be those which they could carry on in boarding schools, such as the Self-Denial fund for the help of the missions,

which consisted in encouraging the students to make little acts of self-denial and to give the proceeds for the ransom of pagan babies, or the support of orphans, catechists, and seminarists for the missions; the gathering of Catholic magazines and papers and remailing them to lonely Catholic families whose addresses are furnished by the International Truth Society of Brooklyn; the formation of study clubs and study circles to learn social conditions and prepare for work among the poor and handicapped children in the large cities, a Eucharistic section to promote the crusade for frequent Communion in honor of the Blessed Sacrament; the catechetical study circle, the members of which make a special effort under the direction of some of their teachers to qualify themselves to teach catechism to poor children during vacation and similar activities very easily find a place even in the crowded curriculum of the regular school year and they serve to keep the interest of the student alert. But the Sodalists were instructed that their greatest opportunities would come during the days of vacation, and were asked to make some definite and personal resolve as to what they would do in honor of the Blessed Virgin during vacation time. After the vacation was over the Sisters would get the girls to write compositions on: "What I Did for My Neighbor During the Summer Season," and the replies were very instructive and interesting. Thus in one school about thirty-five of the girls asked for special suggestions for organizing catechism classes, and during vacation they had organized thirty-five classes in different country towns where they live, gathering about them the children who needed instructions, and teaching them what they themselves had learned at school. Others still had offered themselves as volunteers to help the parish priest in the care of the sanctuary during summer, others visited the Little Sisters of the Poor, and made friends with some of the old ladies who were lonely and had no means of amusing themselves, and read to them and chatted with them so as to help them while away the time. Some of the girls had actually organized clubs for poor girls in their neighborhood, and one little group had rented some rooms and under the direction of their elders had kept busy and entertained quite a little group of Catholic girls who otherwise had no place

to amuse themselves during the vacation season, and whom they had found idling about the railroad depot. All in all, the number of good works accomplished were remarkable. This work will sometimes be kept up from year to year by the encouragement of the Sisters.

It may be interesting to insert here some of the reports received from the schools themselves. Sometimes this response was to a retreat of three days with the usual instructions. Quite often, however, a single lecture, given to the students and teachers together, was sufficient to stir up a whole series of interesting and fruitful activities which lasted through the school year and were carried on into vacation. In some instances the impulse died down and will require a new impulse to set the work going again, but in other cases one single series of lectures or even one lecture has been sufficient to begin a systematic activity which is rather increasing in energy and earnestness as the time goes on. While one might expect that such work as this would be more successful in schools than in colleges for boys, experience does not justify such an expectation. Some of the most successful and best organized of school Sodalities are found in colleges. We can, of course, only make a brief allusion to some of the more successful instances, but we shall begin with the Senior Sodality of St. Xavier College, whose report is so neatly presented that it is quite easy to synopsize its activities.

"Introductory.—The purpose of the Sodality is twofold: to promote the personal goodness of the individual members by fervent devotion to our Blessed Lady and to cultivate the spirit of the lay apostolate. The Senior Sodality of St. Xavier College endeavors to obtain this twofold purpose by conducting weekly meetings at which the Office of the Blessed Virgin is recited and instructions are given by the Director and by organizing Sections for the promotion of special activities.

"The Entertainment Section furnished entertainment for Catholic audiences. It has three committees, on Illustrated Lectures, Music and Recitations respectively.

"The Eucharistic Section endeavors to promote the frequent and devout reception of Holy Communion. A record is kept of the number of Holy Communions received by the Sodalists each month.

"The Federation Section has for its object to keep the members of the Sodality informed of the work done by the Hamilton County Federation of Catholic Societies to secure their interest and co-operation. Besides the regularly accredited delegates, other members attend the meetings of the Federation.

"The Goerres Section concerns itself mainly with Catholic literature. Its committee on the Catholic Press procures subscriptions for, contributes articles to, and creates interest in our Catholic periodicals. The committee on Dissemination send Catholic reading matter to faraway and nearby places where it is instrumental in doing good; the committee on the Public Library strives to have Catholic books placed on the shelves of the Public Library and to create a demand for them.

"The Mission Section collects funds, stamps and tinfoil for the support of the Missions and keeps alive interest in missionary work at home and abroad among the students by the regular distribution of mission literature.

"The Ozanam Section is mainly interested in charity work. The members of the committee on the Juvenile Court act as juvenile probation officers for Catholic boys. The members of the committee on Public Institutions visit hospitals and the Home for the Aged to console and cheer the inmates; they also conduct catechism classes for the Catholic boys in the City Reformatory. The committee on Social Work looks after the poor, provides relief and assists them in any way possible. The committee on the Collection of Waste Material cooperates with the St. Vincent de Paul Society in the collection of discarded clothing and articles of various sorts."

There follows in the report an account of the work actually performed by these young Sodalists.

"*Sections of the Sodality*—Entertainment Section—The lecture on "The Little Flower' was given before inmates of charitable institutions, students of academies and colleges, members of various Catholic organizations, and parish gatherings. Forty-one audiences were addressed numbering 11,300 people. A second lecture entitled 'Standard-Bearers of Christ,' dealing with the foreign missions, is in preparation. Musical programs

and recitations were rendered five times to the inmates of the Old Folks' Home and to the sick in the hospitals of the city.

"Eucharistic Section—All the Sodalists were members of this Section. 5,776 Holy Communions were reported received by the Sodalists during the school year.

"Federation Section—The meetings of the Hamilton County Federation of Catholic Societies were attended by the Sodality delegates. They took part in the deliberations and proposed measures, a number of which were acted upon by the Federation.

"Goerres Section—This section introduced the sale of Catholic periodicals, such as *The Catholic Telegraph, America, Extension, Fortnightly Review, The Queen's Work,* among the students and disposed of 1,308 single copies; it procured 132 subscriptions, contributed 22 articles and notices to periodicals, mailed 110 bundles of old literature to home and foreign missions and individuals, sent 2,676 pieces to local institutions for distribution, and had 16 books placed on the shelves of the Public Library.

"Mission Section—All the Sodalists are members of the Mission Section. The section distributed 1,250 pieces of mission literature, magazines, pamphlets and folders, obtained from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Childhood Association, and the mission houses at Techny and Maryknoll, among the students; it collected 65 pounds of stamps, 18 pounds of tin-foil and sixty dollars in cash.

"Ozanam Section—Thirty-two cases of Juvenile Court probationers were handled; five boys were transferred from public to Catholic schools; 129 visits were made to public institutions; 125 prayerbooks, 200 rosaries, 160 Sacred Heart badges, 65 scapulars and medals, 975 pieces of literature, 55 pounds of candy and 50 cigars and stogies were distributed at the various institutions. At the City Reformatory 20 boys were instructed weekly in Christian Doctrine and encouraged to receive the Sacraments; two colored boys were prepared for baptism. Eighteen visits were paid to families in distress and substantial assistance was rendered.

"Other Activities of Sodalists—The Sodalists were reminded again and again that their respective parishes

deserve their first interest and their best support and they were encouraged to give their home parish preference over any College Sodality activity. Accordingly we find that the College Sodalists held offices of trust and influence in such parish organizations as Young Men's Sodalities, in Holy Name, Acolythical, St. Vincent de Paul, Dramatic and Athletic Societies; that they performed the duties of sacristans, catechism teachers, choir singers, etc.

"Our Sodalists were also prominently and actively interested in the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, the National Guard and other civic and patriotic organizations."

Another instance of successful organization of Sodalities, this time in a high school, is to be found in the West Philadelphia High School for boys under the energetic direction of Father Walter Tredtin, C. M., who is an ardent promoter of Sodality organization. Let us quote his own account of his work as reported to us not long ago.

"It is surprising," says Father Tredtin, "in the summing up at the end of year, to note the variety and the number of good works undertaken and accomplished by the Sodalists in the different sections. Our Eucharistic Section raised the average of Holy Communions received per week from 142 per cent to 267 per cent. Its members encouraged visits to the Blessed Sacrament and organized school-wide campaigns for the reception of Holy Comunion on all feast days of obligation. A singular feature of this section was a canvass for affiliated members. Boys attending other schools who promised to receive Holy Communion at least once a week were enrolled in the Eucharistic Section of our Sodality by these zealous apostles of God and the Tabernacle."

The members of the Domestic and Foreign Mission Section gathered tin-foil and canceled postage stamps. The Catholic Literature Section bought and sold more than three thousand pieces of Catholic literature. A volunteer committee was organized to remail Catholic literature to destitute families. Most interesting of all, however, are the activities of the Pastor's Aid Section, which are thus described by Father Tredtin in the April issue of *The Queen's Work*.

"Sometimes" says Father Tredtin, "the moderators of

our boys' and girls' Sodalities, because of numerous other occupations and preoccupations, do not think of valuable little activities that could be undertaken by the members. In such a plight let the moderators have recourse to the Sodalists themselves. The experiment is worth a trial.

In my Pastor's Aid Section every boy present at the meeting answered the following question in writing: "What can we do for our pastors?" The replies I received are here tabulated:

Appointments. 1. Be prompt, regular, and faithful in keeping appointments to serve Masses and Vespers. Volunteer for evening services.

2. Remain for the next Mass if there is no altar boy present.

3. Serve the early Masses in winter and the late Masses in summer, and encourage others to do the same.

4. Don't ask anyone to substitute for you, unless you cannot be present, then ask only some one on whom you can depend to keep his promise.

At the Altar. 1. Learn the Latin Mass prayers well, and recite them loud enough to be heard.

2. Be neat and tidy in appearance at the altar, and graceful in your movements.

3. Always have a clean cassock and surplice. When either needs washing or repair take them home to mother without delay.

Spiritual Aid. 1. Pray for our pastors, and have Masses offered for our pastors, both living and departed.

2. Volunteer to teach Sunday-school.

Moral Support. 1. Study our lessons well and get high averages at school, so that our pastors may be proud of us.

2. When we meet our pastors, tell them about our school and thank them for the opportunity of getting a good Catholic High-school education.

3. Join the Holy Name Society and the League of the Sacred Heart.

Material Help. 1. All who are earning money by working after school and others who have pocket money should contribute to the monthly collections.

2. Help peddle Catholic papers at the church door, sell tickets for parish benefits, and distribute leaflets.

Go to confession on Saturday afternoon, so as not to keep the priests so late on Saturday night.

4. Help the ushers to accommodate the people when there is need for such help.

Suggestions such as these prove that our young folks are keen observers and brainy thinkers."

When one comes to speak of the Sodality in academies and colleges for women, it is quite impossible to do justice to the subject in the brief compass of this paper. Numerous examples of the response of the pupils to suggestions for work in the lay apostolate and of their success in carrying out the work both at school and during vacation at home have been published in the pages of *The Queen's Work*. Thus for instance, in the May issue of 1917 we chronicled the result of a talk given to the Sodalists at the college of St. Teresa at Winona, Minn., when each student was requested to think carefully on the social situation in her home community and then to write a definite pledge for activities during the summer months at home. No less than thirty-four various good works were pledged by the students; twenty-two volunteering to teach catechism, for instance, and after the vacation was over, when a report was handed in of the work accomplished by the Sodalists, it was seen that they had nobly carried out the activities proposed to them. This summer again a report has just reached us that the pledge card was circulated and signed for summer work this vacation, so that the apostolic spirit has become a part of the regular life of the Sodality at St. Teresa's.

Similarly enthusiastic responses have been given in many other places to suggestions for work in the lay apostolate by Sodalists. At the Academy of Our Lady of Providence in Chicago, the pupils of the five first-year rooms were formed into a missionary section; the second-year room into a literature section; the third into a sanctuary section while the fourth year organized an entertainment section, a Catholic instruction section, and a charity section. These sections, though nominally under the leadership of special classes, are open for membership to all the student body.

"The young girls," says the report, "learn to do by

doing, and new ways of extending the work constantly present themselves."

At the Academy of Our Lady at Thropp Street, Chicago, the Sodalists were similarly organized into guilds. They collected for the diocesan seminary, helped the missions, sewed for the poor and the church, conducted catechism classes on Sunday mornings at the Italian settlement, and did a good deal of war work, taking care to encourage the Sodalists at the same time to be helpful in their own parishes.

At Monroe, Mich., after a talk on the lay apostolate in the Sodality, sections were formed on Eucharistic work, perpetual praise, Catholic literature, foreign missions, catechetical work, sanctuary work, sewing and reading respectively. The foreign mission section sent in to *The Queen's Work* for the Self-Denial Fund fifty dollars for the education of a seminarist and twenty-five dollars fo a teaching catechist.

But no argument is required to convince those who have been in charge of colleges for Catholic girls how easily it is to stir up their zeal and fervor in behalf of the lay apostolate by means of the Sodality.

A glance at the department in *The Queen's Work* headed "The Queen's Work in America" which gives summaries of the activities of the Sodalities in this country will likewise be illuminating concerning the possibilities of Sodality organization in schools. Experience seems to show that in almost every school it is possible to begin this work and to have a great measure of success providing only that a Director is appointed for the Sodality who has time and energy for the work, is competent, industrious and persevering, and goes about things in the right way. A great deal of initiative ought to be given to the students themselves and the Sodality in the school should be made not only a pious exercise, but a school of the lay apostolate and a training in personal initiative. How often have we heard it said of the students of Catholic institutions that they seem rather behind hand in personal initiative and self-sacrifice for Catholic interests? A good deal of observation has suggested that this want of initiative and of a spirit of self-sacrifice point to a distinct lack in our Catholic educational system. With all its merits, which are mani-

fold and obvious, our system still leaves something to be desired in the way of training for the lay apostolate, and the Sodality would afford an ideal training ground for this very spirit of self-sacrifice through its sections for work for the neighbor, if only it were properly organized and energetically carried on according to a general plan. The various sections for the missions, for Catholic literature, for lecture courses, for catechetical instructions, for the care of poor boys in the case of the advanced college classes, are each one a very precious training in practical methods of Catholic action. A boy who has gone through even a few of these sections will complete his education with a definite knowledge of some needs of the Church and will gain a definite sense of the ways in which he personally can help. So many of us can look back on our Catholic education and search in vain for definite suggestions of personal work for our neighbor or for the Church on the part of our professors. A boy or girl who has gone to a well-organized school Sodality can never say that he or she was taught the need and opportunity of catholic action through their personal initiative. Besides, in these sections the work of the officers tends directly to train the boy or girl to personal-initiative by giving some responsibility and putting the more active and competent in definite charge of a special work which depends on their energy and tact for its success or failure.

In going to the meetings of these sections, properly carried on, one is impressed with the interest and initiative shown by the boys. We recall a meeting of the Ozanam Section of the St. Xavier College Senior Sodality which was not at all prepared or rehearsed because we happened in in the midst of the meeting, quite unannounced. The president was calling for reports from the various members concerning the case of juvenile probationers which they were handling. Each boy arose and in a very terse and business-like way gave an account of the boy he had in charge and spoke of his inclinations, his antecedents, the fault or crime for which he had been committted to the juvenile court, the position he was holding, and the report he was making to his young guardian, who had been in each case personally appointed by the court to take care of him. Each one of

these boys was getting valuable experience and learning to sympathize with and help less fortunate Catholic youngsters and was getting ready for still greater usefulness when he should have graduated from the college. These boys were from the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes of the college. Some time afterwards, having occasion to speak to the Catholic Diocesan Director of Charities of Cincinnati, I asked him whether he was getting any valuable help from this section of the Sodality.

"They are the best aids I have in Cincinnati," said he. "I don't know what we would do without those boys." Their interest and perseverance in watching over their young charges was remarkable, so that a great deal of present good was coming to the Church from the work of these young probation officers, and they were besides getting a very precious part of their education from their activity, their sympathy with and knowledge of the needs of the handicapped part of our Catholic people.

It is obvious what a new interest and wider and more permanent good will come from our retreats to college students if the organization of a Sodality is made the trend and fruit of the retreat. The three-fold purpose of the Sodality should always be kept in mind, of course, and due emphasis given to each one of its objects: Personal holiness, which is the first and most important end of every religious society; the help of the neighbor, a most powerful means to personal holiness, and the defense and spread of the Church, part of our duty in the service of God and likewise a powerful help towards personal sanctification. If these three ends are kept in view all through the retreat they will afford an endless fund of illustrations and suggestions. To conclude the retreat with a personal consecration to the Blessed Virgin in the Sodality, or the renewal of a consecration one has already made, but fully understood, will give a permanence and definiteness to the resolutions made during the retreat and start the retreatants out with new ideas and a new horizon of hopefulness and resolution to work for their own salvation and protection and for the help of their neighbor and the Church in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

(To be Continued.)

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS.

An Elementary Handbook of Logic. By John J. Toohey, S.J. Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss, New York. Price $1.25.

While the author is right in calling his book elementary and a handbook meant for class use, yet it offers even the experienced teacher food for reflection. It is not a mere re-statement of the definitions and principles found in the time-honored treatises of Logic. Many chapters are entirely remodeled, many definitions are stated more concisely and correctly, many views of older logicians are challenged and shown to be wrong. Nor does the author neglect to give his full reason for departing at times from commonly accepted notions. Either in the text itself or in the appendix, all controverted points are discussed. By far the best chapter is the one on Fallacies. From the ordinary text-book the student is apt to carry away the notion that Aristotle's long catalog of sophismata *in voce* and sophismata *in re* should be revised and brought up to date. Not so. Father Toohey points out clearly how these very same sophisms have survived to this day. They may have changed their names; they may parade the streets in high hats and Prince Alberts; they may sit in immaculate shirt-waists on the speaker's platform; but they had been branded already by Aristotle as mischief-makers. A perusal of this chapter will prove interesting and agreeable, to say the least, even to those of us to whom the Porphyrian Tree is but a fond memory.

God and Myself, An Inquiry into the True Religion: The Hand of God, A Theology for the People. By Rev. Martin Scott, S.J. P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

Truth is ever the same. The divine message vouchsafed on the shores of the lake of Galilee may not be retracted or modified. What is was two thousand years ago, that it is now. The world heard it for the first time, when Christianity was breasting the might of Rome; the world hears it today, when Christianity, battled-scarred but gleaming triumphantly over the wreck of ages that were, points out the way and the life. Truth, indeed, is unchanging and unchanged, but it may be imparted in many ways. The pedagogy of the Teacher of Nazareth is evidence of this. Its methods were potent to unmask error, to destroy prejudice and to enlighten ignorance, the while they were motived by all the sympathy of the Divine Shepherd for His erring and witless sheep.

Herein lie the charm of Father Scott's writings and their power. They unmask error without antagonizing the erring; they remove prejudice without engendering prejudice; they enlighten ignorance without creating new difficulties; and, best of all, inspiring them, enriching them, ennobling them is love of Christ wed to love of souls.

A religious teacher must win the hearts of his hearers and bring the light of truth close to their minds. Else he sows in vain. Father Scott has not sowed in vain. His first book, "God and Myself," is partly Apologetics, and partly Apology. He exposes the fundamentals of true religion, gives special consideration to the popular objections of the day, and explains some of the principal doctrines of Christianity. The second book, "The Hand of God," with the exception of the chapters on miracles, faith and dogma, may be classed as an Apology pure and simple. It deals not so much with the basic truths of Catholicism as with the meaning and defense of individual revealed doctrines and facts of past and contemporary history.

Both books breathe charity and sincerity. No Catholic will read them without being stimulated; no Christian will read them without being enlightened; no infidel will read them and be offended. They are not an array of polemic arguments or resounding anathemas; they are rather the warming rays of the sun, softening, attracting, winning. They will convince the sincere heart, they will lift the veil from before the eyes of the prejudiced, and, where they fail to conquer the unbeliever, they will allure him rather than repel him. This is superb work, and it has been done without sacrificing a single principle or shading a single fact. There is no compromising with darkness; there is no shuffling and shifting; there is no avoidance of the genuine issue raised by history.

Charity, however, and sincerity are not the only requisites for effective writing. It is not enough for an author to warm the heart; he must also persuade the mind. No book written for the world at large will succeed unless it is characterized by clear explanation, striking argumentation and apt illustration. No book will reach the people unless it is built on the lines of the parables. Each of Father Scott's chapters is a parable. He has imitated Christ the teacher, he has copied the methods of the prophet of Galilee, he has studied the pedagogy of the Master, and through Him Christ has manifested Himself, and will manifest Himself to many a storm-tossed soul.

OBITUARY.

Father George de la Motte.

On the afternoon of Good Friday, March 29, 1918, there died at St. Ignatius Mission, out in the Rocky Mountains, the Reverend Father George de la Motte, S.J. It was between the hours of twelve and three, when in so many Jesuit churches throughout the world the devotions of the "Tre Ore" was taking place, that this faithful follower of Christ Crucified received the summons to join his Master beyond the grave.

The end came peacefully. A few days previously he had retired to the little mission hospital for rest and treatment. He did not seem to be unusually ill. On the morning of Good Friday, many of the Indians who had gathered at the Mission for Holy Week services, called to see him and he spent a couple of hours chatting with them. About noon, one of the sisters brought him his dinner. "I don't deserve anything to eat," he said, "I should be helping the fathers at the Church." About a quarter of an hour later, when the sister returned to remove the tray, she found him lying on his bed unconscious. He had evidently been taken with a spell of dizziness, and, going to his bed, had there suffered a stroke of paralysis. The other fathers were hastily summoned and the last sacraments administered. At half past two all was over and the dearest wish of George de la Motte's heart was granted. He had died among his Indians, there at St. Ignatius, within sight of the snow-clad peaks of the Mission Range.

Just thirty-six years before, whilst he was studying philosophy in the province of Paris, the call to the far-away Indian Missions of the Rocky Mountains had come to this noble soul. His response was quick and decided. "Paratum cor meum, Domine, paratum cor meum." Rev. Father Cataldo, then Superior of the Missions, had written to the Provincial of Paris asking for volunteers. Five zealous young Frenchmen, among them Mr. de la Motte, offered themselves and were accepted.

Philosophy having been completed, two years were passed in the study of theology at St. Aloysius House in the Island of Jersey. Then came the journey across the Atlantic and the continuation of his theological studies at Woodstock. After his ordination, in recognition of his exceptional talent for the higher branches, he was invited by Superiors to undertake the "Grand Act." He accepted, and a year was given

him for preparation. According to those present at this great public defense of Catholic philosophy and theology, it was difficult to decide which to admire the more, the brilliancy of the young Jesuit, or the tact and modesty with which he conducted himself in answering the various objectors.

Among the prominent churchmen who had come to Woodstock for the occasion were Cardinal Gibbons and the Very Rev. John P. Frieden, S.J. The latter was then Provincial of Missouri. He used to enjoy telling in after years how his Eminence of Baltimore turned to him during the course of the "Grand Act" and said, "Is it true that they are going to send this young man out to the Rocky Mountains to bury his talents among the Indians? What a mistake!". "But, your Eminence," replied Father Frieden, "we surely have an excellent precedent. When St. Ignatius was asked to send one of his newly founded order to the far East, whom did he select but the brilliant young professor of the University of Paris, Francis Xavier." The Cardinal nodded. "You are right," he said, "you are right, father."

And as it happened that when the great public defense was over, whilst the plaudits of admiring friends and brethren were still ringing in his ears, Father de la Motte started for the land of the setting sun, for the far West, to bury himself among the Indians.

The sacrifice that this young priest was making comes home to us more forcibly when we learn that he was not only a gifted student but a man of great natural refinement, delicately raised and of distinguished family. He was born near Strasburg, in Alsace, on February 19, 1861. His father was French, his mother English. The former occupied a high position in the French Army, and was an exemplary Catholic gentleman though somewhat pessimistic in certain of his religious views. Thus he was strongly opposed to frequent Communion, insisting that only the greatest purity of heart coupled with the most profound sorrow for past faults is compatible with the worthy reception of the Holy Eucharist. He himself always prepared for Holy Communion by a retreat of several days. He had impressed this view so strongly upon his children that his son, George, when making ready for his first Communion was filled with fear lest he should not have the requisite sorrow for his sins. The evening before the great day he betook himself to the church and made the Stations of the Cross a dozen times, trusting that this meditation on the Passion of Christ would arouse in his soul the necessary contrition.

The early education of Father de la Motte was received from the Eudist Fathers at Redon in Brittany. We are told

that his teachers held him in the highest esteem, admiring especially his ardent piety. He knew little of the Jesuits, save through reading and hearsay. Yet in September, 1878, we find him entering the Society. He made his novitiate at Angers, and was then sent to Aberdorey in Wales, for his juniorate. Here he displayed marked literary ability and gave promise of rare oratorical power. Accordingly he was selected by his Superiors for special study at the Sorbonne in Paris, following a course which led to a licentiate in letters. What little regency he had was passed at the Naval Academy in Jersey, and in St. Mary's College at Canterbury, England.

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As was said above, upon the completion of his theology at Woodstock, Father de la Motte lost no time in getting ready to start for the Rocky Mountains. However, an attempt was made to hold him in the East. The professors at Woodstock had been so impressed by the "Grand Act" that Superiors invited him to remain and teach theology. So far as depended on him, he refused the offer. The matter was then referred to his Provincial. But France had given up her talented son for missionary work among the Redmen. She felt she could not spare him for other duties, however honorable or profitable to the Society in America they might be. Hence the answer came from Paris that Father de la Motte had been assigned to the Indian Missions, and that if he were to be employed merely in teaching he might return to his own province.

Following his arrival in the West his first appointment in his new field of labor was to Colville, at that time a flourishing mission nearly a hundred miles from Spokane. When he had gained experience and acquired a certain familiarity with the language he was made Superior of the mission. This was the beginning of many years in office, for from that time until the day of his death, if we except the year of tertianship, he was always in a position of authority.

Whilst at Colville, Father de la Motte suffered a severe attack of typhoid fever, contracted, it is said, from nursing a sick Indian. He was confined to his bed for a long time in a hospital at Spokane. Complications set in and the physicians found an operation imperative. The day for which it was set happened to be Good Friday and out of devotion to the Passion of our Lord the patient begged permission to undergo it without an anaesthetic. His request was granted and his desire for suffering was indeed gratified. The pain he endured was intense.

When he had recovered from this illness, he was sent to Florissant for his third year of probation. Returning West in 1894, he was made Missionary-in-Chief of the Coeur-

d'Alene Indians with headquarters at De Smet, Idaho. Meanwhile, it had been decided that a scholasticate should be established in the northwest, where lectures in philosophy and the short course of theology should be given. St. Ignatius, one of the most beautifully located of the missions, was chosen for the purpose. The head of the new scholasticate, who was likewise to be Superior of the mission, and professor of Dogma, was Father de la Motte. It was hoped that the two birds might be killed with one stone. Our brilliant "Grand Act" man would still be an Indian missioner thereby satisfying the wishes of his province and his own ardent desires, and at the same time he would be able to make use of his great learning in training our scholastics.

Many a story is related of the good father's kindness and interest in his charges, both copper-skinned and white. He had a keen sense of humor and was quite tolerant of the good natured pranks of some of the scholastics. For instance, at an entertainment given during the holiday season for the members of the community, one of the performers when about to "speak his piece" was horrified upon looking out into the audience to perceive a couple of nuns sitting towards the rear of the hall. He did not recognize the sisters but saw that they were attired in the familiar garb of those who taught in the mission schools. He was overcome with bashfulness. His memory failed him. His knees knocked together with nervousness. In a word he was the victim of stage fright brought on by the presence within the forbidden precincts of the cloister of two religious women. After a futile attempt at recitation he retired in confusion. When, later on, he learned that the two nuns were impostors, brother scholastics made up for the occasion, he was rather irritated. But he found it useless to complain to Father Rector, for his Reverence enjoyed the joke as much as the rest of the community.

In 1899, the scholasticate was removed from St. Ignatius to Spokane, becoming a part of Gonzaga with quarters in what was known as the old College. Father de la Motte was made Rector of both scholasticate and college. His government was marked by high regard for scholarship and discipline, and by a most fatherly care for all the students. At the completion of his first year of rectorship, new responsibilities were added through his appointment as Superior-General of the Rocky Mountain Mission. This important office he held until the summer of 1907 when the long contemplated union of the missions of California and the Rocky Mountains was finally effected and Father de la Motte was installed as the first Superior of that vast Western country

ranging from San Diego to Alaska, from the Dakotas to the sea.

During these many years of superiorship the health of the father was far from good. Over-application during his preparation for the "Grand Act" and the attack of typhoid at Colville had left permanent effects upon his system. His physicians were alarmed at his condition and were constantly urging him to seek release from the onerous duties of office. Hence, when in September, 1909, the new province of California was established with Father Herman Goller as Provincial, Father de la Motte welcomed the opportunity of returning to his beloved Indians at St. Ignatius. Here he was to remain till the day of his death, save for a couple of months passed in Missoula as pastor of St. Francis Xavier's Church.

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It would be difficult for the present writer to offer a characterization of Father de la Motte which would prove acceptable to all. One should have known him during his years as Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission to be able for this. That he was a saintly man, most devoted to the Church and the Society, that he was also a simple, direct, unaffected religious, none will be found to deny. All likewise admit his learning, his clarity and thoroughness as professor, his eloquence as preacher, his unrivalled powers as catechist. But some there are who doubt whether he possessed sufficient knowledge of men. They are of opinion that he was extremely impressionable, that his judgment of character was not sound; consequently that at times he made mistakes of moment in the disposition of his subjects.

Again others question his direction of penitents, particularly of those religious women who even from afar sought his counsel in the difficult ways of the spirit. It has been said that he was sentimental, not practical, that his introduction of certain practices of devotion, e. g., daily confession, made rather for disunion than for harmony in communities.

It is better to admit freely that Father de la Motte did make mistakes in his estimate of the men with whom he was associated. On more than one occasion during his last years he confessed as much to his intimate friends. "I should never have been a Superior," he said, "and I say this, not through modesty, but because of the clear realization I have of my shortcomings. I have often been in error in my judgment of others." As a matter of fact, he begged to be taken out of office because he felt he lacked the necessary qualities.

Yet, after all, who is the perfect man? "Quis est hic et laudabimus eum?" One thing is certain. If Father de la Motte made mistakes they were not mistakes of will. He

bore malice towards none. If he showed severity at times, it was because he was convinced that duty demanded it. His heart was of the gentlest and the rather forbidding exterior he sometimes assumed was no true index of his character.

One might pass over the criticism leveled at his method of directing religious women. Ordinarily such criticism is not based upon accurate knowledge. Since, however, during the last ten years of his life he devoted a fair portion of his time to the guidance of nuns, both in the confessional and by correspondence, a few words on this subject would seem to be necessary for a proper appreciation of him.

If continual insistence with his penitents upon religious simplicity, on mortification and the uprooting of self-love, on faithful observance of rule, on humility and the love of humiliations, are proofs of sentimentality in direction then truly Father de la Motte was a sentimentalist.

Let me quote from some of his letters. One collection which has come into my possession covers a period of some six years. They were written at regular intervals from 1912 until within a few days of his death in 1918. These letters are typical, never long, containing a reference to his own health and to affairs at the Mission and words of advice suited to the spiritual needs of his correspondent.

"My Dear Sister ————:

"Your first letter did not please me much—there were some visible traces of self-love in it. I have nothing to say about the matter treated of, for I have spoken plainly and told you many times that impressions such as these should be fought against and drowned in God's love and conformity to God's will.

"Your second letter is much better. The constant impressions you experience which appear to be so disheartening are indeed permitted by our Divine Lord, to detach you from every creature, yourself included. You have accepted sufferings and Our Lord does not spare them to you in order to detach you from everything human, and cut off the strings that prevent you from going to Him and vleaving to Him. There is too much sensitiveness in you, and God wishes you to love Him with your *will,* namely, to be ever ready to do what He wants, whether you feel His sweetness or not.

"May Our Lord continue His merciful work, and may you co-operate with it by serving Him generously in the spirit of faith."

Again:

"I think that Our Lord wants you to offer Him the sacri-

fice of even the spiritual friends in whom you have been wont to rely. He wants you to tell Him from your heart, "My Lord, I wish my heart to cling to you only. I am ready to give up all else, even those who help me to go to you.' Our Lord desires to detach you more and more from creatures. There must be lurking within you some attachment which looks spiritual, but is not sufficiently so in the eyes of Him who reads the whole heart."

Again:

"Thanks for your letter. Nothing to fear. God allows the evil one to distress you. Be careful not to yield to his infamous suggestions, all bearing against the virtue of hope as you will remark, that is, against your weak point. Strengthen yourself, by frequent acts of hope and confidence and keep quiet. These dreadful storms are to me a certain indication that Our Lord has great graces in store for you. These storms are extraordinary, and consequently the preludes of great graces. Be steady. Pray as usual. Revenge yourself on the devil by working harder for God. Do not seek to *experience* loving feelings towards your parents. Avoid *entertaining* harsh feelings against them. Pray for them."

Again:

"I am so glad to know you are kept busy and that you take your work in the right spirit. What does it matter what we are doing, provided we do what our good Master wants us to do? Moreover, I do not see why you should worry over your teaching that class. The superiors, who are very prudent, feel sure that you have the required knowledge, and God will do the rest."

Again:

"Many thanks for your good letter and kind wishes. Were you not surprised at the doctor's findings? I was. It only shows that God is a good doctor, and that when we do what He wants, He takes care of both body and soul. I feel quite happy over the whole thing, although I feel like you, that Heaven is a better place to be in than Montana or any other spot on earth.

"Yes, let us be detached from everything: health, success, esteem of men, men themselves, even God's gifts, and cling to Him alone. His holy Will, there is peace and genuine contentment. All inward suffering supposes a *little devia-*

tion from this rule. Whenever a pang is felt let us look sharp —there is a little fibre somewhere that is not in close accord with God's holy Will—in other words, a little atom that is feeding on self. Let us ask our Lord then, to take all and keep all, to burn and destroy all that does not belong to Him. When that is done, He will take us to Himself, and then it will become impossible to displease Him."

Again:

"You are stronger than you were, but you are not very strong yet. So be sure to keep away from all danger and don't give any liberty to your senses or your heart. God, God alone in Himself, not in His consolations or other creatures. Prepare yourself for aridities and desolations. They will come again. They are necessary to give you strength. When they come (if you keep still) you are advancing far more than when your soul is in jubilation. No advancement in love, no spiritual health, no spiritual fruits, but in and through the Cross. Don't you ever forget this. After death, all will be enjoyment: before death, the Cross must be everything, suffering must be our food, our breath, everything, just as it was for Our Lord."

Such quotations might be continued almost indefinitely. Along the same lines but modified to suit the needs of the individual are deeply spiritual counsels that I find in other letters written to other religious. All breathe the spirit of self-sacrifice, of a life hidden with Christ in God, of the exercise of the highest and noblest Christian perfection.

As to the practice of daily confession which Father de la Motte recommended to some of his penitents, it may be stated that no one saw more clearly than he the irregularities to which it might lead in communities. Hence he by no means advocated the practices for all but for such as he felt sure would profit by it, and then only when circumstances were favorable. He thought daily confession most undesirable once it became an occasion for discord. His great love of purity of heart and his profound faith in the cleansing power of Christ's Blood in the Sacrament of Penance, were what urged him both to practice and to counsel frequent confession. Thus was it always. His own life was thoroughly in keeping with the doctrine he preached to others.

Father de la Motte was greatly attached to the Indians. A father, who spent several years with him at St. Ignatius, writes on this point: "Yes, he was truly devoted to the Indians, and he often told me that he wished to die among them. During the last years of his life when his health was

poor, his Superiors several times offered to send him to some place where he might take better care of himself. But he preferred to stay with the Indians. It was to work among them that he had come to America, and he did not spare himself. While in charge of the Indian schools at Colville and St. Ignatius, he exercised the office of prefect of health, and many a long night did he spend trying to nurse back to strength, poor sick Indian children. He was very patient with the Indians and made great allowance for their faults of character. Even when he had to refuse their unreasonable requests he did it in such a way that generally they took no offense. He was a man with a large warm heart, and the unjust treatment given to the Indians grieved him very much. At the same time he was not blind to their defects, and their vices and lack of spiritual perception caused him many a pang."

"Another characteristic of Father de la Motte," writes the same father, "was his unswerving devotion to the cause of the Church. During this present war he more than once remarked to me that we should pray earnestly for the Church. Strong as were his sympathies for the Allies, for he was connected with both France and England by ties of blood, still he said he would prefer to see France without political freedom but with religious freedom, than under a masonic government which strives to utterly destroy the Church,"

For many years, in fact, during practically all his life as a priest, Father de la Motte was a valetudinarian. That he was a sick man, no one who lived with him would deny. But it was not till the very end that he gave up the fight to regain his health. "There is so much to be done," he would say, "and one needs strength to do it." The confidence he placed in remedies, both patent and otherwise, was almost childish. Yet with all his anxiety to get well, he was loath to ask for a miracle. During his last trip to Europe whither he went to attend the General Congregation, he visited Lourdes, but he did not have the heart to beg the Blessed Virgin to cure him. "If God does not wish me to recover my strength through natural means," he said, "then it is clear to me that for His greater glory and my own spiritual good I should continue to suffer."

However, he does seem to have been cured of one of his ailments in a quasi miraculous way. I find references to the fact in his letter to a nun in Montreal. She had gone to intercede for him with a certain religious by name Brother Andrew, who enjoyed quite a reputation for holiness and was reputed to have effected various cures. The Brother directed that Father de la Motte should make a novena to St. Joseph,

and during the nine days take internally a little of the oil from the lamp which burned before St. Joseph's altar.

After some hesitation, the patient consented to do as he was bidden. At the conclusion of the novena, he was re-examined by his physician. To the medical man's astonishment all traces of the complaint (it appears to have been ulceration of the stomach) had disappeared.

During the last six months of his life, he referred on several occasions to his approaching death. He expected to die suddenly. When he heard of Father Thomas Gannon's sudden death, he told some of the community that he would be taken off in the same way. And it happened.

When the news that Father George (as his Indians called him) had passed away, spread among the Indians, great indeed was their grief. They had gathered from all parts of the reservation for the services of Holy Week. The old chief was there, his aged head bent low and crowned with locks as white as the snow on the neighboring mountains. And round him were gathered the remnants of his tribe. The lame and the blind were there, both braves and squaws, venerable like their chief in years. Survivors they were of a day that is past, never to return. The younger Indians, some in highly colored blankets, others attired in more modern costumes, stood or sat in groups and discussed the sad news. George was dead! George, their father, their teacher, their friend! And they filed into the church where the body had been laid in a plain black casket, and gazed upon the face of him they had revered. Surely many a prayer went up to the God of nations, many a petition that the Master might be merciful to his departed servant.

Yes, the Indians missed him. Nothing could bring this out more strongly than what a writer in *Gonzaga,* the magazine of our university in Spokane, thus relates:

"One of the Indian women expressed her grief in language that almost seems to have the ring of the Psalms. Unwittingly she has uttered the last word of praise about him and in her simple words sums up all and shows how great a void the death of Father de la Motte leaves in the hearts of those who knew and loved him: 'My heart is lost, I do not know where I am. I go to the house to ask for Father George and he cannot come to the parlor. I seek him in the church before Our Lord and he is not there. I search among the Indians and he is not visiting. I go to the confessional where he used to tell me what to do and what not to do and he is not there to speak to me. I go into the lower church and he *is* there; but when I take his hand it is cold and his lips cannot speak. The Indians are left orphans, and I wonder if he can advise me from Heaven.'"

The funeral services were very impressive. A solemn Requiem Mass was sung, the office of the dead recited by the clergy, and two sermons were preached, the one in English, the other in Indian. Superiors felt they were justified in departing from the traditional simplicity of Jesuit obsequies, because of the presence of so many Indians. Besides, his lordship, Bishop Carroll of Helena, had wired that he was coming over to the mission for the last rites, and it was known that he favored the solemn service.

Rev. James Rockliffe, S.J., an intimate friend of Father de la Motte, preached a touching sermon. He rehearsed the life of the departed one, bringing out the noble qualities which distinguished him, his charity, his patience, his zeal. There were few, if any, dry eyes among those who were able to follow the speaker. When he had finished, Father Ambrose Sullivan, S.J., spoke in the Indian language.

The roads leading to the graveyard were in poor condition, as it had rained heavily the preceding evening. Still, more than physical discomfort was required to keep back the vast crowd which had thronged the church from witnessing the last sad scene of all. Hence, it was a long and varied procession that trudged its way out to the cemetery, through the mud and the slush.

The services at the grave was read by Father Sullivan. Then, in keeping with time-honored custom, all present, beginning with the priests, threw a handful of earth on the coffin, whilst the Indian women kept up a mournful dirge. The funeral was over. Father de la Motte had been laid to rest by the side of his co-workers in the same vineyard—Fathers Murset and D'Arte and Van Garp. He had fought the good fight, he had persevered even as they—and now he had gone to enjoy with them the reward of the Kingdom of Heaven. R. I. P.

Mr. William A. Schmitt, S.J.

On Wednesday, July 24, 1918, Mr. William A. Schmitt, S.J., died at Norwalk Hospital, Connecticut. The call came without warning; up to within three days of his death no one could have suspected that, at the early age of 29, this calm, methodical scholastic, going quietly about his ordinary duties, was to be called so suddenly to render an account of his stewardship.

After completing his year of Poetry in Canisius College, Buffalo, Mr. Schmitt entered the Novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, September 7, 1908. Four years he spent at St. Andrew's, two years as a Novice, and two more of Juniorate. And then in June of 1912, he was sent to Woodstock, Md.,

for the study of philosophy. His was the ordinary course of Jesuit training, quiet and uneventful, difficult perhaps in its regularity, but nevertheless, pleasant and happy because of the religious surroundings, peaceful in an atmosphere of contented companionship.

At the end of Third Year Philosophy, Mr. Schmitt was sent to Boston College to teach in the High School. The work of daily class found him ever ready to serve and to assist others, so that in Boston, as at St. Andrew's and at Woodstock, he was a welcome companion. Large classes, always so trying to the Scholastics in their Regency, never ruffled Mr. Schmitt's calm, cheerful countenance. He was loved and admired by the boys of his class to whose great delight he was sent back to Boston at the end of Summer School in 1916.

The Second Year of Regency promised to be a happy one for Mr. Schmitt. His class work, together with the directorship of the McElroy Debating Society, offered a delightful outlet to his zeal and enthusiasm. Everything went well until the Spring of 1917, when suddenly, one Sunday morning, he was ordered to leave for New York to take up teaching at Fordham. Mr. Schmitt taught class at Fordham on the following day, leaving his work at Boston in perfect order, with monthly marks recorded and even the last class theme properly corrected. He afterwards said of this change, "Now I am ready for anything."

During the Scholastic Year 1917-18, Mr. Schmitt was again at Fordham, where he won the hearts of all by his calm, kind, unassuming manner and even temper. He spent the Villa Season of 1918 at Manresa Island, taking part in the various enjoyments with happy relaxation and mirth. On Sunday, July 21, he read his status, "Back to Fordham," and in the evening of that day he attended the evening entertainment, meanwhile talking and joking in his quiet way with those about him.

The first sign of sickness came the following Monday morning at about half past ten. He complained of cramps in the stomach and was immediately sent to bed by the Brother Infirmarian. After about two hours a sharp pain developed in the right side and a physician was hastily summoned. The doctor called in a specialist who advised that Mr. Schmitt be removed to the Norwalk Hospital. An operation for appendicitis was performed at 5 o'clock, and at about 8 o'clock those anxiously waiting at Manresa were relieved with the news that the operation was a success.

On Tuesday afternoon visitors were allowed to see the patient, and they brought back word to Manresa that he was

doing very well. On Wednesday, Rev. Father Mulry, Rector of Fordham University, visited the hospital. He felt dissatisfied with the condition of Mr. Schmitt and decided to await a change. This change came at about 3 o'clock. Sad to say, it was a change for the worse. Because of intestinal poisoning, the sick Scholastic became delirious, and shortly after 4 o'clock word was received at Manresa that all hope of recovery had been given up. At about 8.15 in the evening, Father Mulry, who was in constant attendance at the sick bed, noticed a strange light of intelligence flit across the dying scholastic's face. Quickly pressing the crucifix to Mr. Schmitt's lips, Father Mulry then placed it in the clasped hands. Scarcely had he done this when the young Jesuit turned slightly to the side and calmly expired.

The body was removed to the Chapel at Manresa Island, and there before the Blessed Sacrament, those who had known Mr. Schmitt so well in his religious life, went to offer their prayers to the Good Master who in His mercy had called our beloved Scholastic to his last reward.

On Friday morning the Office of the Dead was recited in the Community Chapel by the Fathers and Scholastics, and the Mass that followed was celebrated by Rev. Father Mulry. Then the body was taken by automobile to St. Andrew-on-Hudson for burial. Accompanied by the members of Mr. Schmitt's family and with the Novices and Juniors in attendance, the remains were carried forth in slow procession along the winding path leading to that quiet little sunny spot amid the trees. There the body was laid to rest among those who had loved and helped our dear Scholastic during life and, going on before, were waiting to receive him in that triumphant choir whose joy no man can describe. R. I. P.

Father I. Fazakerley.

The death of Edward Ignatius Fazakerley, resulting from an operation for appendicitis, took place at the Hotel Dieu, New Orleans, on the 30th of August.

Edward I. Fazakerley was born May 9, 1867, at St. Helens, Lancashire, England. His father, an alien to the faith, married Miss Woods, a Catholic lady of Irish descent, and by her was brought to embrace the doctrines of the true Church. Seven children blessed their union, six boys and a girl. Of these Edward Ignatius was the third oldest. From his very boyhood he was brought into close contact with the Jesuit Fathers, and in 1878 was one of the first to volunteer as an altar-boy in the new church of St. Michael in his native town. Later on he became acquainted with two Jesuits afterwards

destined to fill high positions in their Order, to wit, Very Rev. F. X. Wernz, S.J., late General of the Society of Jesus, and Very Rev. Father Purbrick, S.J., who became Provincial of the English Province, and later of the Maryland-New York Province. The youthful altar-boy was a great favorite with these Fathers, and it was a special source of joy to him to have had the honor of being assisted in his first Holy Mass by the friend of his youth, Father Purbrick, then Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province.

After completing his preparatory studies in his home town, young Fazakerley followed the Classical Course at the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier, Liverpool, from 1880 to 1885. In the summer of the latter year he sailed for America, and on the 31st of August entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Mo., as a candidate for the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus. Having successfully passed the two years of trial in the novitiate he was transferred to the house of studies just then opened at Macon, Ga. To his two years of study of Ancient and Modern Classics at Macon, five years of laborious regency as a master in the Jesuit colleges at New Orleans, Galveston and Spring Hill followed. Next came a successful course of Philosophy at Grand Coteau, La., from which he passed on to the study of Theology at Woodstock, Md. On the 28th of June, 1900, he received the holy order of Priesthood from the hands of Cardinal Gibbons at Woodstock. From the completion of his Theology in 1901 the remaining years of his life (with the exception of the one passed in the Tertianship at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.), were spent in college work, and all except the last two were lived in Spring Hill College, which, to him, was like a home.

Father Fazakerley was essentially a teacher, and had successfully managed almost every grade from Preparatory to Rhetoric. He had with the close of the session in June of this year attained his majority as a college man.

Though his life was principally occupied in college work, he was not quite unknown to fame as a Preacher and Master of Retreats. As a preacher he was in constant demand in the churches of Mobile, and as a Master of Retreats he was employed every summer in the Southern States and once or twice was invited to give Retreats in the North-Eastern States. Only a few weeks before his death he had given a retreat in Texas, and had brought his life's work to a fitting climax by entering on his own annual retreat of eight days just preceding the operation that resulted in his unexpected death.

As regards his success in the pulpit it may be frankly stated that Father Fazakerley, though not endowed with any marked oratorical gifts, cultivated the qualities which nature

had assigned him by constant study and arduous toil so that his very earnestness would convince his audience and cause the truth which he preached to prevail with all sincere minds.

His character was a most happy blending of the Celt and Saxon. He was a torrent of inexhaustible energy of mind and body, rolling along with a certain kind of ebullient joy, his soul and body in perfect equipoise. Of highly sanguine disposition, and though easily flurried, Father Fazakerley was never known to harbor rancor, and was always the first to forgive and forget those little word skirmishes which will sometimes take place even among the most congenial companions.

One of our Fathers, who has lived on close terms of intimacy with the deceased, in fact, lived next door to him in Spring Hill College for several years, declared to the writer that he has never known a religious more exact in the performance of his spiritual exercises than was Father Fazakerley. "His nightly examination of conscience," said this same Father, "he was wont to make in the house chapel, lest if he made it in his own room, some untimely visitor or other source of distraction might cause him to curtail an exercise that he regarded as of prime importance in his spiritual life." And the writer, who esteemed Father Fazakerley, does not hesitate to add that he regarded him as a Jesuit who had always kept the "home fires" of his first fervor "burning." In the Tertianship, under the masterful direction of the late Rev. Wm. O'Brien Pardow, S.J., Father Fazakerley put a bright polish to a spiritual life that was already bright and sparkling, and the beauty of it all was that this polish never came off.

By a coincidence Father Fazakerley was buried on the 33rd anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. On the 30th day of August, all day long, the remains lay in state in the Church of the Immaculate Conception and were visited by several hundreds of friends and former pupils. At 6.00 A. M. next morning a Requiem Mass was celebrated for his repose by the Very Rev. E. Mattern, S.J., Provincial of New Orleans, and one time fellow-novice of the deceased. Rev. J. D. Foulkes, S.J., Rector of the Immaculate Conception College, accompanied the remains to Spring Hill, where in the quiet College cemetery, which contains the graves of so many of his brother priests, the body of Father Fazakerley was laid to rest. R. I. P.

Mr. John B. Ryan.

Mr. John Ryan's going home, during the influenza epidemic last September, brought more than the usual impersonal sorrow to the younger generation of Jesuits in this Province. When the suffrage postal was read out in the different refectories, there flashed up in the minds of the hearers many memories of kindnesses received from Mr. Ryan; slight kindnesses given in an unobtrusive, almost an apologetic way, that was one of his memorable characteristics. Looking back on his Berchmanslike life, it seems as though he completed his earthly course, not in showy ways, but in these little attentions to brother Jesuits.

For Mr. Ryan was only thirty-one and a handful of months at his death, and on the scales of this world he accomplished hardly anything. But happily, he was weighed on other, diviner, scales, and his deeds were found weighty.

His biography is a simple story. Born in Fitchburg, on April 23, 1887, he lived an uneventful boyhood in that uneventful Massachusetts town. A faithful altar-boy, who, winter and summer, heat and snow, served an early Mass, and, possibly, by his constant attendance on The King earned the vocation that was later his. On the diamond, he soon developed skill and leadership. He stood well up among the graduates of Fitchburg High in June, 1904, and that fall entered Holy Cross. His four years "on the Hill" were years in which Mr. Ryan increased in influence, for in his pleasant way, he could undeniably lead. He went out for Track and in a memorable B. A. A. Meet won his coveted "H. C." He would have won it again in football, only parental anxiety kept him in the cheering section. John Ryan stood sixth among the fifty-five that received their diplomas from Holy Cross that June day in 1908. And that he stood even higher in the shrewd estimation of his fellow-graduates, this extract from his write-up in the '08 *Purple Patcher* shows:

"John Ryan is deliberate in every action, cool in crises, 'square' in all things. * * * His manliness, uprightness, conscientiousness; in a word, his sterling character has brought him the respect of each and all of his classmates. We all wish him luck, for too high a recommendation cannot be given him."

Class Books notoriously "knock" and knock hard. He who rates such a "boost" is doubly complimented.

But, while many of his fellows were undecided as to the path the Lord would lead them, not so John Ryan. He had seen very early the one path for him, and with his characteristic generosity, or rather, impetuosity, he was anxious to walk therein.

So it was that he entered St. Andrew-on-Hudson, August 14, 1908. He brought the sunshine of his personality with him, for his wit was of that harmless brilliancy that touches unerringly, but never wounds. Of course, he was picked for Manuductor in his Secundi year. Many of us have a memory that will not dim of that winged Manuductor, Brother Mercury, darting around the snow-banked pond after the ball in a game of "hockey." And if the ball went off the ice and into the soft snow, when the tumbled brethren disintegrated, usually our red-haired Manuductor had both hands on the desired sphere.

Brother Ryan vowed his all on the Feast of the Assumption, 1910, and within the year His Master sent this lighthearted Junior a heavy cross. For consumption seriously threatened. It was Mr. Ryan's first experience with sickness, and all of us can hardly forget the brave way he faced the unaccustomed dreariness of his gray days.

He carried with him to Woodstock those tainted lungs, but his old leadership at Holy Cross carried him through the philosophical dangers.

Just as the World War was breaking out, Mr. Ryan began his regency at Brooklyn College, and the fall of 1915 he was transferred to Loyola College, Baltimore. Here he spent the rest of his teaching period. Health is needed to comply with the exacting routine of a High School class, and this was something that John Ryan was never to know again. In spite of that handicap, he struggled on, giving to his boys the best that was in him, and teaching them more by his admirable example than by books of words. For always his weakened lungs weakened Mr. Ryan's desire to spend himself on his charges. But those who have been privileged to speak with boys, who sat under this scholastic, cannot help but noticing and envying the admiration with which his example fired them.

John's father died last winter; his mother's health failed, and for these reasons Mr. Ryan asked Father Provincial that he might spend the last year of his regency in New England, where he would be nearer his home. This request was granted and John was in extra happy mood all through the latter days of the war-time Villa at Manresa Island.

John was only destined to spend a month at Boston College, when the Spanish Influenza epidemic struck and prostrated New England. Mr. Ryan, with his half-healed lungs, was a fit victim, and four weeks after he had returned to his native state, he was carried to the over-crowded Carney Hospital, From "flu" to pneumonia was but a transition, and John's folks were telegraphed for. They saw him, but as there was no sign of immediate danger, they left the

hosiptal for the night, neglecting to leave their address. Shortly after midnight, on September 25, 1918, the signs were evident that John Ryan was about to enter into his reward. Fortified and peaceful, his brave soul won its release.

It seemed fitting that this good son of Holy Cross should be laid in the little linden-shaded cemetery of his Alma Mater. R. I. P.

Brother John O'Brien.

On October 7, 1918, at 11.40 o'clock in the evening, Brother John O'Brien died at Mt. St. Michael's in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and the fortieth since his entrance into the Society. His death marks the passage of a name and figure long identified with the Indian Missions of the North West, where by far the greater part of his life as a Jesuit was spent. Little is known of his early life. He was born in Cork, Ireland, one of a large family. The family moved to America when he was rather young, coming to California. He spent some time in Montana as a miner, and as such he first met our fathers at one of the Missions there. It was not long before he was filled with the desire of obtaining true riches, which neither the rust nor the moth doth consume, and of which thieves are powerless to deprive. However, before taking the step, we find that he returned to California and laid the matter before his relatives who seem to have been in some measure dependent upon him. After being assured that they did not need his help so badly as to interfere with his vocation, he entered the Society, and began his noviceship at the old Rocky Mountain Novitiate at Yakima. One of the little stories of this period deserves to be recounted. Father Caruana, who was the novice-master, called Brother O'Brien one day and told him to go out into the fields where a certain Brother Cunningham was plowing, and demand the team and plough from him as a test of the latter's obedience. Consequently our brother demanded the team in no gentle terms, saying, "Give me that plough and team"—adding in an undertone—"Father Caruana wants to try your obedience." One who was his superior for a long time says that he knew him as a good religious from the very beginning. His life as a Jesuit was typical of that band of heroic men who devoted their lives to helping the Missionaries. All sorts of tasks fell to his lot, even that of teaching in an Indian School. Journeys on horseback from one mission to another were of rather frequent occurrence, and at one time or other he was at nearly every mission in this region. St. Michael's now retains but little more than

the name of the former mission, but Brother O'Brien knew it in the early days when the city of Spokane was unheard of.

After many years spent upon the Crow Mission, Brother O'Brien's health broke down and his Superiors sent him to California. The sunshine for which that state is justly famous did much for him, and after four years he again returned to the North. He used laughingly to tell of how they sent him to California to die, and got tired waiting for that to happen, and so sent him back to work again. He came to St. Michael's when the scholasticate was opened three years ago. His genial good humor soon won him a place in the hearts of all. Though very slow of movement now, to the great edification of all, he worked on in the Refectory till just before the end came. After a rapid decline he died most peacefully on the night of October 7. He was buried at the scholasticate near many of his old associates and companions on the missions. R. I. P.

Father Maurice Edward Prendergast.

Not easy is it to set forth in calm, measured words the keen sense of affliction which has come to us with the death of Father Prendergast. From the day of his arrival in Jamaica in August, 1907, during each and every moment of the eleven years which have passed by he has been Priest, Father and Friend in a way and to an extent which could only have been learned from the dear Heart of the Kingly Christ. Tireless zeal, cheery self-sacrifice, and personal interest in all those, the lowly ones equally with the high, whose spiritual care had been committed to him—these were the characteristics of his truly enthusiastic service for souls—characteristics, too, which did not fail to meet from those for whom he labored with the loving appreciation which was both invited and deserved. And so, when the Spanish Influenza reached Kingston in October, no thought could be further from our minds, as it was from our desires, than the possibility of its singling him out for one of its victims. At a time such as this his ministry of consolation was more needed than ever. It was not to be expected that when the flock was stricken, the shepherd should be taken from it.

God, however, saw fit in the mystery of His adorable Providence, to decree otherwise, and, like the Good Shepherd, Father Prendergast has given his life for his sheep. On Monday, October 28, he had been making his daily round of sick calls. Among those to whom he had given the last Sacraments within the week were a number in St. Ann's District of Kingston and at the Union Poor House who were

down with the prevailing sickness. In the course of the morning he had got to the Kingston Hospital and looked after the Catholics there who stood in need of his priestly ministrations. Before leaving the hospital, he discussed with one of the Doctors, a great friend of his, the local ravages of the dread epidemic. "The worst of it, Doctor," he said, "is that people have been insisting with me all the morning that I myself have the 'Flu.' Honestly, I wish they'd shut up and let me alone." "Let me see," was the Doctor's remark, and taking Father Prendergast into a private room, he put him through a medical examination with the result that all the symptoms of Spanish Influenza were found to be present in unmistakable evidence, and he was bidden preemptorily to take to his bed at once.

Later on in the morning, directed by the Reverend Father Superior, he found himself at St. Joseph's Sanitorium, but even then his usual playfulness of humor asserted itself and something like an hour had elapsed before the Sisters ascertained that the object of his visit was to place himself as a patient under their care. Here the disease developed quickly in spite of skilled nursing and the best of medical attention and the end came at 4 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, November 4. Notwithstanding a continued cheeriness of speech and manner he had not failed to realize from the start that his illness might prove fatal, and the day before he died, when the message was told him that there was no hope of his recovery, had smiled peacefully through all his pain, as he put in these words of Jamaica dialect the full submission of his God-seeking soul: "Well, 'ef Massa God want." With the greatest composure, he had then asked that certain financial obligations still unfulfilled which he had incurred as Pastor of St. Ann's Church, should be noted in order that the attention of his successor in the pastorship might be called to them. Thereupon he had passed the few hours of life left to him in almost uninterrupted prayer. The names of Jesus and Mary were the last words heard from his lips a little more than an hour before death as he lapsed into lasting unconsciousness.

The body was taken from St. Joseph's Sanitorium later in the same morning, and from St. George's College into Holy Trinity Cathedral a little before four o'clock in the afternoon. Here the coffin was placed on the catafalque at the upper part of the middle aisle, the head of the deceased Father nearest the Sanctuary. There was a large congregation of mourners, very many of whom were sobbing in uncontrollable grief. The Office of the Dead began at 4 o'clock chanted in the Sanctuary by the Bishop and Fathers of the Jamaica Mission. The Absolution given by the Bishop followed the

chanting of the Office, and the funeral procession then started for the cemetery. The Very Reverend Superior of the Mission, Father O'Hare, officiated at the cemetery, and the "Benedictus" was sung at the grave by the choir of Holy Trinity Cathedral.

From the obituary notice in the *Gleaner* for November 6, we take the following particulars of Father Prendergast's life:

"Father Prendergast was born on March 30, 1868—just fifty years ago—at Swampscott, Massachusetts, and was educated at Boston College, Boston, and also at Woodstock College, Maryland. He entered the Society of Jesus on the 14th of August, 1887. He taught for several years both as priest and scholastic, at Fordham University, New York. He was ordained priest on June 28, 1902, and spent two years in missionary work at St. Inigo's, Maryland, before coming to Jamaica.

"He arrived in the Island in August, 1907, and during the first two years was stationed at the mission in the Parish of St. Ann, with its centre at Brown's Town. From there he was transferred to the Above Rocks district in 1909, where he labored for five years; and since 1914 had been in charge of St. Ann's Church at the western end of Kingston. While in the district he had spiritual care of the Hospital and Alms House, and was noted for his charity towards the poor of the neighborhood, and for his assiduity in visiting the sick and those in distress. He was an indefatigable worker, refusing no work assigned him and always ready to volunteer to take up the work of others." May he rest in peace. R. I. P.

VARIA

St. Andrew-on-Hudson. *Influenza Epidemic.*—Early in January an epidemic of Spanish influenza broke out at St. Andrew. There were about one hundred and twenty-eight cases and four deaths; indeed it seemed that only enough were spared to care for those that were sick.

Its first victims were the Novices, among whom it spread with uncontrollable celerity in spite of the quick action of superiors and physicians. As the Infirmary was found too small to cope with the spread of the disease, the dormitories were turned into hospital quarters.

The plague soon spread to the Juniorate and their dormitories were quickly filled with the sick.

Those who were well were called into service to nurse the ever-increasing number of patients, and the generosity and absolute self-sacrifice of these nurses was a splendid thing to see.

The more serious cases were removed to St. Francis Hospital in Poughkeepsie, where three Juniors and one Novice succumbed to the disease.

God was very good to us however, and truly shielded us, through this affliction, from the terrible ravages which the sickness has wrought elsewhere.

Purchase of Property.—A recent purchase of land, consisting of the large adjoining Webendorffer estate, has augmented the Novitiate property by two hundred and forty-three acres.

The new property is divided by the Albany Post Road; on the one side lies wooded and pasture lands, and on the other stands the house behind which there is a long and beautiful river-front.

Hospital Trial.—The old custom of having Novices serve for a time in the Hospitals has been recommenced in our Novitiates. Two Novices were sent during February, to take up their pioneer labors at St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, and situated in the Bronx, New York City.

They will live at the Novitiate at Yonkers while on their trial, and journey daily to the Home, accompanied by a third Novice from the younger Novitiate.

Their work in the Home consists in administering in an elementary nursing sort of way, to the old men, in giving short talks, and in keeping them comfortable by all tonsorial refinements.

The affair is experimental, and of course as it has just been inaugurated, no statement as to its success can be made as yet, but it is hoped that it will be found as beneficial a factor in Novice training as in former times.

Improvements. Summer House.—A large concreate summer house or pavilion is being built by the Novices and is fast nearing completion. It crowns the high bank facing the river and will be used by the Novices at recreation.

Refrigerating Plant.—A new plant for artificial refrigeration has been installed and the saving in money and labor will make it a vast improvement over the old ice-chamber.

BALTIMORE. *Work Among Our Deaf-Mutes.*—November was a busy month for our Catholic deaf-mutes of Baltimore, for there was a mission, a bazaar and two socials. The mission, conducted by Rev. Thomas A. Galvin, C. SS.R, began on November 10 and ended on the following Sunday. Practically all the Catholic deaf-mutes in and around Baltimore were in attendance. During the same days the exercises of the mission were held by Father Galvin for the children of the Deaf-Mute School at Irvington. The mission was closed for both adults and children at Irvington on November 17.

BOSTON. *Recollections of the Chaplain of Deer Island from* 1882.—It may be well to preface recollections of Catholicity in Deer Island prison with a few words on former intolerance in Massachusetts. The writer's recollections begin with 1882. It was only a few years previous, when Catholic priests were not allowed to visit prisons in Massachusetts. Some of the Catholic politicians of Boston gave a dinner to a Protestant minister, who was a member of the legislature and prominent in politics. They requested him to ask the legislature to pass a bill opening the prisons to the Catholic priests and authorizing them to exercise their functions, to say Mass, instruct and give the Sacraments. He introduced the bill, advocated it and it passed. So by law of the state, priests could visit prisons, say Mass, instruct and give the Sacraments there. The political clergyman hoped to become governor of Massachusetts. He embezzled and fled to South America; he deserved a better fate.

The chaplain appointed in 1882 to attend Deer Island was asked by some of the officials, if he had ever attended prisons? He answered: "No!" He was asked, if he had friends in Boston? He replied that he had not. They took advantage of his want of acquaintance with Boston and with prisons to impose on him. Things developed into a sad condition in the prisons. Catholics could go to Mass on Sundays or absent themselves; but they had to go to the Protestant services. There was great brutality and wholesale perversion. There were about a thousand men, about five hundred women and nearly five hundred children. So in the prison there were almost two thousand inmates.

Shortly after his appointment a woman prisoner requested the priest to say nothing against colored people. He

answered: "I say nothing against anyone. I have a kind feeling for all, black, white and yellow, Jew and Gentile." Then he added: "Pray, may I ask you why you are so solicitous about the colored people?" She replied: "The women in the prison are all married to colored men." The priest said to her: "Have good will; you can all become Saints. Let us love our dear Lord, for He loves us. Go often to confession and to Mass whenever you can.

Some months later Mr. John W. Frazer, a Scotch Canadian, an American citizen and a member of the Boston City Council, having learned the sad state of things at the Deer Island prison, denounced the way that the prisons were conducted at a meeting of the City Council. He reduced his charges to brutality and to interfering with the religious liberty of the inmates. He called for a special committee to investigate. After a hard fight he secured his committee. A Jew, a member of the City Council, ably supported him. He said: "The President with Congress thrown in cannot interfere with religion. The Constitution forbids it. Can the creation of the Boston City government assume a power denied to the President and Congress?"

Deer Island was under a board of twelve directors; nine were Protestants and three were Catholics. One of the Catholic directors asked the chaplain to put on paper his reasons for objecting to have Catholics forced to attend Protestant services. He wrote his paper; it was read before the Corporation Council. They gave their decision against the prison board of directors stating that they had no power and no rights to compel Catholics to attend Protestant services. Frazer had the decision of the Corporation Council published in the prisons. Catholic prisoners at last were on an equal footing with their fellow inmates. The brutality was stopped. The power to punish was taken away from all officials with the exception of the head one; and he had to keep an account of his punishments in a book open to the public. Permission was given to have a Sunday school in the House of Reformation. There were over two hundred Catholic children. After the Catholics had attained all the privileges desired, the chaplain was asked, if he could not have the investigation stopped? He answered that he did not meddle with politicians. However he told the prison officials that he would ask some of his acquaintances to inform Mr. Frazer that he was satisfied with the way the prisons were conducted. He had reasons to be satisfied. There was perfect equality, the brutality was stopped and he had a magnificent body of Sunday school teachers.

Mr. Frazer, a shrewd man, was glad to have an excuse for

stopping the investigation. He had obtained all that was desired. The prison officials showed their appreciation of the chaplain's kind offices in helping to stop the investigation. They made him a nice present and one of the officers became a Catholic.

Further Recollections of Deer Island, 1882-84—At once the young men and women, who were very well qualified, volunteered to instruct the children. They were all very well educated, very well loved and very zealous. Among them were George Lyons, who was finishing his studies at Boston College, wonderfully gifted and very beloved, now an excellent parish priest. He is a brother of the President of Boston College. Also Eddie Flynn, a graduate of Boston College, a brilliant lawyer and a member of the governor's council. The others were also gifted, very well educated and very zealous.

They were so gifted that the chaplain was asked how he managed, he a stranger, to get together the cream of Boston to teach catechism to the poor children of the prison. He answered that he had no share in the glory of the Sunday school. It was God's work; to Him be the glory. The merit belonged to the very gifted members of the Sunday school, who, filled with zeal, at once volunteered and were a source of consolation to all. The officers, who were from Maine and Cape Cod, were astonished to meet Catholics much better educated than they, and who were so refined and full of zeal. There were many converts at Deer Island; I will briefly refer to two, one a prisoner and the other an officer.

The prisoner was a woman educated at the Quaker college in Rhode Island. Her family was wealthy at one time; they lost everything. She was staying with a sick daughter, who had a sick child. They were very poor. She resolved to ask the first person, who came along, for help; he was a high-toned Yankee. He called an officer and had her arrested for begging. She was sent to prison for two years; she became a convert and edified all. She never complained and became very devout. She died a most edifying death in prison.

The officer who became a convert was a woman of weight; she weighed over three hundred pounds and was over six feet high—one of the largest women I ever saw. She thought her conversion saved her life; the fast and abstinence of Lent taught her the value of temperance and even of being abstemious in the use of food.

The saintly prisoner, who was educated at the Quaker college, recalls a visit I made to that institution. A young man, whom I instructed, then a student at the Quaker col-

lege, and who used to come to confession every week and at other times to ask solutions for his difficulties, which he met in his various readings, and he had a marvellous memory, invited me to visit him at the college. He met me at the appointed time and brought me to his room. After I had been in his room about five minutes, he was sent for. I bad him good day of course. When he visited me the next time, he told me that it was the princal or president of the college who had sent for him. He asked, who the visitor was. The young man answered, "his friend, Fr. Bric." The president replied: "Tell him that we do not desire his presence in this institution."

Long Island Hospital in the Boston Harbor.—On the East side of the island is Fort Strong. Over thirty years after attending to Deer Island, the chaplain administered to the Poor House, the Hospital and Fort Strong. He attended them in 1913 and up to the middle of 1918. The chaplain followed the schedule of the good Fr. McDonald, who preceded him. Mass was at six on week days and at eight on Sunday. On the first Friday there was general communion for the inmates and sick. We generally had for the First Friday over five hundred communions. Many of the inmates went every week and some every morning.

On Sunday after Mass the chaplain went to Rainsford, where there is a school for boys. The Catholic boys in the school number over a hundred. Every Sunday there were twenty five or thirty confessions before Mass; and once a month the chaplain heard the confessions of all, stayed over night and said Mass for them the next morning. There were some converts amongst the boys; they had the permission of their parents and guardians.

The trustees wished to interfere with the schedule. The chaplain protested and they complied with his request. The change they meditated would have interfered with the Sunday school, and was as follows: the boat left Boston on Sunday at 8.15 A. M. It carried the Sunday school teachers. It touched at Long Island and took the chaplain over to Rainsford. Mass was said about half past nine at Rainsford, which gave ample time for the Sunday school before the boat's return to the City. The trustees wished to delay the boat three quarters of an hour from Boston, which would have practically shut off the Sunday school. The chaplain showed his annoyance even to going to the Mayor in protest. He was joined by the Protestant minister, the superintendent and trustees of Rainsford against the unjust interference of the Long Island Board. Alarmed at the opposition the trustees of Long Island came back to the old schedule.

Fort Strong had four companies of soldiers. They had no

chaplain, so the Catholics there depended on the chaplain at the Long Island Hospital. There were a number of converts among the officers and soldiers. The chaplain established a Sunday school for the children of the fort. Going to the city one day he noticed a woman who was seated on the upper deck. The priest thought that she was one of the matrons of the alms house. She told him that she belonged to Fort Strong, that she was English and a Protestant. The chaplain expressed his pleasure at the meeting. He told her that he was anxious to get the children of the fort into the Sunday school. She agreed to help him by giving a list of all the children in the fort. Amongst others she mentioned a sergeant, who had six boys. He was not a Catholic; his wife was a very careless Catholic. The chaplain said that he wanted those boys and their father, the sergeant. He called to see them. The sergeant embraced the Faith and the boys came to the Sunday school. God blessed the sergeant; he was preparing to pass an examination for a commission. He was afraid of failure; instead of second lieutenant they made him first lieutenant and soon he was raised to the rank of captain. His careless wife came back to the practice of her duties, and the children made their First Communion.

Fr. James J. Bric, S.J.

Buffalo. *Canisius College. New Chemical Laboratory.*—The beginning of December marked the completion of our new chemical laboratory. Our laboratory had long since been pronounced by visiting professors one of the most complete for its purposes in the east. The introduction, however, of more advanced courses in Chemistry has demanded the setting-up of a new laboratory particularly adapted to advanced work. The Premedical students and the Senior Science students will follow their courses in Organic Chemistry in this laboratory. For this purpose forty lockers have been equipped for organic work. The Junior Science students will use the laboratory for Quantitative Inorganic Analysis. Over a dozen lockers have been fitted out for this branch of the science. Steam baths, constant-temperature drying ovens, and an electric blast system have been installed to further this department of the work.

One of the prominent features of the new laboratory is the metallurgical bench. Intended primarily for combustion work, this bench has been equipped with the latest types of combustion furnaces, both gas and electric. As an aid to Ferrous-metallurgy, grinding machines have been set up, thus rendering the preparation of samples a simple process.

British Guiana. *Bishop Galton Nearly Drowned.*—Bishop Galton, S. J., Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana and Barbadoes, has had an alarming experience while on a Confirmation

tour of the Indian missions on the Brazilian border. On the journey to the mission down the River Ireng, the boat capsized, and the Bishop was thrown into the river, losing all his belongings. He was over half an hour in the water, with a dislocated shoulder before being rescued. Father Carey-Elwes, who was with him, also had a narrow escape. His Lordship lost his soutane, rochet, mitres, and crozier, pectoral cross and ring. Father Carey-Elwes lost his chalice, vestments, etc. Describing the accident, the Bishop said:—"We came to a rapid, which the crew tried to shoot. Three waves came into the boat, and then it struck a rock, and we found ourselves in the river. I found the tent-boat, which was upside down, and floated a short distance until it struck another rock, and I was again thrown into the water." Finally the Indians managed to pull him and Father Carey-Elwes to the shore with the aid of bush ropes.—*Northwest Review.*

California Province. *Hillyard. Mt. St. Michael's. Father Giacobbi's Golden Jubilee.*—Sunday, October 20, was a gala day at the scholasticate, as it marked the Golden Jubilee of our Spiritual Father, Rev. Dominic Giacobbi. The restrictions entailed by the epidemic then raging in Spokane, and among both students and community at Gonzaga University there, did indeed prevent many of the jubilarian's friends from sharing in the festivities: but the feastday, though a rather quiet, family affair, was for all that, one to be long remembered. The jubilarian, who still retains the activity of a young man, celebrated a Solemn High Mass in the early morning, spent several hours receiving congratulatory visits from members of the community, presided at table, where he was surrounded by four of his former novices and one of his theologians,—all at present on the staff at St. Michael's—gave the solemn Benediction in the evening, and lastly was the honored guest at an entertainment given by the fathers and scholastics. What all will remember as the special feature of the celebration was the brief but interesting address given by the jubilarian himself under the title of "My Fifty Years in the Society."

Born at Lugo di Venaco in Corsica in 1850, Father Giacobbi entered the Society at Monaco, Italy, at the age of eighteen. He is familiar with Woodstock, where he made his theology, being ordained with the class of '83. For fourteen years, 1890-1904, he was Novice Master at Los Gatos and it happened a year ago, 1916-17, that he was Tertian Master for a number of young fathers who were his former novices. At present after fulfilling many offices in various parts of the Province, and once representing it in the congregation of Procurators at Rome, he is the Spiritual Father at Mt. St. Michael's. "Ad multos annos."

Spanish Influenza at Mt. St. Michael's.—The wave of Spanish influenza sweeping westward across the Continent reached Spokane towards the end of September. A strict quarantine was immediately proclaimed and other precautions were not lacking. But we were not fated to escape the general epidemic. After a whole month had passed, and when the epidemic seemed to be fast losing ground in Spokane, the first "flu bugs" found their way up our hill. Friday, October 25, three men withdrew far from the madding crowds, ignoble strife and word swept through the house that they had contracted the influenza. The next day there were no cases; the third day however there were two. The following morning, Monday, there were three more men under the Infirmarian's care. We now awoke to the fact that the epidemic was really upon us. Classes were indefinitely discontinued and all were told to keep in the open air as much as possible. Tuesday saw ten more vacant chairs in the refectory, and all records were broken on Wednesday, St. Alphonsus' Day, when twelve took to their beds. From now on for almost three weeks there were new cases every day: as the Beadle's diary states so simply, "crescit in dies numerus aegrotorum." Out of a community numbering one hundred and eighteen there were eighty-four cases of influenza, of which seven developed into pneumonia, one of these latter proving fatal. All the divisions of the community were represented in the sick rooms, for besides the scholastics, four fathers and six brothers had the disease.

The epidemic lasted just one month; the enforced vacations closed with the feast of the Philosopher's patroness, St. Catharine. They were hard and trying days for all, especially for those who bore the burdens of responsibility. At first there was a certain amount of uncertainity, excitement and novelty which helped to heighten the silver lining, but as the days wore on, the numbers of the sick constantly mounted: the ambulance had several times appeared on the scene to remove the pneumonia patients to the hospital, and things reached a melancholy climax on the evening of November 7th, when the community learned that Mr. Edward J. Peacock, a third year philosopher of the Missouri Province, had died at the local hospital. This is not the place to speak at length of him, but the following sentence or two, written by one of his former companions, expresses very briefly what was in the minds of all when they learned of his death. "When I think of him I always recall his big-hearted generosity and gentleness of character. He was so humble and grateful for any marks of friendship. I am convinced his account before God was a light one, he forgave others so readily and that is to be the standard of the Judgment for

all of us, "As ye mete out to others, so shall it be meted out to you."—His death marked the turning point in the epidemic. The day of his funeral there were forty-five in bed, the largest number reached at any one time. Some of the other pneumonia cases were very near to death, but one holocaust was to be our tribute. Convalescents soon began to appear in large numbers: life looked rosier every day, and when the epidemic was over it was a community of grateful hearts that on St. Catharine's Day offered solemn thanksgiving to God for the many evident signs of His nearness during our trial.

MONTANA. *St. Ignatius' Mission. Catholic Indians and the War.*—We learn from *The Indian Sentinel* that our Catholic Indians have shown a wonderful and spontaneous fidelity to the cause of the United States in the present war. Several thousand Indians have joined the army and the navy, and approximately eighty-five per cent. were volunteers. Liberty bonds have been bought generously and the Catholic Indian schools have been most active in helping the Red Cross.

From St. Ignatius' Mission we have splendid accounts furnished by Father A. Sullivan, S.J., who tells that $20,000 were subscribed to the third Liberty bond by Indians of the Flathead Agency. Red Cross activities at the Ursuline Convent and the House of Providence have met with only one drawback—insufficient supply of wool. This regrettable condition is frequently mentioned in reports from the various reservations and mission schools. On food conservation, Father Sullivan writes: "We received and distributed the pledge cards. Some of our people, in fact, the majority of them, are very poor, therefore, many of them after learning the meaning of the card remarked that already they were doing more than the Government requires. 'Instead of meatless days or meatless meals,' they said, 'we have meatless weeks.'" "This," adds the writer, "is easy to understand as many of our Indians live in the country far from butcher shops and cannot procure meat even if they had the cash—which, too often, is not at their command. The school children rarely have meat for breakfast; what meat they get at odd times for supper is generally in the form of stews or hash made from meat left from the noon meals. As we are placed, the use of corn and fish, to any extensive degree, would be a costlier proposition than the consumption of the wheat and meat products of our own farm. Fish and corn would have to be shipped to use at expensive rates. Eighty-five of our Indians have enrolled as members of the Red Cross, and twenty-five or more have enlisted in the army."

SAN FRANCISCO. *The Service List of St. Ignatius' University, San Francisco, Calif.*—This list was made up on November 1, 1918, before the armistice was signed, but it is so accurate that we deem it worthy of record.

The Service List of St. Ignatius' University, San Francisco, Calif., totals 610, with nine gold stars in honor of those heroes who paid the supreme sacrifice in the service of their country. These young men are:

Frank S. Cardanah, Base Hospital No. 50, who died of disease while in active service at the front.

Harry J. Heaton, Engineer, killed in action, Sept. 29, 1918.

Joseph Hickey, Inf., killed in action, Sept. 1918.

Louis P. Kengla, Inf., died of wounds received in action, Aug. 1918.

William B. Ketler, Art., killed accidentally by a gun-carriage falling on him.

William H. Lassiter, Inf., died of disease, Presidio, San Francisco.

Charles P. McVey, Signal Corps, drowned at sea, a Tuscania victim.

George W. Ross, Eng., died of disease in camp in France, Feb. 1, 1918.

Fred L. Schirnetschek, Inf., killed in action during the last drive.

Four crosses represent the four Chaplains, whom St. Ignatius' had the honor of educating or enrolling as members of the faculty. Three of these Chaplains are with the army, Lieut. Henry L. Walsh, S. J., stationed at Fort McArthur, Calif.; Lieut. George G. Fox, S. J., of Fort Worden, Wash., and Lieut. Henry Fleuren, S.J. Fr. John J. Laherty, Lieut. (J.G.) U. S. Navy, is Chaplain at the Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash. A high honor was paid recently to another "old boy," when Rev. Joseph M. Gleason, A.M. '88, of Palo Alto, Calif., Chaplain-General of the Spanish War Veterans, was made Vicar for the Army Chaplains of the Western District.

The 610 stars represent officers and enlisted men in every branch of the Army and Navy. For the most part, the choice of the enlisted men was with the various California regiments, the "Grizzlies" or 144th Field Artillery, the 347th Field Artillery and 363rd Infantry of the famous 91st Division, and the 62nd Regiment of the Coast Artillery Corps.

There are approximately 70 commissioned officers, with Brigadier-General Charles H. McKinstry, commanding a division of Engineers in France, at the head of the list. Other noted names are Lieut.-Col. Neil J. Power, formerly Colonel of the League of the Cross Cadets and Past Grand Knight of San Francisco Council, No. 615, K. C.; Lieut.-Col. James O'Hara, of the Cavalry, serving in France, and his brother, Major Edwin J. O'Hara, of the Artillery General Staff at the front; Major Joseph P. Sullivan, in charge of an officers' intensive training camp somewhere in France, and Major Richard A. McCabe, an efficient member of the Transport

Service. We might mention also Capt. Edward Crowley, who added glory to the name of his "Alma Mater" during the Spanish-American War as well as in the present struggle; Capt. Walter J. Mulligan, who, a physician by profession, is Government expert in the the Spruce Production Camps, and Capt. Thos. A. Driscoll of the 363rd Infantry, and part of the brains of the Intelligence Department in France.

There are a host of officers graduated from the various Reserve Officers' Training Camps. Conspicuous among them is Lieut. Vincent K. Butler, LL.B., who whilst a student at St. Ignatius won a Rhodes' Scholarship at Oxford. His brother Lieut. Fred. B. Butler was graduated with high honors from West Point this year and assigned to a corps of Engineers. Lieut. Eugene T. Conway shortly after graduation was detailed to the Headquarters Staff of the 62nd Regiment, C. A. C.; Lieut. Frank A. Flynn, former instructor in the British Royal Flying Corps at Fort Worth, Texas, is now at the Front in Flanders.

Scattered through the Navy, the Naval Reserve and Marines, there are about 140 boys from St. Ignatius. Deserving special mention are Lieut. Daniel J. Callaghan of the U. S. Navy, and Lieut. Richard M. Tobin of the U. S. N. R. F., stationed in France.

Among those who attended the Students' Army Training Camp, held at the Presidio last summer, three former St. Ignatius' boys received with their commissions assignments as instructors at various S. A. T. C. units, Lieut. William E. McCann at St. Mary' College, Oakland, Calif., Lieut. Sigmund J. Janas, University of Nevada, Reno, Nev., and Lieut. Fred. B. Moran, Pomona College, Pomona, Calif.

The S. A. T. C. Unit established by the Government at St. Ignatius University was opened with fitting ceremonies at the University Campus on Oct. 1, 1918. The enrollment of the Unit is 115, under command of 1st Lieut. Arthur W. Mohr, U. S. A., assisted by 2nd Lieut. Francis E. McClaren, U. S. A. Adjutant, 2nd Lieut. Edward B. Salzberg, U. S. A. Military Instructor, and 2nd Lieut. A. Neafey, U. S. A. Instructor of musketry.

On November 3, 1918, ten men picked from a special squad of twenty-one, were sent to the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Camp McArthur, Texas.

War Work. *Letter from Father G. G. Fox, Chaplain.*— I hardly arrived here, about two months ago, when I caught the "flu." It was then raging and working havoc. I came within an inch of turning up my toes for good myself.

Perhaps I ought to thank you and others for prayers offered for me?

As soon as I was able to stagger around, I got into the

hospitals. There were then four of these here with some 600 soldiers sick with "flu." It was a harrowing sight to stand helplessly by and watch these strong, sturdy, young lads struggling against death, but alas! too often succumbing to it. We lost about 80. Thank God! there wasn't a single Catholic boy sick who refused to make his confession to me and many of them Catholics, merely by baptism and in name, made their first confession to me.

I baptized several. One of them was a big, husky Swede. He told me that he had been raised to hate the Catholics and that he never believed even in Christ. But little by little I won the fellow over, for I had been informed that he would die, and when the end was approaching I asked him if he would not like to be baptized and received into the Church? I explained the ceremony and assured him of its importance. "Well," he replied, "I'll think it over." I came back in about an hour and he told me that "he did want to be on the safe side." I immediately baptized him. As I was leaving him, he called me back and said: "Say, Father, you didn't do it right." "Why not?" I asked. "Well, because you didn't say 'I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,' as you explained to me." Poor boy! When I informed him that I had used the Latin formula he was satisfied and very contented. He died shortly afterwards.

There are five forts under my spiritual jurisdiction, viz., Forts Casey, Flagler, Whitman, Ward and Worden, and I am the only Catholic Chaplain in all these northwestern Coast Defenses. It keeps me busy trying to go the rounds. This whole section of Puget Sound is most picturesquely situated by nature with many beautiful islands and the Rocky Mountains and towering snow-capped Olympias as a majestic background, but at this season the waters are so rough and stormy and the weather so cold that my work is very hard and unpleasant. Often my special Government launch cannot make a landing.

A few mornings ago I said Mass in a lighthouse on an isle near Fort Casey. The old keeper and his wife, devout Irish Catholics, have not been able to get to Mass for many years. You can imagine their consolation and mine.

I'm now getting up Xmas Tree Celebrations for all the ports and am providing entertainment and a present for each soldier and members of his family.

Recently I gave a mammoth vaudeville and boxing show for the boys under auspices of K. of C. of Seattle. We brought up 25 professional entertainers. It was by far the biggest thing ever done here.

Some Letters of Rev. George M. Bailey, S. J., of the California Province, to Rev. Father Provincial.

On Active Service With the A. E. F.,
Hospital No. 7, Nov. 1, 1918.

Reverend and Dear Father Provincial, P. C.—This is really the first opportunity I have to write to your Reverence after the terrific drive of Sept. 26. We have been kept on the go ever since, hiking from one front to the other. I must have strained myself during the last attack and I am now on my way to some Base Hospital, I do not know where, probably to be operated on for rupture. However, some of the doctors seem to think it may not be necessary. My last letter to your Reverence was from Brest, almost as soon as I arrived in France. I spent about 8 days in that city, waiting for transportation to go to Chaumont, where the Chaplains' Headquarters were at the time. I visited the Jesuits in Brest and on my way to Chaumont. I had an opportunity to spend Sunday with our Fathers in Tours. While there I met one of the Priests who had been in Innsbruck with me. He was also a Chaplain in the Army and after his second illness, he returned to the trenches. I only spent a couple of days at Headquarters and was assigned to the 315th Infantry, which was already in the lines. On my way to the Regiment, I passed through Paris and visited my relatives and Belgian friends there. They knew nothing about my folks. A few days later I reported to Division (79th), Brigade (158), and Regimental (315 Inf.) Headquarters successively, and was assigned to the 3rd Battalion, which was holding the trenches opposite Montfaucon This was the climax of my active service. I got the boys of as many companies as I could, heard their confessions, gave them Holy Communion, said Mass for them in dugouts, in shacks, in temporary chapels along the roadside, at times standing to over my heels in the mud. But Sept. 26 was the big day. The barrage began. Such fireworks none of us ever heard before. Ours was a hard position to take. Montfaucon was one of the strongholds of the Hindenburg line. From the Observatory the enemy could overlook our positions. The French officers thought it would take six months to conquer it; we took it in a day; but at what cost! (I shall have to say that later). As the barrage cleared the way pretty well for our advance, naturally my first ministrations were for the enemy wounded and dying, so that the first Extreme Unction I administered was to a German soldier. I did a great deal of interpreting for the Colonel and other officers, who tried to get all the information they could from the German prisoners, thousands in number, taken during the short drive. But such a drive. Five days and five nights almost without stopping. No time to sleep, and hardly anything to eat. Running from one first aid station to the other, hearing confessions, of the living and the dying, giving Extreme Unction and the Last Blessing,

burying he dead, helping the wounded, is all I did for those five memorable days; a lifetime in a few hours.

We went beyond our objective, which was Nantillois. I shall never forget it. It was on a ridge beyond it, we stood unprotected by our artillery. The whole regiment seemed to be on the hill. I heard the men yell, "First aid" in all directions. I stood beside the Major and his Adjutant on the brow of the hill, and I asked him where the First Aid Station was. He answered: "Chaplain, it is every one for himself here." So I went to work, shells exploding all around us, shrapnel flying about, machine gun fire ahead, enemy aeroplanes above us, a man dying at my right, another one wounded at my left. How I prayed in that awful moment. That I live to tell the tale, I owe to the prayers of the Fathers and Scholastics and Brothers and friends. (No Mass or no breviary for eight days.) Towards evening I found the First Aid Station. It was in an orchard on top of a hill, about half a kilometer south of the village. Whilst we took care of the wounded, we heard snipers firing in the dark. You can imagine the impression it made on all of us. It began to rain. My assistants and myself decided to sleep in the rain all night rather than look for a German dugout at the risk of our lives; snipers firing in all directions.

The next day was Sunday and I spent all day burying the dead. I had a detail of German prisoners working for me, a lieutenant and two "Feldwebel" among them. I ordered the Lieutenant not to work but to supervise everything, according to Military Law. I had many a chat with him in the meanwhile. He felt awful about being captured at the end, after being four years in the game. I had selected the very spot of the First Aid Station as an American Military Graveyard. And would you believe it, whilst we were working there digging graves and caring for the wounded, an enemy shell exploded right in the midst of us, killing one of the doctors and two of his assistants, wounding one of the prisoners and throwing all into consternation. The mud of the explosion landed on my shoulder.

We were ordered to scatter all over the fields. Some of us, who helped the wounded to safer positions, were killed in the act together with their charges. The next day we were relieved, but before departing I had to perform the sad duty of burying the Major's Adjutant and a Captain, who had been killed the night before by a high explosive shell. I broke down myself when I saw the Major's grief. Since that time we have been "hiking," as I said, "from one front to the other," almost uninterruptedly. One Sunday, as I was about to say Mass in a village near the front, the men suggested, that I should take up a collection for the restoration of the

parish church, which had been pretty well battered to pieces. I ordered a collection to be taken up at both Masses and at the afternoon service and the whole amounted to 225.00 Francs, a goodly sum for a starter. Since then I have done all I could for officers and men, acting as interpreter, billeting officer, etc., until I was forced to give up. I am waiting now for a train to take me to the interior. Monsignor Connolly, the Vicar General at Paris, had already written to me, inquiring about my health and suggesting a change, as he thought the work too hard for me. He asked me again how many languages I knew, as he wants me to be stationed at some Base Hospital. I hope that the verdict of the doctors will be in my favor; however, I am prepared for the worst. The chief of staff of the 1st Army Corps is in the same ward with me and some of his assistants brought the news this morning that Italy signed an armistice with Austria at midnight. We are all hoping for the end of the war. Hoping that this will be soon and recommending myself earnestly to your Reverence's Holy Sacrifices and Prayers, I remain,

Yours devotedly in Corde Jesu,

GEO. M. BAILEY,

1st Lt. Chaplain, 313th Inf., American E. F.

N. B.—As this news is rather of a confidential nature, and as I am my own censor, I wish nothing of it would be published in the papers till after the war.

Knights of Columbus Overseas Service

ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE A. E. F.

A. P. O. No. 779, CAMP HOSP. No. 31, Jan. 23, 1919.

Reverend and Dear Father Provincial, P.C.

A telegram from General Headquarters American E. F., received here this evening at 9.05 P. M. orders me to Paris, for duty with the American Peace Conference. Kindly address all letters in the future to Chaplains' G. H. I.: they always know, where I am. Recommending myself and my work to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers, I remain,

Yours devotedly in Corde Jesu,

GEO. M. BAILEY, S. J.,

1st Lt. Chaplain.

Retreats and Missions in the Hawaiian Islands, by Fathers T. A. Meagher and P. J. O'Reilly.—The Missionary Fathers of the Society of Jesus, the Revs. T. A. Meagher and P. J. O'Reilly are back to California after a three months' mission tour in the Hawaiian Islands. While the "flu" was raging in the States, the Hawaiian Islands were altogether free from it, and the series of missions and retreats was continued without a single interruption.

Their first work in Honolulu was a retreat to the students of the St. Louis College, a very flourishing institution conducted by the Brothers of Mary; it registers over 900 students from the age of 12 to 21. The student body is a rather motly assemblage of race and nationality: Hawaiians, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Porto Ricans, Koreans, Tahitians, Americans, etc.

Rev. Brother Henry is the president of the college. The teaching staff consist of twenty-five Brothers, teachers noted for their thoroughness and efficiency in the education of students. There are about 100 boarders and 800 day pupils.

Of this student body over 500 are Catholics, the remaining 400 are pagan and non-Catholics. Over 300 are Chinese, only 12 are Japanese; and the rest are made up of the races above mentioned. Father Francis, a member of the Congregation of the Brothers of Mary is the resident chaplain.

St. Louis College Retreat.—The retreat was conducted in the cathedral. It consisted of three exercises a day and lasted for a week. It was a very inspiring sight to meet this large student body marching in perfect order through some of the principal streets from the St. Louis College to the cathedral every morning and afternoon. They entered into the spirit of the retreat with an ardor that promised solid and lasting results, and this was more in evidence as the fundamental principles of the exercises were taking hold in the soul-life of the individual exercitant.

The Chinese and Japanese boys were very much impressed with the great truths of faith, and many of them would have embraced Christianity were it not for the strong opposition of their parents. Of the 330 Chinese boys, there are 75 Catholics, and about 25 preparing for baptism.

The retreat was followed by a mission to the Catholic men and women of the city. The attendance at the morning Masses and at the Way of the Cross in the afternoon was all that could be desired; the cathedral was far too small to contain the congregation at the evening services; many were obliged to hear the sermon by listening at the open windows in the court plaza of the cathedral.

After the mission a retreat was given to 600 girls attending the parochial school, and this was followed by another to the Sacred Heart Academy for higher education. The Sisters of the Sacred Heart are in charge of the parochial school and the Academy for higher education. They are excellent teachers, and their pupils compare favorably with those attending the best equipped schools and academies in the States.

Maui was the next island to be visited, and here the Fathers gave two missions and two retreats. Wailuka is the principal city and the industrial center of numerous plantations. The Brothers of Mary are in charge of St. Anthony's College. It

has an attendance of nearly 400 boys. This college has a splendid reputation for the excellent training of its students, the best index being the many applications that are sent to the Rev. President, Brother Francis, for the graduates of St. Anthony's College.

The Sisters of St. Francis from Syracuse, N. Y., are in charge of the parochial school which has an attendance of over 300 girls. One of the students of St. Louis College decided to study for the priesthood. His name is George Ching, a full-blooded Chinese born of Cantonese parents living near Wailuku. He accompanied the Fathers on their return from the island and is now a student at St. Ignatius University, San Francisco. The missions and retreats were attended with the same happy results as in Honolulu; there were a great many conversions besides some new converts to Christianity.

Hilo, the principal city on the island of Hawaii, the largest of the Hawaiian group, was the next in the mission schedule. The mission in Hilo broke all previous records for attendance and spiritual results. For fully an hour before the evening service, the church was well filled, and had the nave twice its seating capacity it would not be any too large to accommodate those who had to go away for want of space.

Besides the mission, retreats were given to the students of St. Mary's College, and to the girls attending the Sisters' Academy. St. Mary's College has an enrollment of 300 students. It is conducted by the Brothers of Mary. Rev. Brother Albert is present. The Academy is in charge of the Sisters of St. Francis. They have an attendance of 300 pupils.

Missions to the Molokai Lepers.—At the close of the mission in Hilo, Father O'Reilly received an invitation from the Very Rev. Father Maximin, Provincial of the Missionary Priests in the Hawaiian Islands, to go to the Leper settlement in Molokai to give two missions to the Lepers and two retreats to the Brothers and Sisters at Kalawao and Kalaupapa. The invitation was readily accepted, and on Thanksgiving morning, accompanied by Father Maximin, Father O'Reilly had the distinction of being the first Jesuit to land on the island of Molokai.

Molokai has an approximate area of 261 square miles, but the section set apart for the Lepers has an area of not more than ten square miles. The Lepers number about 800. The settlement juts into the Pacific in the form of a peninsula, three sides of which are washed by the ocean. The other section of the island is severed from the Leper settlement by a precipitous mountain chain of volcanic rock, about 3000 feet high.

This almost perpendicular mountain is called the Pali, and it so completely cuts the settlement from the rest of the island that there is no egress or ingress possible except by sea, or over the dizzy-making trail that zigzags the precipitous cliffs overhanging the ocean 2100 feet below. The peninsula is about two and three quarter miles in length, the average width being a little over two miles.

On this reservation there are two Leper settlements: one, Kalaupapa, to the northwest at the foot of the Pali, and the other Kalawao, at the most northern extremity of the peninsula, the distance between them being about three miles.

Kalawao, the original settlement of the Leper colony where the Reverend Father Damien went to his eternal reward in the spring of 1889, is now set apart for male Lepers only. The Baldwin Home is located at Kalawao; it is the institution for the Leper boys of Molokai; they are cared for by five Brothers of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart.

Mission in Father Damien's Church.—Father O'Reilly gave the first mission to the adult Lepers and the boys in the very church built by Father Damien, assisted by the Lepers, when he first came to Molokai. A new nave has since been added to the original structure, but many of the Lepers prefer to pray in the old chapel, and for this reason the missionary said Mass at the same altar where Father Damien last celebrated, now nearly thirty years ago.

During the week of the mission, the Brothers made the "spiritual exercises" or retreat which consisted of three meditations and a conference each day.

The mission to the Lepers at Kalawao was very well attended; many of them practically lived at the church during the day, so eager were they to obtain special graces through extra prayers and visits to the Blessed Sacrament. At this season it is quite dark at Kalawao in the morning, yet the Lepers were at the church long before Mass commenced, and this was the more admirable when the missionary found out later that many of them were totally blind and had to grope their way from their huts to the church by means of a long cane.

In the Leper church there is no closed confessional; the Communion rail serves the purpose, and there are justifying reasons for the substitution, for no priest could remain very long in a confessional at Molokai. For a like reason Holy Communion is always given at the beginning of Mass to give the priest a chance to disinfect his fingers before beginning the Holy Sacrifice.

Leper Altar Boys.—There are about a dozen altar boys, all Lepers, and some of them in a very advanced stage of the disease. They were very anxions to serve Mass and Benedic-

tion, but the missionary was just as anxious that they might leave the missal, cruets and censer all to himself. However it would not do to say anything and much less to show any repugnance at their presence, for the priest is the only friend they have, so he took chances and said nothing.

The mission was a success in the full sense of the word, the best evidence being the unusual number of general confessions and the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist. The retreat to the Brothers and the mission to the Lepers closed with the Papal blessing Sunday afternoon and the missionary left that same evening for the larger Leper settlement at Kalaupapa to open the mission there at 7 o'clock.

Kalaupapa is the settlement for the married Lepers. It has a very neat and substantial concrete church, built especially to meet the leprous conditions for sanitation and ventilation. Everything about the church is concrete, the floor being slightly convex in the middle, and furrowed along the sides at the intersection with the walls. A hosing apparatus is installed in the concrete walls, and when the Lepers have left the church the sacristan turns on the water power and the leprous dust or any other bacilus leprae is carried off in streams to the outside.

Besides this precaution there is a ventilating apparatus over each window which admits a continuous current of fresh air; however fresh air soon fouls in a leprous church, especially when there are over 300 Lepers attending the exercises of a mission. It was a decided relief to inhale the aroma of the burning incense during Benediction, quite a contrast with that of the bacilus leprae during the mission sermon.

There are two non-Catholic churches at Kalaupapa. One is a Calvinist, the other a Mormon tabernacle. They started up what they called a counter revival, but not meeting with any success, they discontinued their zealous endeavors for a more opportune occasion. Mormons and Calvinists attended the Catholic mission, and came daily to the missionary for instruction, and he had the consolation before leaving the settlement of baptizing little less than twenty of these non-Catholic Lepers. A great many more were eager for baptism in the Catholic Church, but owing to matrimonial impediments, their individual cases had to be deferred to another time.

Converts Among the Lepers.—The church was crowded at the different services, general confessions were made after each exercise and the number of Communions daily increased to the close of the mission. During the day, the more fervent Lepers assembled in different parts of the settlement and explained the truths of Catholic faith to those who were unable to attend the mission. Besides the reception of converts there

were a great many notable conversions, so many and so striking, that the missionary told his Master again and again: "Lord it is good for us to be here!"

In the meantime the Sisters of St. Francis were making their retreat under the direction of the missionary; it consisted of three meditations and a conference each day. The Sisters are doing very good work among the female Lepers, but they are laboring under a great disadvantage in having their Novitiate and Mother House so far away from Molokai at Syracuse, N. Y. California would be an ideal place to train the many aspiring candidates among the noble-minded young women of the country who would be only too happy to devote their lives to the welfare of the Lepers of Molokai.

Father Maxime of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart is the pastor of the Leper settlement at Kalaupapa, and Father Athanasius of the same congregation is pastor at Kalawao. Father Maxime is now with the Lepers over seventeen years. He is a splendid type of the French missionary; and though passing his seventy-sixth year is still active and thoroughly devoted to his work. He has a most lovable disposition, and the Lepers in both settlements venerate him as a patriarch. Father Athanasius has been only a short time at Kalawao. He is a very zealous young priest, and leaves nothing undone for the spiritual welfare of the Lepers under his charge.

Molokai brought the series of Jesuit missions and retreats in the Hawaiian Islands to a close; it was a season of grace that no priest, privileged to be a missionary, could ever forget. True, indeed, Molokai is a land of exile, and the home of the Leper, but it is no less true that it is fast becoming an island of saints, the voluntary exile of saintly nuns, zealous missionaries, self-sacrificing Brothers, the rest-place of the Leper whose only hope is a home in Heaven.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY. *Foreign Service School. Opening Session.*—From the outset it was clear that the pioneer work inaugurated by Georgetown was destined to have a far-reaching influence and elicit quick response from the numerous individuals and organizations seeking just the kind of training offered by the School of Foreign Service. Within a month from the day when the first announcement was made through the Associated Press, more than three hundred and fifty letters of inquiry reached the office of the Regent. It was obviously impracticable to admit an unwielding Freshman class, hence a selection was made with the result that seventy students formed the first class that convened for the opening session on the evening of February 17. It was a cosmopolitan group of men, ranging in age from 25 to 45 and representing varied avocations and walks of life. There was a notable proportion of army and navy officers.

The Regent of the School opened the exercises by welcoming the class to Georgetown and congratulating its members on their unique distinction in being the first class in the first school of its kind to be founded in this country as a result of experience gathered during the world war. He spoke at some length on the problems facing the country and urged upon all the necessity of preparation for leadership in all branches of civic, political and commercial activity. The native teachers of the five foreign languages,—French, Spanish, Russian, Portuguese and Japanese, on being introduced to the class dwelt particularly on the need of a wider, international culture and sympathy with peoples of other lands.

Dr. R. S. MacElwee, Ph.D., Assistant-Chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and Lecturer in the School on "Ports and Terminals Facilities," not only brought a message of hearty co-operation and best wishes from the Government Department which he represents, but created considerable interest by publicly announcing prizes amounting to five hundred dollars offered by the U. S. Shipping Board for the best essays on topics connected with the development of that great national asset, the Merchant Marine. Lieutenant J. Frew Hall of the Division of Operations of the Shipping Board further emphasized the need of special training for foreign service and predicted that every man who successfully completed the Georgetown curriculum would undoubtedly be ready for a position of responsibility. The positions, he said, were waiting.

The Regent, who acted as Chairman of the meeting, concluded the session in a short address in which he called attention to the motto of the School: "Pro Patria Per Orbis Concordiam."

The R. O. T. C.—The R. O. T. C. has been reinstituted at Georgetown and Col. E. V. Bookmiller, U. S. A., again designated as Professor of Military Science and Tactics. One of the members of the Faculty is in receipt of a letter from a leading army official complimenting the University on the excellent work accomplished under the S. A. T. C. and seeking to enlist our aid in popularizing the re-establishment of Reserve Corps in the various Catholic colleges throughout the country.

The New Prep School.—The new Prep School is to be opened next Fall. The lease of the present occupants expires in June and at that time the property will be taken over and placed in readiness for the first class that is to enter in October.

1,848 *Students and Alumni Serve in Authority and in the Ranks.*—Names of 1,848 students and alumni of Georgetown

University who served in the war are included in an honor list compiled by officials of the university. This list is exclusive of the more than 500 members of the Students' Army Training Corps at the college.

Thirty-one Georgetown men lost their lives in the service and eleven won distinguished service medals.

For the Army Georgetown graduates and students included 3 generals, 15 colonels, 47 majors, 114 captains, 573 lieutenants, 190 non-commissioned officers, 368 privates, and had 153 candidates in officers' training schools when the armistice was signed. The university was represented in the Navy by 1 admiral, 55 lieutenants, 63 ensigns, 58 candidates, 72 petty officers and 65 seamen. In the Marine Corps the college had 5 majors, 3 captains, 21 lieutenants, 3 candidates, 3 non-commissioned officers and 36 privates.

Seismological Observatory in Guatamala.—The Georgetown University Seismological Observatory is about to establish an auxiliary station in Guatamala. The station will be located in Guatamala city and will be equipped with the horizontal pendulum after Wiechert. The instrument, which was loaned to the Crocker Land Expedition, was returned here about a year ago. Senor Claudio Urrutia, dean of the faculty of mathematics of the National University of Gutamala and chief consulting engineer of the Guatamalan Government, will be in charge of the installation. The high altitude of this station, 4900 feet above sea level, and its location in an area of high seismicity, indicate the great scientific importance of this new station. Wireless communication will be installed between this center and Georgetown as soon as practicable.

GERMANY. *Letter from Father Eugene Kenedy, Chaplain.* —Dear Father, P. C.—Last week I spent two days (on leave, my first since arriving on the continent) in Coblenz. I spent a night at the Jesuit house there which adjoins the beautiful church dating back to the old Society. They treated me (there are only two fathers and two brothers there) most kindly. I said Mass each morning in our church, the most popular in the city, and breakfasted on corn, coffee and "schwarzbrod" at the residence. I gathered some information that may be of use to you. According to the Provincial's report there were, during the war, 76 Fathers acting as military chaplains—"geistlicher," also about 60 in the capacity of chaplains of war hospitals in Germany, and 123 Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers in the "Maltesergenossenschaft" or part of a Catholic Red Cross; 116 Jesuits were soldiers and 25 German Jesuits of non-German provinces took part. Total, about 400 German Jesuits. The losses through the war amounted to 30, of whom 26 were killed in battle, including 4 scholastics, 3 novices,

and 19 brothers. The death of the other four must be attributed directly or indirectly to the war.

Among the wounded were 4 Fathers, 2 Scholastics, 4 Novices and 9 brothers. Among the prisoners of war were 2 Scholastics and 5 brothers. The decorations received were as follows: Eisernes Kreuz I Klasse, 14 (11 Chaplains and 3 Scholastics). Eisernes Kreuz II Klasse, 129. Medaille of Red Cross II Klasse, 18. Medaille of Red Cross III Klasse, 144. Brustkreuz des Maltesordeus 8, goldenes verdienst—Ehreuzeichen des Maltesordens 29, Silbernes Ehrenzeichen des Maltesordens 27.

The chaplains received monthly about 300 to 500 marks. I have been to Bonn (occupied by Canadian troops) and Cöln (Cologne occupied by the English) but did not know there were Jesuits there. I believe Frs. O'Brien and Terence King are not far from here as they were last with the 1st and 2nd divisions. I tried to get in touch with Fr. O'Brien in Coblenz but failed. He is but a few miles from the city with the Marines.

Life here is pleasant enough but all eyes are turned westwards. Our men are drilling and exercising by day, and detachments are on guard all night. I am School officer of our battalion and am running to classes—French and English. The teachers under me are myself and myself. In addition I am battalion commissary officer and must do some book-keeping—ditto with regard to my duties as headquarters mess officer. I say Mass daily in the village church where the holy-water has been frozen hard for days. Sometimes I can scarcely finish the Mass, my hands pain me so with the cold. In my room it is so cold that after breaking the ice in my pitcher and pouring the ice-water in the basin I found two hours later the poured out water also had frozen. I have a little sitting room that is generally comfortable and I prefer, like the men, not to move until it takes the direction of Hoboken. About when we shall leave here no one knows, but various rumors say next month.

P. S.—The reason I was reported "missing" was that during the battle in the Argonne, Fr. Duffy, the divisional chaplain, sent me from a forward dressing station back to Bauluy, a field hospital, where I tended wounded and dying for 10 days. I had no time to notify my battalion, who were searching for me, and had handed in my name as "missing."

CALCUTTA. *Letter from Father Van der Schueren.—St. Xavier's College, 30 Park Street, Calcutta, 4 December,* 1918.—My dear Father Richards—I arrived here five days ago after a nice and pleasant voyage. The Pacific Mail Steamer

Colusa on which I travelled in company with Mr. J. P. Eyre and Sir William Maxwell and his family left San Francisco at noon on the 18th of October and arrived in Calcutta at 4 P. M. on the 29th of November having called only at Honolulu, Manila and Singapore. We arrived at Manila on the 13th of November, the feast of St. Stanislaus, and I spent the day with the Novices at the Manilla Observatory.

I received a hearty and enthusiastic welcome here on my return, but every one finds me rather much thinned down and not looking as well as when I started for America. I must admit that perhaps I have overdone it a little in the States in the line of preaching and traveling and the pre-occupation and worry inseparable from the task of making all the arrangements, and everybody here blames me for having neglected my health which was just as well the primary object of my voyage. I plead guilty to some extent, but I cannot say that I am repentant. Knowing the sufferings of our Missions and Missionaries and the very urgent need of help in the crisis through which we are passing I feel I could not have done otherwise and my only regret is that I could not do more. Anyhow when I remitted to the Superior the 20,000 dollars collected in America it was gratifying to hear with his thanks the statement that this would save the Mission from anything like disaster.

The world scourge, the influenza, is decimating our Catholic population of the Chota Nagpore Mission. A letter I received this morning from one of our Missionaries is very sad reading. He writes that the poor aboriginals are dying like flies. They are too weak to resist the disease and too poor to protect themselves against its ravages. Living in miserable and highly insanitary huts with nothing but boiled rice for food and in most cases no blanket to cover themselves with, the influenza generally develops rapidly into pneumonia and they are carried off in a few days. Whole households are struck, writes the Father, and not unfrequently everyone in the household dies. The Missionaries multiply themselves and are out and at work among their stricken convert flock morning, noon and night, and the mortality among the Catholics is much less than among the pagans. One of our Lay Brothers, an expert Infirmarian, has organized relief parties and distributed more than 60,000 tabloids and medicines among the sufferers and saved hundreds or perhaps thousands of lives. The Father states in his letter that among the Catholic converts of his Mission more than 450 have died, but he adds that this is very little compared with the mortality in some of the pagan villages where as much as one-third of the population has perished. Happily the worst seems to be over and the violence of the scourge is diminishing.

Our Missionaries are overworked and most of them have at some time or other caught the epidemic. One of our best Missionaries, Father Edward Alary, who for the last 14 years had been at the head of a Mission District counting over 18,000 converts, died of pneumonia and the loss sustained by the Mission is very great indeed. I have started immediately a little begging campaign among my friends here in Calcutta to get special help for our poor Missionaries while the scourge continues.

There is further bad news from the Mission field. The rice crop has failed to a large extent and the Missionaries write that there is sure to be scarcity and great distress. Government help and relief works will, it is hoped, prevent the situation developing into one of those terrible famines in which people starve to death, but the sufferings are bound to be very great and the Fathers will be called upon to help the 200,000 poor converts, nearly all of whom are cultivators depending on the rice crop for their existence. It is sad to see affliction after affliction falling upon our poor converts in the Mission field and this after the life struggle and anxious times of the last four years. But God's kind Providence will no doubt know how to turn all this into good and times of great distress have always proved times of great graces and have been invariably followed by great movements of conversions. It could hardly be otherwise when the suffering pagans see the wonderful devotedness of the Missionaries, always ready to help all and everyone.

The war is over but with poor Belgium still in ruins we cannot look forward to receiving much help as yet from home during the year 1919 and the prospects for the year look indeed gloomy. But the same kind Providence which has saved our Mission through these four years of gloom and suffering will save us again.

Our Mission has a debt of gratitude to the American Catholics and by direction of the Superior of the Mission special prayers are offered every day by the Missionaries and their converts to obtain the special blessng of God on our kind and generous American benefactors and their families. As for myself I will never forget the very great kindness which I have met everywhere, and the generous charity bestowed by the American Catholics on our suffering Belgian Mission of Bengal. This, of course, applies in a very very special manner to you who have been my guide, philosopher and friend and to whom I owe so much. Since writing the above I have learned that out of 200,000 Catholic converts in our Mission about 17,000 have died of the terrible epidemic.

Yours very sincerely in Xt,

T. Van der Schueren, S.J.

Extracts from Letters of Mr. McGlinchey.—(Jan. 1, 1918.) Greetings from Anand! I am up here visiting the Gujerat Missions among the Dhers and Wagis. I find in these Missions the natives are much more advanced than the Mahars of the Ahmednagar districts, though the Dhers are also no-caste people. I rode horseback to a village 11 miles distant yesterday, and so I am only writing you a postal today. As I sit here writing there are many monkeys just at my window—young ones and the bald-headed-row type too. Blue bulls and nilgi are plentiful too.

Three Third Year Thelogians came over from Kurseung and they are teaching, prefecting and studying Theology at St. Mary's, Bombay. A man was needed in Karachi, so here I am. Karachi is cold in winter, and hot in summer. At present it's warming up to 100 degrees in the house. We are on the border of the Sind Desert,—the hottest place in all India. Bom Bom Bay is an iceberg to the mid-Sind Desert. Jacobabad in the center of this desert registers 120 degrees in the waiting room of the station at 7 P. M.—even with fans, etc., all going. They say this is the hottest place in the world, and I'll say it has it on ultramundane localities.

I'm teaching four and one half hours daily in the VI and VII Standards, Latin and English, and supervising one of these hours in the classes of the lay teachers, as Assistant Prefect of Studies. Then I volunteered for two hours' class work in the night school, 9 to 10 P. M. Tuesdays, English for beginners. Saturdays, arithmetic. I have also games and sports in the afternoons, and that's all till tomorrow.

The natives here are all the Northern Pathan type, similar to our Red Indians. They are great, hairy fellows and shoot straight. Aso border line people from Baluchistan and many subjects of the Amir of Afghanistan. These gentlemen go abroad armed with rifle, scimitar-like swords, or evil-headed spears.

I have a black tinged "munshi" or teacher, who has inveigled me into learning the Hindustani script. It is written in Urdu and Persian characters, and looks for all the world like worms suddenly electrocuted on a live wire. There are 35 letters, and all but 7 of them have three different ways of reading them; hence 26x3 equals 78 letters.

Since these notes were written, Mr. McGinchey has gone to receive his reward with God. His obituary will appear in a future issue of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

Extracts from Letters of Father Parker.—I was down to St. Mary's the other day. There are about 30 Arabs there now,—Bagdadis. Mr. McGlinchey asked one in the third

Standard how many persons there are in God. He wanted to see if the Bagdadi knew anything. The baba (boy) shook his head, pointed to his breast and said, "Yes; fourteen years old."

Please send me all the popular American songs you can lay your hands on, old as well new rags, because all are new in Bandra. I want them for our boys' plays.

I saw several cars on the B. B. & C. I. Ry. the other day. They had this inscription: "17 tons. 8 horses. 10 ponies. 38 passengers in cold weather. 30 in hot weather." These cars are for the pilgrims to the Ganges, and the other sacred rivers in the south of India.

I let the contract to whitewash (pink) the church and compound wall for Rs. 150. How it can be done for that price it is difficult to imagine, but it is being done. The coolies are putting up the bamboos for the scaffolding. They risk their lives on a thin bamboo stick and a thick piece of string, but they never seem to lose them. The bamboos are from 15 to 20 feet long, and are put one on top of the other, and crosswise, and tied with the string.

It was interesting to watch one of them preparing a chew of betal nut. They say that the Tamils, down south, dress themselves like the children,—the Catholics in a silver medal, the pagans in a silver coin,—but in our colder (?) climate our coolies wear the dhoti, or loin-cloth. This is a long piece of cloth which they wind around their middle. In this they always carry a pouch with many compartments and of many colors generally. In one of these pockets they have cloves, in another some Indian spices, in one fresh limes, etc. But the main thing is the betal nut leaves. They put a little bit from every pocket in one of these leaves; then roll the parcel up, begin to chew and spit red. The tongue is always a bright red from the betal nut; even the teeth.

Did I mention that we have established a Court of Arbitration in our Men's Sodality? Sodalists who get into disputes can thus get their difficulties settled amicably, without expense and without scandal. A number of cases have thus been successfully settled. One case going on now is a family quarrel about the division of some rice paddies.

I see in the morning paper that near Allahabad, during the Mohammedan celebration of the Mohurrum, the taboots, or miniature mosques, which they carry in procession, could not pass under a tree by the roadside. Now, this tree could not be cut down, because it was a peepal tree, sacred to the Hindus, and it would not even do to cut a bough or two off the tree. So the Government officials got to work and had the road dug lower, to let the taboots pass, and thought that thus all

trouble had been avoided. But the Mohammedans were not satisfied. Some came with hatchets, and climbed the tree and began to lop off the offending branches. The Hindus came to prevent it. More Mohammedans came. Then more Hindus. A riot was imminent. The police were called out and had to fire into the mob, killing some. And yet some say that India is ripe for Home Rule! The Indian National Congress demands Home Rule for India at once, but the people are, as a whole, absolutely unfit for it. They will, and should be given a larger degree of representation, but if it were not for British rule, such a thing as a National Congress would be impossible.

Two wild monkeys are roaming about the school, on the roof. The babas tell me that one of them got into my room, while I was in class, but my dog "Chocolate" soon made him decamp. The monkeys were around here for a couple of days, and I showed the boys how to throw a lasso, but they could not get near enough.

Indian jugglers came into our compound in the afternoon, and they were fine. Three men; one old fellow, who didn't do much; one big chap with devilish-looking eyes, and the Professor. Besides there were a couple of chhokras (native lads) who thrummed on the kettle drums and the tomtoms. Our boys made a ring around the performers and I had a "stand of honor." Some of the tricks were good.

He took a piece of turban cloth, about 15 feet long, and stretched it out on the ground. This he got one of our brown boys to cut into four pieces, before our eyes. Then some smaller pieces were cut off, which I put a match to and partly burnt. Then the Professor rolled the whole up together, burnt parts and all; made a ball of the cloth with his hands, threw it on ground, made some mysterious passes over it, and then opened the cloth out before us, complete as it had been before it was cut and burnt. Opening it out in every way, so that no fake was possible.

But the most wonderful trick of all was the basket trick, in which he made a man disappear. The man who went away was the chap with the devilish eyes. He was six feet tall and broad-shouldered, though very thin. The basket was just about big enough for him to get into. His hands were first tied, then he was tied up in a meshbag, all huddled up, and the bag was tied with many knots overhead. He could not get completely into the basket, but only sit down in the center. A cloth was then thrown over all, and the man with the devilish eyes underneath the cloth, untied himself, and threw the ropes and the bag and his turban out in a bundle from under the cloth. Then he got into the basket, though we could not see him do so, and the lid was put on. The Professor told me,

that if I gave Rs. 50, he would make Devilish Eyes appear in the tree overhead. I would not encourage the devil with that much money, even though I had it, but I gave the Professor a handful of silver and copper, and the Professor said the man within had gone away. He jumped in the basket and sat down, and then took a stick and struck it in far in every direction, so that we could see it striking the sides of the basket. Probably the man was in the basket all the time, curled around at the bottom. That would be quite a feat in itself. This Professor should be secured for Coney Island!

We had our Prize Night at St. Stanislaus on April 15. American songs came a week before and two of our little boys sang "Over There." It made the hit of the evening. It was brand new. And everybody, white and chocolate, is singing it now.

One of our teachers was married the day before Prize Night. I had arranged for a send-off with an address from her boys, and was going to present her with two beautifully framed pictures of the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart. But the bride disappointed us by not turning up Prize Night, so I cut that number out of the program. I have saved the pictures for the next teacher who is to get married. I hear unofficially that there will be one in September.

(June 18, 1918.) There have been some changes among the Americans of the Maryland-New York Province. You knew, of course, that Father Barrett and Mr. McGlinchey are At St. Patrick's High School, Karachi, Sind. Karachi is about 1,000 miles north of Bombay, and it is reported to be hotter. Recently Father Farrell has gone from St. Anne's, Bombay, to take Father Lynch's place at Karachi. Father Lynch comes here to Bombay. I am still at St. Stanislaus.

Diamond Jubilee of Father L. De Vos.—Last July Rev. Father L. De Vos, S.J., of Serampore, celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of his religious life (1858-1918). There was an At Home at St. Xavier's College, all the Calcutta parish priests having gathered to congratulate the popular Jubilarian. Ad multos annos.

Rome. At noon on December 30th, Father General arrived at Rome, returning from Zizers.

He took dinner with the community at the Gregorian on the Feast of the Epiphany, and remained for the afternoon to allow any of us who wished to see him privately, to do so. On the Sunday following he did the same at the Instituto Maximo and on Thursday next will visit in like fashion the Biblical Institute.

The Gregorian held its formal opening of schools on November 23rd with a commemorative address on Father Secchi, whose centenary occurs this year, by Father Gianfranceschi,

who has just taken the chair of physics. The opening was delayed from November 4th because of the influenza. The number of regular students for the opening was more or less the same as last year, between three hundred and fifty and four hundred, about one-third our ante-bellum record. Two new free courses have been added, which are proving quite attractive. Father Garagnano, of the Venice province, is giving a course in "Apologetica," which is attended by over two hundred auditors, students of the government university, professional men, etc. Father Marchetti, of the Roman province, is giving a course in "Ascetica," and nearly a hundred clerics, young and old, are following his lectures with great interest. The university has a new rector in the person of Father Calcagno, former provincial of the Turin province, and in place of the late Father Bucceroni, the chair of Moral Theology is held by Father Vermeersch, come all the way from Belgium.

The Biblical Institute also has a new rector, Father Fernandez, relieving Father Fonck, in order that we may be in line with the six-year limit required by the new codex. Father O'Rourke is pro-prefect of studies. Their students are very few in number at present, but enough to keep on with, and now that the war is over they will increase steadily from year to year.

The Holy Father has founded this year an Oriental Institute for the formation at Rome of the clergy of the east. On the present faculty are our Fathers Malvy and Pasic for dogmatic theology; Father De Jerphanion for Byzantine archeology; and Father Vaccari for Patrology; the latter is likewise one of the staff of the Biblical Institute.

The Roman province is now gradually receiving back its members who had been conscripted into the war. In all the province had given to service twenty-two priests, of whom nine went as military chaplains, two as naval chaplains and the rest as hospital stewards; fifty-one scholastics and nineteen lay brothers. Of these only one was killed, a scholastic; but ten others lost their vocation, evenly divided between scholastics and lay-brothers, a number which will doubtless be increased somewhat as the demobilization proceeds. The influenza, which took a tremendous toll from Italy, variously estimated from five hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand, passed us lightly by. There were few cases among Ours in the Roman province and none of them fatal.

It will doubtless be of interest to Ours to know that the Rector of the American College, who presented President Wilson to the Holy Father and served as interpreter between them, is an old pupil of St. Ignatius College, Chicago. His vice-rector, Father Markham, is likewise a student of Ours,

a graduate of Holy Cross College. The head of the Commission for Public Information, which Washington is keeping up in Rome during all these momentous days, is another Holy Cross graduate, Mr. John H. Hearley.

Of personal information, your American exile here, Father O'Rourke, gave the retreat last summer to the English hospital sisters at Fiesole; has twice been one of the examiners for the Biblical Commission at solemn examinations held in one of the stately halls of the Vatican; is due for a public conference on modern non-Catholic interpretations of the words of consecration, at the Biblical Institute in February, and to preach the panegyric on St. Patrick at St. Patrick's Church on the day of the feast. Father Macksey gave the retreat to the Irish Christian Brothers here during the summer, and was to have given the retreat to the English College students, but that was called off because of the influenza. He put out his text-book in social justice (Argumenta Sociologica) during the early summer, and is due to preach on St. Patrick at St. Isidore's, the Church of the Irish Franciscans.

Bishop McNicholas, O. P., of Duluth, who was consecrated here at Rome during the summer, is a former student of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, dating from the days of Father Dooley's rectorship. In consequence Fathers O'Rourke and Macksey were, by invitation, present at his consecration and at the dinner given him at the "Angelica," the Dominican house of studies and university centre here. In his reply to the addresses made him at the dinner the Bishop said he was glad to have two Jesuits present, as he owed all his college education to the Jesuits and received his vocation while under their care.

Centenary of Father Secchi.—Reggio Emilia has celebrated the centenary of the great Jesuit Astronomer, Angelo Secchi, who was born in that city. On account of the war the celebrations of this event which were to occur all over Italy and particularly in Rome, have been postponed, and only slight celebrations to note the event have taken place. Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa, himself an astronomer of no mean qualifications, visited Reggio for the occasion and gave a fine discourse on Father Secchi. The latter was born at Reggio, on July 28th, 1818. He entered the Society of Jesus at an early age and soon attracted the attention of his Superior for his scientific ability. In 1852 he was Professor of Physics and Astronomy at the College of Rome and reconstructed the Observatory there. He particularly occupied himself with the physical structure of the sun and the principal planets, the spectroscopes of the stars, and the meteorology and magnetism of the earth, on all of which subjects he contributed valuable papers to various astronomical journals in various parts of the

world. In 1867 he had the idea of classifying the stella spectri universally accepted and used, including the latest discoveries. Padre Secchi had many triumphs and was invited to address learned Societies in foreign countries as well as Italy.

At one such meeting a contemporary, still living, tells how the Emperor Napoleon III shook his hand after the lecture, crying "Bravo Secchi." The illustrious Jesuit died at Rome in February, 1878, at the Collegio Romano. After his death a public subscription was opened for a suitable monument to him, to which all the most illustrious savants and intellectuals of the day in all countries subscribed. For various reasons the monument was not erected, but with the funds a Secchi Tower was built, an Observatory dedicated entirely to the observation of solar physics of which study Father Secchi had been one of the creators.

JAPAN. *The Catholic University Institute. Letter from Father McNeal.*—April 4, 1918. Dear Father Editor, P. C.—To make this a human interest story, I hope I may begin with myself. Being the only member of the Maryland-New York Province on this Mission and the only Woodstock alumnus here, it may not be egotism for me to look upon myself as an object of some special curiosity to the present residents of the Metaphysical Mountain. Let me further premise that, for the sake of lucidity, I will follow the chronological order. For me it begins at five A. M. There are more strenuous members of the Community for whom it begins at 4; but then they succumb to the wand of Morpheus at 9 P. M., which is too ornithological for me.

Having recalled what remains of my points and donned a costume of which the finishing touch is a pair of hobnailed army shoes, I sally forth for a morning walk. It is some walk, believe me. The distance is about that from Georgetown to Gonzaga. The contour is suggestive of a cross-country walk to Marriotsville. It goes through all manner of streets, big and little, rich and poor, picturesque and prosy. For the most part the paving is macadam; but in rainy or slushy weather the last syllable is most in evidence. There are enough objects of interest on the way to render the making of meditation a work of some merit. The slope down Kioi-cho leads past a small park which commemorates the assassination of one of the most progressive men of the opening days of New Japan. Next I cross a bridge built in fac-simile of a historic bridge in Kyoto connected with one of the old romances of chivalry. Thence the street runs between two rows of establishments which are euphemistically called restaurants. A turn to the right takes me past the new building of the W. C. T. U. aptly placed at a convenient distance from the aforesaid houses. A sharp climb up a short slope brings me by a

new public school which for pedagogical fads and fancies I should judge to have little to learn from the Gary system. Lurching off to larboard I coast by a hospital which bears all the characteristics of an outpost of American Protestantism. Dodging a few dogs and veering to starboard, I sight a large temple recently repaired at considerable expense and famous for the monkeys which are kept by the custodian to attract those whose devotion to Buddha or the ancient gods has lost its first fervor. This is a sort of non-sectarian temple where you can worship either the old Shinto gods of the aboriginal pantheon or the later importations from India and China. Near this temple I pass between some very handsome properties which must have very beautiful gardens, but they are enclosed by such lofty walls or unsightly fences that they add very little to the appearance of the street. In fact the total absence of anything like a boulevard or even of such handsome residence streets as are common in any of our smaller American cities is a thing that strikes one from the first. A sigmoid curve leads me next through a very humble quarter in which a neglected graveyard, a row of shanties, a very plebian public school and a cat-and-dog hospital are passed in quick succession. Then I come out on a wide street, paved in the centre where a double track trolley-line runs. We call them trams here, in honor, I suppose, of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. At the point where I turn off from this street there is in clear weather a very fine view of Mt. Fuji, slightly obstructed by the multitudinous electric wires which the Japanese have not yet insisted on burying. They seem to glory in them as a sign of progress, as we used to do in the eighties. Near the corner where I turn from this big street into another one is a small Buddhist temple which is remarkable for the large and regular attendance at its early morning services. The crowd that I see going in there nearly every morning is just the sort you would expect to see assembling for early Mass. The ceremony is a rather noisy one and sounds like a recitation of Tenebrae in an automobile repair shop. From this point the big street runs along a high ridge and is bordered by all sorts of two-story buildings, stores, shops, bath-houses, garages and small temples. The only points of interest are the Siamese legation and a fire-house with its steel skeleton watch tower at a point where the road turns down an ideal coasting hill past what used to be the old Spanish legation. Down this hill in the early morning little hand-carts loaded with milk are steered with frantic haste by penniless university students earning thus enough to pay their keep during the years of study. Up the same slope, truck gardeners are toiling with all sorts of green goods; the wife with baby on her back sometimes lending a hand to push

while the husband pulls his cart in zizzags up the ascent. A narrow twisting alley at the bottom of this hill leads me past a number of small factories devoted to the manufacture of telephone supplies. A still narrower passage past a hydrant where several families may be seen regularly performing their morning ablutions brings me to a little stream crossed by a wooden bridge with the usual Japanese hump in the middle. From this point to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, which is my terminus ad quem, the distance and the altitude are almost exactly the same as from the Patapsco bridge to Woodstock College; but the space is tortured into a labyrinth of small streets and lanes and varies according to season and weather from a quagmire to a dust-heap.

As I enter the Convent grounds, I am generally met by our Father Minister who is just returning from saying the first Mass, the one for the Sisters. Mine is attended by the students and a few of the Sisters and one or two outsiders. The convent grounds are beautifully kept and are quite extensive. They have added considerably to their building since I last wrote and now have a new chapel just opened in time for Holy Week. In size it is about equal to the Sacred Heart Chapel at Georgetown; in style it is more like the Domestic Chapel at St. Andrew's, without the side altars. The convent students represent about a dozen nationalities and seem to include all races, even American Indian. They are very edifying in the matter of requent Communion. The good Christian training they receive and the good books with which their excellent little library is stocked will fit them as well as anything can for the difficulties they will surely meet in the places where they will have to dwell in various parts of the free and easy Orient.

The good Sisters have equipped, for their chaplain, a convenient apartment adjoining the sacristy, and generously start him on his homeward way with a breakfast that has nothing mysterious about it except the coffee. I always ride home in the trolley and either read my Little Hours or study Japanese.

Arrived at the College I have about half an hour to make immediate preparations for class, which for me ordinarily begins at nine, although there are classes daily at eight.

My first class, which is our first year of English, is occupied with reading Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare. The involved and somewhat antiquated style in which these are written makes them sufficiently difficult to tax the acquirements of our best students. The recitations and part of a paraphrase of difficult words and sentences, an analysis of grammatical constructions and an interpretation of the story with some erudition. It thus corresponds almost exactly to what is prescribed in the Ratio for the handling of a Latin author with-

out the use of the vernacular. It is a most satisfactory method for it insures a thorough knowledge of the author and a command of his language and is almost as good a discipline for the teacher as for the pupil, impressing a great number of good English idioms on the mind and developing an ingenuity in the finding of synonyms and simple equivalents of uncommon expressions. We generally read, As You Like It, Winter's Tale, Merchant of Venice, Othello, Macbeth, Lear and Hamlet in the order named and there is never any lack of interest in the stories or explanation as far as I have been able to observe, although these same stories have sometimes been read with a Japanese teacher in some of the lower schools but I doubt if the explanations are either simple or clear. There are so many details of Western geography and life of which the Japanese teacher as well as his student is totally ignorant and the outlook on life and morals is so entirely different from that of Shakespeare and his characters that the amount of information to be supplied is simply inexhaustible. This is true even in dealing with our Catholic boys; much more so with the pagans.

My second year class generally reads some extracts from Irving's "Alhambra." The method pursued is the same. I have many occasions in both classes to point out lessons of morality and especially of chivalry which make a cumulative impression without being in any way forced or suggestive of an uninvited propaganda. Tangible results are seen in the inquiries put to me and still more in the number of really desirable candidates who ask for religious instruction to be given them in private. In both of these classes I use for translation from Japanese into English, a little Japanese reader describing a tour of the world and involving a vocabulary covering all the more common details of occidental life, thus affording abundant material for conversation. It is sufficiently easy for me to decipher it with the aid of a dictionary and the necessary preparation is a good exercise in Japanese for me.

My third class is devoted to Commercial English. I gave them a little series of simple lectures on Advertising and another on the History of Commerce. I found this much more practicable than trying to go through a text-book on these subjects. Instead of an English author we read a copy of the "System" magazine which furnished abundant matter for a year and afforded occasion for many remarks on business ehtics of which the Japanese are notoriously in need. Our written exercises were taken from a book of business correspondence. For translation into English we used the Japanese version of Little Lord Fauntleroy, which makes quite a difficult exercise and involves a large and refined domestic vocabulary. Its preparation is, as aforesaid, an admirable discipline for me.

As deviations from the above routine, I may mention that my second year students having had the good fortune to read Shakespeare's Julius Caesar in German under a Japanese teacher, I considered them sufficiently familiar with the subject matter to be able to undertake the original text. This we did during the last few months and with gratifying success. Some of them were able to read the blank verse fairly well and to bring out the author's meaning with a correct intonation. This is a very difficult achievement for them and the way in which they usually murder an English poet gives one an idea of the torture which Horace or Sophocles would suffer if they were permitted to listen to one of us.

Another variation of mine consists in passing around the class a number of pictures generally cut out from the American News Company's Annual Catalogue and representing such scenes as often occur in recent fiction. These pictures form subjects for original composition in English and occasion very interesting results. This work is generally done in the afternoon hours, one or two of my classes occurring then, though most of my hours are in the morning.

My afternoons and Sundays are generally free, except when I have to go out to the Convent or to a parish church for late Mass or for Benediction. The foregoing gives a fairly good idea of the work the other fathers are doing though some of them have more hours than I and are much more occupied with private lessons in languages or in Christian doctrine.

Since the latter part of January, I have had to drop most of my classes here on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays owing to my appointment at the Imperial University. That came about in this way. Prof. Playfair, who had the position of Lecturer in English Literature there, died last fall. At the suggestion of Fr. Heck of the Marist Congregation, who is the Professor of French Literature in the Imperial University, my name was offered for the vacancy. After an examination of my credentials I was visited by Prof. Ichikawa, the head of the English Department, and we soon came to an agreement. My work is as follows:

On Tuesdays from eight to ten I give a short lecture on English Composition accompanied by illustrations and analysis from Hardy's novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes." This is a perfectly clean though perfectly godless piece of fiction which had been introduced by my predecessor and being already begun by the students it was hardly practical to change it.

From ten to twelve of the same day I lecture on English Prosody, giving an historical account of our versification and illustrations from the poets.

On Thursdays from ten to twelve I lecture on the English Drama. The plan is to give first a general historical survey

and then take up particular authors and probably conclude with principles and technique, making a three years course in all. The explanation of the Mediaeval Drama, not to mention other less obvious occasions, offers many opportunities for sidelights on Christian ideals.

Saturday from ten to twelve is my time for what we call Comparative Studies. These are lectures showing the outside influence on English Literature and instituting comparisons between various English masterpieces and those of other languages. The field, evidently, is inexhaustible. The educative value of this course for an isolated people like the Japanese is equally evident. Many opportunities are afforded to show the commandng position of the Church and the civilized influence of Christianity on the Western World.

I generally stay for lunch at the University. This is provided in a large refectory with a recreation hall attached where all the Professors have an opportunity to meet daily. Several of them speak English and their conversation is very interesting as are also their questions. Besides Prof. Ichikawa, the head of my own department who, of course, speaks our language fluently, the one with whom I have had most talk is Prof. Asakawa who is really the Professor of Japanese Law at Yale but who is here as an exchange professor for a short time. After lunch and a little recreation I usually go to the English Seminar to study for the rest of the afternoon, there being an excellent library there at my disposal. The University Library is also within easy reach but the selection of books in the Seminar is so complete that I have not found it needful to go further. Here I am frequently consulted by the students about difficulties in the authors and asked for suggestions about books of reference and the like. I took the earliest opportunity to recommend the Catholic Encyclopedia which is among the reference works in the large library.

Fr. Bahlman's hours in the University are somewhat longer than mine. His work is similar, but the field is that of German Literature. As Fr. Heck, the Marist, has a similar post in French Literature you can see that a good Catholic influence can be brought to bear on three very important points in the curriculum. The value of this is enhanced by the fact that most of our pupils intend to become teachers in the Middle Schools of Japan.

On another occasion I shall try to give you some idea of the buildings and grounds of the University. For the present I will only say that it is about as far from here as the Convent which I attend but in an opposite direction so that my acquaintance with the city and its methods of transit is quite comprehensive.

It may not occur to any of ours in the Province that they

can be of any help to me in my work except by the ever-ready means of prayer. This is not the case, however. Any of those who publish books on subjects germane to the matter I am teaching or else on Christian doctrine will confer a great favor on me and the rest of us by sending a complimentary copy. Less pretentious than such donations but none the less very useful are programs of Academies, plays and other entertainments which may be suggestive for similar schemes here. The matter in the Teachers' Review, is of course, our mainstay in this regard.

Keep yourself prayerfully mindful of Japan and of us and our work in particular.

Hoping this may find you well and happy and again commending myself to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers, I am,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

MARK J. MCNEAL, S. J.

Extract from Another Letter.—Our classes resumed in the fall in good spirits and things went smoothly till Christmas. On Thanksgving Day I had the pleasure of meeting Ambassador Morris and his wife who are both reflecting honor on the American name here. Their daughter goes to the Sacred Heart Convent.

Shortly after this, an opening in the English Department of the Imperial University occurred. Through the kindness of one of the Marist Fathers here, my name was suggested and after a few preliminaries, I received the appointment. All the Sisters in town joined in praying for the success of the venture which meant a good deal to us in the way of prestige, together with a salary which offsets some of our heavy expense for Japanese teachers.

MISSOURI PROVINCE. *Belize, British Honduras. St. John's College.*—Although the new building has been occupied only a year and a half, the number of boarders has filled it almost to capacity. There are 94 boarders and 60 day scholars in attendance at present. During the war the high price of food, nearly all of which is imported from the United States, laid a great financial burden on the College. For a time it looked as if the school would have to be closed owing to the scarcity of provisions, but relief always came at the critical moment.

A night school in which the commercial branches are taught has been opened for the working boys of the town, and the success of the new venture has been so marked that the number of students is growing from week to week. One of our latest additions is the son of a resident Protestant minister

During the influenza epidemic every boy in the college was stricken with the disease, but owing to the self-sacrificing zeal of the Brothers and Scholastics, only a few cases became serious.

Missions.—Nor were the Mission stations spared a visit from the dread disease. The death toll was enormous, especially among the Spanish Indians. In the Orange Walk district, Father Colgan estimated that ten per cent. of the inhabitants succumbed to the epidemic. Father Versavel, writing from Benque Viejo, says that so many children lost their parents, that he is seriously considering the building of an orphanage, if Sisters can be secured to take charge of the Institution and the necessary funds raised.

DETROIT. *New Students' Chapel.*—The handsome new Students' Chapel was formally blessed and dedicated on Thanksgiving Day, November 28th, by the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit. The Bishop was assisted in the ceremonies by various members of the Faculty, including the President of the University, Rev. Wm. Doran, S. J., who was Celebrant at the Solemn High Mass following upon the dedicatory services. The chapel, which has a seating capacity of 800, fills a much needed want at the University, and is, in all its appointments, a fitting addition to the present group of academic buildings.

Alumni Banquet to New Bishop.—Shortly after his elevation to the Episcopal See of Detroit, the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Gallagher was tendered a formal banquet by the Alumni of the University of Detroit. The college auditorium was the scene of the event. Toasts were called for and responded to by the Bishop, the Rev. President of the University, and Judge Connelly, who represented the Alumni and others. In the course of his remarks, Bishop Gallagher paid a flattering tribute to his old Jesuit professors, saying that any power or facility he might possess was due to the kindly interest and careful training he had received during his ten years as a Jesuit student.

SOUTH DAKOTA. *Indian Missions.*—The July number of *The Indian Sentinel* pays the following tribute to the work of our South Dakota Missions in connection with the various war activities:

"Splendid evidences of Christian charity are shown at Pine Ridge where Red Cross activities at Holy Rosary Mission have the support of the Superior, Fr. Henry Grotegeers, S. J., as member of the Board of Directors, and of the executive committee of that chapter, and of Fr. Aloysius Mennes, S. J., in the management of the Junior Red Cross. Through donations, fees and entertainments, the school has contributed $118 to the Red Cross and $1,100 to Liberty bonds.

"Loyal in word and deed, is the description of the Indian students at St. Francis. The entire student body is enrolled in the Red Cross and the number of sweaters, socks and scarfs already completed by these girls is remarkable. 'Red Cross work will prove a blessing to future mothers,' writes one of the

missionaries. 'Who would have thought a year ago that the girls of today would be making socks and sweaters?' The Fathers at St. Francis, in the name of the mission, have subscribed $100 to each Liberty loan. The senior and junior students have made liberal donations to the Red Cross drive and are encouraging the Indians at St. Francis to enroll and assist in the great work of the association."

The Epidemic.—About seven hundred of the South Dakota Indians fell victims of the influenza epidemic. At St. Francis School (Rosebud Agency) the number of children enrolled numbered 330. Of these 12 boys and 31 girls died of the disease, most of them at their homes whither their parents had insisted upon taking them. Holy Rosary School (Pine Ridge Agency) on the contrary has a remarkable record. Not a single case of the "flu" occurred among either teachers or children, the latter numbering over 200, though the Government Boarding School, five miles away, was in such straits that the Superintendent gladly accepted the offer of the Father Superior and availed himself of two of the mission brothers.

For many reasons the period of the epidemic will long be remembered. The Protestant missionaries and catechists were suddenly conspicuous by their absence, a fact not unnoticed by the Indians. The Fathers of the Missions, on the contrary, did not wait for sick calls, but were out day and night driving from house to house, from tent to tent, searching for the sick and dying. And it was well that they did so. For the misery and helplessness that they encountered was in some cases almost indescribable. There was no question of adequate medical attention for all the sick; that was simply impossible. But frequently even food, clothing and fuel were wholly wanting. Snow covered the ground. To one family, all sick but the father, without food, or even oil for their lamp, the missionary gave what money he had, and was almost embraced in gratitude by the poor father. Four of this family died later on. To another he gave a box of food destined to supply his needs on the one or two weeks trip, when the Indians should fail; a third was found breaking up a hay-rick, the only fuel within reach; and a fourth, when the siege had passed, had lost eleven members of the family. Most of the inhabitants of one district, more than thirty in number, succumbed to the disease, and funerals were the order of the day. Yet, withal, Providence as usual, brought much good out of the evil. If the missionaries were surrounded by misery, they likewise had their consolations. Many a hopeless marriage was revalidated, many a non-Catholic brought into the true fold of Christ. Some sinners refused the graces that were offered, but many accepted them, and went in peace to their reward. More than once it happened too, that Protestants, deserted by their own

ministers, were consoled in their dying moments by the presence of the Catholic priest, who was indeed the good shepherd, and not a hireling who flies at first scent of danger.

St. Louis. *Campbell Will and the University.*—Ever since the death of James Campbell, a multi-millionaire of St. Louis, several years ago, there has been no end of dispute about the provisions of his will. Some time ago the case was finally submitted to the U. S. Supreme Court, which threw out petitions for a new trial brought forward by relatives. This would indicate that the case is at last settled. The will, which disposes of $12,000,000, has been made in favor of the Medical Department of St. Louis University. This fortune, according to the provisions of the will, is only to come into the hands of the university after the death of the immediate heirs of Mr. Campbell.

Father Robison's Books.—"The Bedrock of Belief" is the latest of three books of sermons recently given to the press by Rev. Wm. Robison, S.J., teacher of Fundamental Theology at the University. The three volumes contain the substance of the Lenten lectures delivered by Father Robison at St. Francis Xavier (College) Church, during the past three years, and are meeting with a widespread and hearty reception by the general public.

Knights of Columbus' Building.—Shortly after the installation of the Students' Army Training Corps at the University, the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities authorized the erection of a K. of C. Hut at the University Barracks. The building cost $6,500, and is fully equipped with all necessary facilities for the convenience of the students. The complete success of the undertaking occasioned the passage of a resolution by the K. of C. War Activities Board to erect similar structures at the different Catholic colleges and universities where the S. A. T. C. was in operation. Arrangements had already been made for the erection of these buildings when the signing of the armistice rendered further action unnecessary.

Resurrection Fathers Locate Near University.—The Congregation of The Resurrection has recently established a community in St. Louis in close proximity to the University. The scholastics of that Congregation are thereby furnished an opportunity of attending the Divinity courses at the university. Eight scholastics, five in Philosophy and three in Theology, have been thus far registered as students.

Scholasticate Disputations.—The fall Disputations were held on November 26th and 27th. In Theology: *De Deo Creante,* Fr. Jollain, defender; Frs. O'Connell and A. Berens, objectors. *De Deo Uno et Trino*: Fr. Wand, defender; Frs. Preus and Moore, objectors. Lectures: "Divination in Biblical

Times," Fr. Krost. "Ecclesiastical Legislation in the U. S.," Mr. Kane. In Philosophy: *Ex Theol. Nat.,* Mr. A. Kelly, defender; Messrs. Reynolds and Lilly, objectors. *Ex Ethica:* Mr. R. Walsh, defender; Messrs. Bungart and Horn, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*: Mr. Bergman, defender; Messrs. Keenoy and Peitz, objectors.

The February Disputations were held on the 24th and 25th of the month. In Theology: *De Deo Creante*: Mr. Francis, defender; Messrs. Seymour and Graham, objectors. *De Deo Uno Et Trino*: Mr. Mootz, defender; Messrs. Doonan and J. Kelly, objectors. *Lectures*: by Mr. D'Haene and Mr. J. Walsh. In Philosophy: *Ex Theol. Nat.*: Mr. Hahn, defender; Messrs. Weisenberg and Scott, objectors. *Ex Psychologia*: Mr. Bouscaren, defender; Messrs. Noonan and Kiley, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*: Mr. Kaczmarek, defender; Messrs. Cusack and Crimmins, objectors. Illustrated Lecture in Physics, "The Airplane and Liberty Motor," Mr. Perk.

St. John Berchmans' Tercentenary.—Consequent upon a suggestion received from the Scholastics of Granada, Spain, the Theologians and Philosophers of the Missouri Province began a formal commemorative program of spiritual devotions and practices preparatory to the Tercentenary of St. John Berchmans, August 23rd, 1921. The plan proposed and adopted has been to devote the three years preceding this event to special devotions in commemoration of the three years St. John Berchmans spent as a scholastic in the Society. As a fitting introduction to this plan, Solemn Exposition and Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament was held in the Scholastic Chapels all day, October 24th, this being the day on which Berchmans set out for Rome to begin his course of Philosophy. The Adoration closed with Benediction in the evening, and from then on until the Feast Day itself in 1921, a continuous chain of communions is to be offered up in honor of the Saint. Over and above this, the 13th day of each month has been set aside as especially consecrated to our youthful Patron, all actions, good works, etc., on that day being performed in his honor. The special blessing the Missouri Province Scholastics ask through the intercession of their Saintly Brother may be stated somewhat as follows: "That wherever the opportunity is given, Jesuits to a man, through the grace of God, by teaching and missionary work, may guide all souls to Christ."

Radio School.—The Radio and Buzzer School, opened on September 1, 1917, for the training of telegraphers for the Signal Corps for the Army and for the Navy, was closed in November, 1918, on the signing of the armistice. During fourteen months it trained for service 322 young men, sending 131 to the signal corps, 93 to the aviation corps, 59 to the navy

and 39 to other branches of the service; 56 students were left in the class when the school was closed. Scores of the young men who left for training camps wrote back urging their fellows to make the utmost of all the lectures and laboratory work in electricity. They had experienced the need and value of them.

During the latter half of its life the school was under the superintendence of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Its State representative, Mr. J. D. Eliff, was emphatic in his praise of the abundance and excellence of the work done, giving the University credit for more and better work than all the other similar schools of the State put together. Washington officals of the Federal Board and of the Signal Corps repeatedly expressed their thanks and great satisfaction.

From the time the first graduates of the school went overseas, a stream of letters coming back testifies to the deep appreciation of the writers for the free opportunities afforded them by the school and for the services of the tireless code-instructor, Capt. A. G. Thompson. Nor was the indirect effect on the spritual life of the young men a negligible quantity as many consoling facts show.

St. Marys, Kansas. *Alumnus Consecrated Bishop.*—On November 10th, Rev. Christopher E. Byrne, former pastor of the Holy Name Church in St. Louis, and a loyal alumnus of old St. Marys, where he made his classical studies, was consecrated Bishop of the See of Galveston. The ceremony took place at the New Cathedral in St. Louis. His Grace, Archbishop John J. Glennon performing the rites of consecration. Bishop Byrne's Alma Mater was represented at the services by Rev. Wm. Cogley, S. J., President of St. Mary's. In response to an invitation from the faculty to visit his Alma Mater before taking up his new duties, the Bishop wrote that it would be impossible for him to do so at the time, but he promised to come to St. Mary's as soon as he found an opportunity, adding: "I will not overlook my dear old college home, and I feel that I should give her, my Alma Mater, more attention than I could possibly give in a visit under present circumstances."

New York. *Auriesville. The Pilgrim Season of* 1918.—Never in the history of the Shrine have those in charge met with so many difficulties and obstacles as were encountered during the present season. The almost hopeless task of securing adequate train service, and the increased cost of travel to Auriesville, were expected to make pilgrimages impossible. Prophets foretold that the 1918 season must be a failure. So it would have been, if mere human hopes were to be reckoned with; but there was a greater power at work for the interests

of the Shrine. Our Lady of Martyrs has a deep love for her sanctuary on the banks of the Mohawk and for her children in the Mohawk Valley. Despite the numerous obstacles, the season, from a spiritual standpoint, was a great success and, once again, we have seen visible manifestations of God's power, when that power is sought through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs.

Elmira. *Mission Given by Father Wm. Stanton to Elmira Prisoners.*—For the first time in its history of nearly half a century the New York State Reformatory at Elmira has been the recipient of the blessings of a mission to the Catholic inmates within its walls.

From start to finish the mission was an unqualified success, thanks to the zeal of the reformatory chaplain, the Rev. A. Temmerman, and the full-hearted co-operation of all the officials of the place from Dr. Christian, the superintendent, down to the last of the guards in charge of the prisoners. The week's exercises were the time-tried and timehonored ones that have always and everywhere proved so effectual in gripping the hearts of sinners and turning them back to God and into the paths of righteousness and true citizenship. Daily Mass at 6.30 A. M., followed by an instruction on some one of the Commandments, formed the morning program, and though no one was obliged to appear at the Holy Sacrifice it was noticed that few absented themselves from it. This spoke well for the penitential and fervent spirit of the audience, for young fellows, as is well known, are proverbially loathe to leave the bed early in the morning. In the afternoon confessions were heard from 3 to 5, and in this soul-healing work several priests from the various parishes of the city gladly assisted, and so gave an object lesson of clerical team work in a game where human souls were the stakes. Services began every evening at 7.30 and consisted of an instruction, the saying of the Rosary, the delivery of the mission sermon announced the day before, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. During this last august ceremony the faith of the hundreds of boys kneeling with heads bent to worship Our Lord in the Host was edifyingly emphasized by the smiting of the breast, thereby creating a sound audible above the bell that rang to adoration.

On the second Sunday afternoon at 2.30 the grand closing of the mission took place with the usual discourse on perseverance, the renewal of baptismal vows, the imparting of the Papal blessing and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. As the young fellows stood up, regenerated again and with newfound courage, to renew their promises of loyalty to God and His commandments, one could detect in the fervorous ring of their voices and in the tensity of their arms and hands held

aloft to the effect of God's grace, and the sincerity of their will to walk right and fall no more.

The veteran missioner, the Rev. W. J. Stanton, S.J., of New York, under whose direction the spiritual campaign was conducted at Elmira, was amazed and deeply consoled by the faith and devotion of the young men in duress. A few of the prisoners refused to approach the altar, but these, it is thought, will be won over before the Easter time runs out. None of them seemed hardened, but the majority of those who made the mission are the victims of parental neglect, or of bad companionship and evil environment, and it may be said that the bulk of them had, before entering the reformatory, scarcely ever heard the word of God or the real meaning of life and its duties preached to them. It is the old story—though born Catholics they were never brought into sufficient touch with the Church to get the benefits of her supernatural helps to a godly life and useful citizenship.

About thirty-eight were admitted to their first Communion, and nine, whose baptism was shrouded in uncertainty, though they had registered as Catholics, were baptized conditionally. The Protestant inmates were not invited to the mission nor were they kept out if they freely expressed a desire to attend the services; thus all appearances of proselytizing were sedulously avoided. Too much praise cannot be given to Superintendent Christian and the officers under him, notably to the Catholic guards who gave freely many hours of overtime work in marshaling and directing the boys and making the mission a success, the results of which can be measured only by eternity. As the editor of the reformatory paper puts it, a sheet published within the walls and by the prisoners themselves: "The State of New York and the board of philanthropic gentlemen under whose management the reformatory is placed are to be congratulated on the wisdom of their course in encouraging the supernatural aid of religion to supplant their well intentioned, scholarly and what are called scientific methods of correcting and reforming youthful criminals, especially first offenders, that are so largely the by-products of our large cities. Man cannot be legislated into goodness—he is not all material. He has a soul that must be reached by supernatural truths and a heart that must be stored with supernatural charity; then he can become safe for himself and others. Mental deficiency is no obstacle to God's grace, and it can be made up for by religious influences."

In thanking the missioner and the prison chaplain for the work done Dr. Christian was applauded by the charges under him, and they believed his humane and wise methods of combining natural and supernatural agencies to effect human reform will let New York see that the Elmira experiment is worth

while and will bring enduring good results in the history of rescue to virtue and civilization.

Fordham University. New Rector. Inaugural Reception.—On January 6, 1919, Father Edward P. Tivnan was appointed rector of Fordham University. Father Tivnan is well known to Fordham; three years of his regency were spent here as professor of chemistry in the college and Medical School, 1908-11, and he has been regent of the Medical School for the past two years.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, February 26, the new rector held an inaugural reception. The Alumni Rooms were quite transformed for the occasion by palms and tastefully arranged decorations. Father Rector was assisted in receiving by the heads of the departments of Arts and Science, Medicine, Law, Pharmacy and Sociology. During the hours of the reception about a thousand guests called. Most of these were the Alumni and their friends, though there were also representatives of State and City offiicals and members of the New York State Board of Regents. Governor Smith wired that he would be unable to call, because of the sudden death of his uncle. The Senior classes of the college of Mt. St. Vincent and New Rochelle attended in cap and gown. The members of our own Senior class acted as ushers and presented the guests as they arrived.

The afternoon was a very pleasant one for guests and faculty, and the reception was a very happy way of introducing the new rector to the Alumni and the other friends of Fordham.

Gift of Library.—The Rev. James E. Bobier, Class of '69, late pastor of St. Charles Borrorneo's Church, Brooklyn, New York, left a library of 900 volumes to Fordham. The books included a rare collection of ascetical works.

Extension Courses.—Extension coures in connection with the School of Sociology are now being given inNewark, N. J., and at the colleges of Mt. St. Vincent, and Manhattanville, New York City. The lectures are those given in course at the School of Sociology, Woolworth Building, and have been undertaken after many requests. It is hoped that similiar courses will soon be opened in other promising centers.

New Senior Hall.—St. John's Hall (Third Division) has been closed since the demobilization of the S. A. T. C. Competitive plans are now being submitted by architects for making it into a Senior Hall with accommodations for sixty-five students. The plan most in favor calls for a large living-room and library on the first floor, with a spacious new stair-case communicating with the rooms on the upper floors. This work has been undertaken consequent upon a large donation recently

received for the purpose, and it is hoped that the building will be ready for commencement.

Changes in Junior Hall.—The corridor of Junior Hall (Second Division) is now exclusively for Prep boarders. The dormitory has been abolished and the room formerly used for it has been made into a combination recreation hall and reading room. The study hall is retained for the Prep students who do not obtain at least a general average of 80% in their studies.

Opening of Knights of Columbus Hut.—On Thursday evening, February 13, the K. of C. Hut at Fordham University was opened with an elaborate program. The District Deputy introduced the chairman of the New York Chapter's War Activities Committee, who spoke on the building plans and work of the K. of C. Father John J. Wynne, S.J. spoke on the spirit of the K. of C. in co-operating with the Government during the war, and stated that the presence of the K. of C. hut at Fordham added to the picturesqueness of the grounds and gave the university a building for returning soldiers and sailors.

After the speeches there followed an entertainment of music, song and athletic features.

St. Francis Xavier's College. War Honors.—Major-General James W. McAndrew, Class of '84, Xavier High School, Chief of Staff of the American Expeditionary Force, has received the Legion of Honor Medal from the French Government. General McAndrew, after finishing at Xavier, was graduated from West Point, from the School of the Line, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he was honor graduate, from the Staff College, at the same place, and finally, from the War College. He saw service in the Sioux Indian Campaign, 1890-91; participated in the Battle of El Caney, Cuba, July 1, 1898; took part in the investment of Santiago, until that place was surrendered, on July 16, 1898. From 1899 to 1902 he was on duty in the Philippine Islands. From 1905 to 1906 he was with a regiment in Alaska. In 1916-17, he was a member of the General Staff Corps. Since the entrance of the United States into the War, his career is well known. He is said to be a man without nerves, very resourceful, and very confident. Not so long ago he received the Distinguished Service Medal. His rank is that of Major-General, N. A. He is known to be very loyal to Xavier. General McAndrew is a brother of the late Monsignor McAndrew, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Brigadier-General Hugh A. Drum, class of '97, Xavier High School, brother of Rev. Walter Drum, professor of Scripture at Woodstock College, has received the Distinguished Service Medal. General Drum is Chief of Staff of the First Field Army. After being graduated from Xavier in 1897, he

entered Boston College. The next year, his father, Captain John Drum, was killed in action before Santiago. President McKinley wrote a letter of condolence to Mrs. Drum, and offered to appoint any of her sons a second lieutenant in the army. Hugh accepted. A great part of his early career as a soldier was spent in the Philippines. From 1908-1910, he took part in the Moro Campaign under then Captain, now General Pershing. He is an honor graduate of the School of the Line. In 1912, he was graduated from Staff College. From 1913 to 1914, he was Assistant Chief of Staff to General Funston on the Mexican border, and at Vera Cruz. From 1914 to 1916, he was instructor in military art at the Staff College, Leavenworth. Then he became Assistant Chief of Staff to General Funston, on the Mexican border, and was retained, in that capacity, by then Major-General Pershing, when he succeeded General Funston, on the death of the latter, in February, 1917. He was appointed to the General Staff in May, 1917, about which time he was made major. He was the first General Staff officer of the American Army to arrive in France; he chose the port of entry for the American troops, and the place of training, and as Assistant Chief of Staff, had charge of the organization and operations. Fighting with English and French Divisions, he learned modern warfare, and on one occasion was gassed. He wrote the manual of combat to be used by officers in training. He was promoted to lieutenant-colonel,and now holds the rank of brigadier-general N. A. The following is the citation of General Pershing on the occasion of the conferring of the Distinguished Service Medal on General Drum: "Upon him as chief of staff of the 1st Army, devolved the important duty of organizing headquarters of this command, and of coordinating detailed staff work in its operations in St. Mihiel and Argonne-Meuse offensive. His tact, zeal, and high professional attainments had marked influence on the success that attended operations of the 1st Army."

According to report, in addition to the Legion of Honor Medal and the Distinguished Service Medal awarded to General McAndrew, and the Distingushed Service Medal awarded to General Drum, the Distinguished Service Medal has been awarded to one other Xavierite, the Croix de Guerre to three from Xavier, and it is stated that the Secretary of the Navy has recommended that a young ensign from the same school, who did heroic work in saving an admiral from drowning, be given the Congressional Medal of Honor for the rescue.

Military Mass.—A military mass for Xavier's boys, who gave their lives in the cause of our country, will be celebrated on April 27. So far about eighteen are known to be dead. Special invitations will be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

School Attendance.—As a result of several large mid-year classes, the register for the school-year, 1918-1919, at Xavier shows 454 boys. Seldom, if ever, has this year's record been surpassed, and that in spite of difficult conditions arising from the late war.

Sons of Xavier Reunion.—On February 5, the Sons of Xavier had a reunion in the Debating Room. The purpose of the meeting was to arrange for the military mass for the dead, to make plans for the larger reunion, when all the Xavier boys are back from the front, and to meet the boys already back. In normal times, this organization has four reunions a year. At this meeting, several very interesting speeches were given, the chief of which was that of Father Marcel Jousse, who bears the Grand Croix de la Legion d'Honneur. The opening speech of the meeting was made by Father Thomas F. White, principal of the high school, and pastor of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, who welcomed to Xavier its many sons, who, each in his own sphere, had put forth efforts in behalf of American freedom, of which his alma mater is justly proud. President Thomas E. Ambrose, of the Sons of Xavier, and Lieutenant Walter E. Atkinson were also among the speakers of the evening. The meeting was pronounced by all present, an ideal one.

The reunions of the Sons of Xavier have become a prominent feature in the life of the school, and the services rendered invaluable. Founded as it was only a few years ago, this organization has proved what devotion to a school will do. Although all who ever attended Xavier are invited, the boys who come to the meetings are, for the most part, those who were students at the school within the last twenty-five or thirty years.

Enthusiasm always prevails: the grand spirit of former days. From the start, the announced purpose of the society was to promote good fellowship among the boys, who are devoted to their alma mater, and to aid her in every possible way. In fact, it was in response to a continued appeal, that the organization was formed. Through the energy and zeal of its moderator, Father Francis R. Donovan, S.J., no opportunities have been lost, and no pains spared to make the reunions real friendly gatherings of the school's many devoted sons, and to make them feel, that, in their alma mater, they have a true friend. As expressed in an invitation to a meeting some time ago, "Xavier wants those, who want Xavier."

The entertainments are varied. Naturally, during the past year or two, the predominent note of the meetings has been patriotism. As a result of a speech made at the time the United States entered the war, by Chaplain George Waring, Captain, U. S. A., who is stationed at Governor's Island,

twenty-four boys went to reserve officers' training camps, and received commissions. The co-operation of the organization in all that appertained to the war has been noted again and again, by New York papers.

One of the results of the zeal of this society is that the school, with 454 students, is in a very flourishing condition. It will be hard to find a time when it was more so. This number does not include the ninety or more boys who are in Xavier Grammar School.

Casualties in War.—At the middle of February, there were on the Sons of Xavier casualty list, twenty-one names of members reported to have given their lives in defense of our country. These include one major, eight lieutenants, two ensigns, one sergeant, four corporals, one private, three whose rank is not known, and one member of the Foreign Legion.

Among those reported wounded is one major, two lieutenants, one of whom was a chaplain; two sergeants, one corporal, one private, and one K. of C. Secretary.

New York. *Tribute to Chaplain Wm. M. Stinson*—

Headquarters, Third Corps Artillery Park, A. E. F.
January 25, 1919.

The Very Reverend Joseph H. Rockwell, S.J.,
30 West Sixteenth Street,
New York City, U. S. A.

My Dear Sir:

I am taking the liberty of writing you regarding Chaplain William M. Stinson, who is the Chaplain of the Organization of whch I am in command.

Chaplain Stinson's services have been invaluable. He has been thoroughly conscientious, faithful and earnest in his efforts in behalf of the men of this command. He has buried the dead, ministered to and comforted the sick, and has cheered and been a great source of help to all. He has shown great initiative in finding opportunities for service, and instead of leading an inactive life, he has been able to occupy his time by doing good for others.

Chaplain Stinson has endeared himself to the men of his regiment, and there is not one who is not his loyal and devoted friend. I feel it to be my duty to advise those in authority over him as to the splendid record he has made.

Respectfully,
Henry H. Denhardt,
Lieut.-Col. Field Artillery, U. S. A.

Headquarters, Third Corps Artillery Park, A. E. F.
January 17, 1919.

The Very Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S.J.,
30 West Sixteenth Street,
New York City.

My Dear Father Rockwell:

This letter is to inform you of the work of Father William M. Stinson, S.J. as Chaplain of this organization.

Father Stinson joined us at Camp Wadsworth, S. C., last August, a few weeks before we left the States for France. On the trip over he was very energetic in looking after the men in regard to games and reading matter. His Masses were well attended and it is my understanding there were Communicants who had not received this Sacrament in many years.

Shortly after our arrival in France this organization suffered severely from Spanish influenza, at which time he did everything possible for the sick, and had full charge of burying the dead not only of this organization but of others near, as he was the only Chaplain in a large area occupied by about 4000 troops.

After our arrival in the battle area and since the Armistice this organization has been living in the devastated part of France where supplies and amusements for the men are scarce, but in spite of this Father Stinson has provided a rest room equipped with writing material and reading matter which is enjoyed by all.

One thing worthy of mention is the manner in which he decorated and fixed up a Church here that had been "shot up" somewhat, and most of all the Crib provided and made from material at hand here. I regret very much not having a camera that I might send you a picture of this crib.

Father Stinson has conducted non-sectarian meetings which all have enjoyed.

In closing I wish to say that the presence of Father Stinson has been a great pleasure and benefit to the officers and men of the 3rd Corps Artillery Park.

Robt. B. Johnson,
Major, F. A., U. S. A., Commanding.

Canada's Jesuit Missionaries.—In his recent book, "Crusaders of New France," Mr. William Bennett Muro pays the following tribute to that country's Jesuit missionaries:

"The Jesuits sailed for Canada, and their arrival forms a notable landmark in the history of the colony. Their dogged zeal and iron persistence carried them to points which missionaries of no other Religious Order would have reached. For the Jesuits were, above all things else, the harbingers of a militant faith. Their organization and their methods admirably fitted them to be the pioneers of the Cross in new lands.

They were men of action, seeking to win their crown of glory and their reward through intense physical and spiritual exertions, not through long seasons of prayer and meditation in cloistered seclusion. Loyola, the founder of the Order, gave to the world the nucleus of a crusading host, disciplined as no army ever was. If the Jesuits could not achieve the spiritual conquest of the New World, it was certain that no others could. And this conquest they did achieve. The whole course of Catholic missionary effort throughout the Western Hemisphere was shaped by members of the Jesuit Order.

"The physical vigor, the moral heroism, and the unquenchable religious zeal of these missionaries were qualities exemplified in a measure and to a degree which are beyond the power of any pen to describe. Historians of all creeds have tendered homage to their self-sacrifice and zeal, and never has work of human hand or spirit been more worthy of tribute. The Jesuit went, often alone, where no others dared to go, and he faced unknown dangers which had all the possibilities of torture and martyrdom. Nor did this energy waste itself in flashes of isolated triumph. The Jesuit was a member of an efficient organization, skilfully guided by inspired leaders and carrying its extensive work of Christianization with machine-like thoroughness through the vastness of five continents. We are too apt to think only of the individual missionary's glowing spirit and rugged faith, his pictuesque strivings against great odds, and to regard him as a guerilla warrior against the hosts of darkness. Had he been this, and nothing more, his efforts must have been altogether in vain. The great service which the Jesuit missionary rendered in the New World, both to his country and to his creed, were due not less to the matchless organization of the Order to which he belonged than to qualities of courage, patience, and fortitude which he himself showed as a missionary."

After describing the Fathers' increasing efforts to suppress the brandy traffic which the seventeenth century *coureurs-de-bois* carried on with the Aborigines, Mr. Munro remarks: "*They* (the Jesuits) were, when all is said and done, the truest friends that the North American Indian has ever had."—*America.*

Catholicism in China.—Some very interesting details regarding the Catholic missions in China are offered by Father Peter Chan, S. J., a native Chinese priest who has just completed his studies in Europe and is conversant with French, Spanish, Portuguese and English. China, with its 430,000,000 inhabitants, is at present supplied with only 2267 priests, while Protestant missionaries number more than 25,000. The total Catholic population is about 2,000,000 and there are about 400,000 Protestant Chinese. The time for reaping a rich harvest of souls is now at hand, and the total number of con-

versions to the Catholic Church during the past year was 130,000. There is need only of priests, nuns and the necessary financial aid. Father Chan thus describes his own special mission field:

"In the year 1912 a new mission was established in the south of China, with headquarters in the town of Shiu-Hing, 70 miles from the great city of Canton. In this district the pagans number about 6,000,000 and the Catholics 1,000 only, with 300 Catechumens preparing for baptism. The mission is the work of Portuguese Jesuits, exiled from their native country, and illustrates the truth that persecution results in spreading the Faith to other lands. There are five Jesuit Fathers and one secular priest and six native Chinese scholastics of the Society of Jesus. There are also six nuns, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, two being Irish, who carry on a school for girls and a house of the Society of the Holy Childhood for the rescue and education of abandoned children. Up to the present time in this territory of 6,000,000 inhabitants there is no church worthy of the name, but only two poor and very small chapels."

Father Chan is anxious that a church should be erected in honor of the Sacred Heart, together with a small college and seminary for the education of boys and the preparation of candidates for the priesthood. It is estimated that $25,000 might accomplish this purpose. The family to which Father Chan belongs has been Catholic for 250 years, clinging to the Faith during more than a century of persecutions and afflictions. They now have the joy of seeing the ancient Faith resuming new life and vigor. Those who wish to offer contributions to this inspiring renewal of Catholicism in China can address them to the Rev. Peter Chan, S. J., Loretto-Nativity Mission House, 44 Second avenue, New York.—*America.*

PHILADELPHIA. *Novena in Honor of the Immaculate Conception.*—Seldom, if ever, have any devotions in our church been better attended than those of the novena last month in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Evening after evening the church was crowded, while very large numbers were present at the afternoon exercises also. Most gratifying of all, however, was the attendance at the 6.30 Mass each morning. The devotion that is shown at the cost of sacrifice rings true, and we know that the daily attendance at Mass meant sacrifices for many of those who were present. The entire novena was a splendid manifestation of the faith of our people and of their devotion to Mary, while their love for her Divine Son in the Blessed Sacrament was shown by the 14,000 communions given during the nine days.

And, as always, Mary was quick to respond to the love and generosity of her children. Many favors were received, as

is testified by the grateful acknowledgements made by the recipients. These were in both the spiritual and the temporal order and were most varied in character—the return of loved ones to their religious duties, happy deaths, settlement of vocations, recoveries from sickness, restoration of peace in families, relief in financial difficulties—all serving to show the readiness of our Blessed Mother to hear the prayers of her devout clients and to exercise in their behalf her powerful intercession with God.

Mission by Father William Stanton in the Eastern Penitentiary, January 19-26.—The annual mission for the inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary conducted by the Rev. William J. Stanton, S. J., aided by the Rev. Michael J. O'Shea, S. J., chaplain of the prison, was brought to a close Sunday afternoon, January 26, with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the Papal blessing bestowed by Father Stanton.

The success of the mission was reflected in every face and was proved as every man in the crowded chapel arose to his feet when Father Stanton asked for those who wished to become members of the Holy Name Society.

The mission exercises were held twice daily during the past week. The rosary was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament each afternoon. In the evenings Father Stanton delivered his sermons. Two hundred and sixty men received Holy Communion on the last day of the mission, and Father Stanton and Father O'Shea both feel that their efforts met with complete success.

Here is what the prisoners say of the mission in their paper, *The Umpire,* edited and printed by themselves:

"For eight days Rev. W. J. Stanton, S. J., has with great and telling effect labored hard with the Catholic inmates of this institution to awaken in them a perfect understanding of their responsibilities in life and that their drifting about thoughtlessly from pillar to post will end disastrously. Father Stanton is a very able and impressive speaker and one who knows how to tune his vocabulary in harmony with the surroundings, so that the most illiterate man in the audience could not fail to understand him. Little incidents from daily life, drawn from every circumstance known to man, were crowded into his lectures, blistering, no doubt, many a man's conscience, but brought them to serious thoughts. Father Stanton in his last address to the men on Sunday afternoon commended them on their faithful attendance and bade them to be loyal always to the Catholic Church, and then, having paid his tribute to the administration for its generous co-operation in making the mission a success, he called upon Warden McKenty, who was present with Inspector Horstman, to say a few words. The warden's adress was brief, but filled every man with the

assurance that, though he is handicapped in many ways and often discouraged by false misinterpretations, his endeavors to do the right thing by everyone had always been sincere, and that his aim as a warden of this prison would always be to make conditions in here so human that its inmates could go out better men. His remarks made a deep impression upon the listeners, who gave him a hearty applause at the finish of the address.

The Catholic members of the institution, undoubtedly, have benefited greatly by this week's mission work and we therefore in these men's behalf extend to Rev. W. J. Stanton, S. J., their thanks and gratitude for the cheer, comfort and good advice he brought to them."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. *Notes from Letters of Father Thompkins, Vigan.*—(April 27—Tagudin.) As I was leaving Baguro April 16 to spend a few days in Manila I received a letter from a friend in Manila containing the following:

"Burlesque of Public Schools.—In January the students of the Seminary College, a large school maintained in Vigan by the Jesuit priests, presented in a benefit program for the Red Cross an amateur theatrical, burlesquing the work done by the public schools. It was in the form of a musical comedy, the name of which was 'The Bogus School Inspector.' The theme was this: The valet of a certain new school inspector took it into his head to take the place of his master in the inspection of the schools. Because of the ignorance of the the teachers and pupils, and because of the inefficiency of organization of the schools, he was able to pass himself off as the inspector and make the examination, which was a farce from beginning to end. In the school scenes, the premium was placed on idleness, indolence and ignorance, and the teacher was represented as a weakling who was partial to the least deserving and who 'picked' on the children who were well-behaved.

"The climax came out when the real school inspector appeared and found out that his servant had given the 'bogus' inspection. He was represented as a wily politician who, fearing scandal and public derision, allowed the ridiculous inspection to stand and bribed the servant and teacher to keep quiet.

"The play was pregnant with allusions to the supposedly false and idle things taught in the public school, and the impression received by the hundreds of Filipinos, who shouted with laughter and approval as they witnessed it, was that the public schools were not wholesome places for the education of the young and that the governmental management of the schools was but a political machine in which men worked for money and influence, and not for the good of the people.

"The Jesuits can be faithfully trusted to oppose in every pos-

sible manner the greatest institution of democracy—the public schools—and this is but an example of how they are trying to prejudice the public opinion. But it is not often they get so bold and insolent in their opposition."—*J. W. Moore.*

This is taken from the *Philippine Observer* for April, the little monthly magazine published by the Methodists, for sale especially among the student body. You can judge how much harm it does. Some years ago a number happened to fall into my hands. It gave the result of a prize "subscription" contest. The winner was a supervising (Filipino) teacher, with over 700 subscriptions; the second, another Filipino teacher, with more than 600. So you can see from these two instances what must be the number of subscriptions. The account of our Red Cross benefit is, of course, absolutely false. We did give "The Bogus School Inspector," a play which I got from New York about 10 years ago. There is not the slightest reference to public schools or their system in it, and it was only in the obsessed brain of a Methodist minister that such a calumny could have been thought out. I bought several copies of the number and, cutting out the page, sent it to the Superintendent of Schools, the principal of the High School and all the American school teachers of Vigan. After considering "ways and means," I wrote the following letter and brought it in person to the editor. He received me graciously and promised to publish it in the May number "if he could; he was not sure, as the matter might have already been set up," but, if not, surely in the June number. We shall see if he keeps his word.

I am here in Tagudin attending the First Summer Assembly for Teachers in the Catholic Schools. The work is under the auspices of the Belgian Fathers and Sisters, and there are here about 90 young men and ladies either actually engaged in Catholic school work or aspiring to be teachers. A similar Assembly is being also held in Manila under the same auspices and some 60 teachers (all young ladies, I think) are present. These Belgian Fathers and Sisters are doing most excellent work. Most of the Belgian Fathers' work is confined to the Mountain Province and that among the Igorrots, though they have six parishes around Manila and two in the Province of Union, where their work is among the Christians. In Manila they have a school in the Muros, one in Paco, Pasig, Las Pmas, Paranaque Tanay—having in all 1,000 boys and 700 girls. In many of their schools there are the Belgian Sisters—Canonesses of St. Augustin. In Tagudin, Mountain Province, they have ten schools, i.e., one in the city of Tagudin, the others in the barrios. In these they have 700 boys and 900 girls. There are about 10 Sisters in Tagudin. In Tubao—town and barrios—they have three schools, with 177 boys and 189

girls. In Pugo six schools, with 372 boys and 204 girls. Here in Baguio they have nine schools, with 450 boys and 200 girls, mostly Igorrots. In Itogon two schools, with 90 children, and in Bayombong (Nueva Ejuca) two schools, with 60 children. In the towns of Bambang, Bagabog, Dupax, there are in all five schools, with 330 children. In Cervantes they have schools, but I do not know the number, while in Bauco there are four schools (Igorrots), with 200 children, and in Bontoc (Igorrots) five schools, with 120 children. You see the splendid work these Fathers are doing. Most of the above-named towns are out in the mountain, far from civilization; the means of subsistence very poor and their life and all this school work dependent on alms from Belgium and the United States. To show my interest in the great work the Fathers are doing, I assisted at the opening of the Summer School in Tagudin and delivered the sermon at the Solemn High Mass.

May 6. Baguio Again.—To return to the *Philippine Observer*. When in Manila, I wrote the enclosed letter and called on the editor protesting his article and asked him to publish the letter. He received me nicely and without difficulty promised its publication either in the May number or that of June. He asked me to omit the term "vile" which preceded calumny in the last time. Of course, I made no difficulty to this. He said the minister had been in the office and explained the play, "and I told him," said the editor, "if it were such, write a letter and I will publish it." That the Red Cross Auxiliary in Vigan did not approve of the letter is clear from the following letter signed by the Governor of the Province and Honorary President of the Red Cross. As I learned from him afterward, when my extracts of the *Observer* reached Vigan the ladies of the Red Cross called on him and asked him to sign the letter and send it to Rev. Father Bolet, rector. As the letter is in English (the Governor does not know English), these ladies also, I suppose, drew up the letter:

"Office of the Provincial Governor, April 22, 1918.

"The Rev. Father Rector of the Vigan Seminary, Vigan, P. I.

Rev. Father—The members of the Vigan Auxiliary of the Red Cross wish to notify you that they regret exceedingly the article which has recently appeared in the *Philippine Observer* regarding part of the program given by your Seminary for the Red Cross benefit. The Auxiliary is not in any way responsible for the article nor do they in any way endorse it.

For the Vigan Auxiliary of the Red Cross, very respectfully,

(Signed) "JOSE VILLANUEVA,

"Provincial Governor."

As three of the Red Cross ladies of Vigan are "missionaries," two of the Methodist and one of the Christian Mission, the letter shows they were not in accord with their "fel-

low-apostle" on this point. I am sending this letter to the editor and after the June issue appears will let you know if he published it and my first protest. The effect on the readers of the magazine may be judged from the fact that the Director of Education at once telegraphed to the Superintendent of Schools at Ilocos to learn if the article was true. Of course the latter answered no, and when I was talking to him later he said the letter rather showed the man's own ideas of the "inefficiency of the system" and the "false and idle things" taught in the public schools.

June 29, 1918.

The first baguio of the year is upon us, and, while it is not destructive, there are oceans of rain falling, so I take occasion to drop a line. The chief point of interest is my visit to Sinait to help in the closing of the month of May. I have already written you of Father Cordero's work there, especially of his troubles over the dead Aglipayan. His action in the matter stirred up the animosity of the Aglipayans and Protestants against him. He had splendid ceremonies during the month of May, daily communions, etc. During the six months that he has been in Sinait he has succeeded in forming a Children of Mary's Sodality of some 400 young ladies. They were to have their procession in the evening of May 31. May 30 being Corpus Christi, he asked permission from the *municipio* for a procession. The Aglipayans also asked for a procession. The "Board" granted the two permission, assigning, however, the streets through which each profession should pass. Father Ignacio remained within the quadrangle in front of the church, your humble correspondent having the honor of carrying the Blessed Sacrament. I heard that the Aglipayans had passed through the town, fortunately, for the honor of our Lord, carrying a cross and not a sacrilegious 'host." The Aglipayans had not asked for a procession the following day, probably because there were no "children of Mary" among them. Father Ignacio had, and the permission was granted without any streets being named. The Children of Mary prepared energetically for a splendid procession, erecting altars and arches in different parts of the town. One arch was being erected in the Aglipayan section of the town, under the direction of three young ladies whose father was a pronounced Aglipayan and who had forbidden his daughters to take any part in the Catholic procession, but to follow that of the Aglipayans. The young ladies, however, proved themselves good champions of the Faith and of Mary and continued the erection of the arch. These preparations excited the envy of the Aglipayans and at 5.30 P. M. the "pari-pari" (the term given to the pseudo Aglipayan priests here) went to the Presidente and asked permission for a procession. This the Presidente

granted, but I think without right, for on the permissions of the previous day the whole "Board" had voted. A short while before the procession started a sick call same, and as Father Ignacio was so necessary in the procession. I had a ride in an ox-cart through the mountains for over a half hour each way. When I returned to the church it was dark and the procession had completed about half of its course. It was a most beautiful sight—400 young ladies in two files, each carrying a lighted candle. The ranks were well organized by the officers of the Sodality and there was not a break in them. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried at the end of the procession. In front of it was a group of young ladies singing hymns, while behind followed a brass band, which kept itself occupied between hymns. The procession leaving the church had gone some distance to the west, then turned south for a while. At the end of the town it passed over east, crossing the main road of the town, and later turned north, advancing in so doing back of the church. It had reached its farthest point north and turned to the west again, when it would have completed its fourth side of a square. It had to recross the main road, and when we were within 50 meters of this road we saw lights in the distance on the other side of it. This, of course, was the Aglipayan procession. The policemen told us to stop for a minute, for the Aglipayans should come up to the main road and, following it, go to the north, thus leaving the street free for us. But the Aglipayans weren't moving. We waited about 10 minutes and told the police to order the Aglipayans to hurry on. "Father," the Chief answered, "they won't move." "Make them," we replied. "We cannot," was the answer. "They are all armed with bolas (short swords) and all are drunk." About 150 drunken Aglipayans were bound to prevent our passage. The whole police force of Sinait was out, four men, and they had only a club apiece. The Chief had killed a man in a disturbance the preceding week and the whole force had been deprived of revolvers. We waited in all about half an hour. One Aglipayan had put himself in the main street with drawn sword and threatened to kill Father Ignacio, myself or Mr. Posion, the seminarian who had accompanied me, if we approached. The few good Catholic women from the Aglipayan quarter came running to us with tears in their eyes, begging us not to approach nearer. Seeing the hopelessness of the case, we retired, breaking ranks by a side road to the church. Here Father Ignacio delivered an eloquent sermon, closing it with a request for prayers for the unhappy men who had impeded the glory of God and His Blessed Mother. I heard later that the *pari-pari,* the Aglipayan priest, drunk like all his companions, had taken a wheel off the little cart on which they had placed their statue

so that the men could not draw it. When they tried to draw in one direction he would seize the rear of the wagon and pull in the other. As soon as our Children of Mary entered the church the Aglipayans disbanded, showing by so doing that their only purpose was to prevent our procession. Today Father Ignacio should have had his Sacred Heart procession in Sinait and we ours here in Vigan, but this baguio makes any procession impossible.

We opened schools on the 17th of June, with the numbers about the same as last year. The high schools opened on the 9th. For several years boys and girls attending the Government intermediate and high schools have been obliged to pay a tuition fee or matriculation fee. This year the Vigan High School boys and girls must pay 15 pesos, while the intermediate pay 9. In other intermediate towns of the province they pay more. All, too, must buy their own books. We ask 10 pesos for matriculation in the college and 8 in the intermediate department. This, with the two pesos from each boy at the time of examination, is all we get from our day scholars.

The Sacred Heart Dormitory opened very propitiously. We have 80 boys. All our rooms and beds are taken—no room to put new beds.

Unfortunately the Protestant dormitories are pretty full too. This increase in number in all the dormitories may be due to increase in food prices, as the dormitories are asking less for board than the private houses do.

I think I sent you the paper about the Bogus School Inspector and the Methodist minister's attack on it. When in Manila I went personally to see the editor of the *Observer,* and after a friendly talk he promised to insert my letter of protest asking permission to leave out the word "vile"—the penultimate word in my letter. Of course I agreed and he, Methodist like, left out the whole paragraph, because I suppose it tends to the honor of the Jesuits. I sent also to the editor the letter the Governor of the province sent to Rev. Father Rector repudiating the minister's criticism. But the editor must have exhausted his stock of generosity in agreeing to publish my letter. For he neither published the Governor's letter nor did he even write to tell me he had received it. Extract and letter follow:

"The Bogus School Inspector."—The *Observer* for April contained a report of a play given by the Seminary College of Vigan. It has aroused considerable controversy. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether it reflected upon the public schools. It is neither the purpose of Mr. Moore nor myself to state anything but the facts. What we want is the truth, and nothing but the truth. The letter given below from Rev. John J. Thompkins, of the

Seminary, is positive that it was "not in the slightest an attack on the Public Schools." We are glad to accept his statement of the case, and we cheerfully give place in this issue of the *Philippine Observer* to his letter.—EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Philippine Observer.

Dear Sir:

Permit me to take exception to the article in your April number, "Burlesque of Public Schools," signed by J. W. Moore. As minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Vigan, Mr. Moore had ample opportunity to know the real character of the play, "The Bogus School Inspector." The play even as represented in the Seminary College of Vigan did not have a single allusion to the Public Schools nor was there a single word uttered to indicate the slightest attack on the Public School system.

There were two performances given, at either one of which were present Mr. Murphy, Superintendent of Schools in Ilocos Sur and Mrs. Murphy, Messrs. Barnes, Spaulding and Wester, Professors in the Vigan High School, and Mr. Morgan (Principal of the Vigan High School) and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Badger. Professors in the Vigan High School, Mr. Hickman Industrial Supervisor of Ilocos Sur, and Mrs. Hickman, President of the Vigan Red Cross. The last three named ladies and gentlemen are of the Methodist religion, parishioners of Mr. Moore. The Vigan High School Orchestra and the Glee Club also took part.

The play was printed in New York City and published by J. Fisher of Astor Place. Six years ago it was presented by the students of the same College, and no word of adverse criticism was heard. In it, no premiums were placed on "idleness, indolence and ignorance"—there was no partiality to least deserving, or "picking" on the well behaved: nor was there event a hint at a "bribe."

The "laughter and approval of the hundreds of Filipinos who witnessed it" was shared in by the American professors of the Vigan High School, and even to a greater extent, for they understood better the incongruity of the children's answers.

Feeling sure that the editor of the *Philippine Observer* will be magnanimous enough to correct an error that he unwittingly admitted in his publication, I remain,

Very respectfully,

JOHN J. THOMPKINS,

American Jesuit, Seminary College, Vigan.

It is most unfortunate that when the Jesuit Fathers of Vigan, and the pupils of the Seminary College in the spirit of truest patriotism and loyalty are doing what they can to help the great cause for which the United States are fighting should

have their action so willfully misunderstood and should themselves be made the object of a calumny.

WORCESTER. *Holy Cross College.*—At a testimonial banquet at the Bancroft Hotel on February 10, Holy Cross College alumni welcomed in a real Holy Cross welcome, her distinguished alumnus, Senator-elect David I. Walsh, '93, and her new rector, the Rev. James J. Carlin, S.J.

It was a Holy Cross night in the Bancroft Hotel from 7 until nearly 12 o'clock, when the senator-elect finished his address. More than 300 alumni gathered around the festive board with a true, loyal and patriotic spirit. It was a family gathering, a reunion of the older graduates with the younger ones, the first since America entered the great war.

Both Senator Walsh and President Carlin were given cheers and hoiahs that rang true from every voice in the spacious ballroom. The quartet of speakers, beginning with Father Carlin, Judge Thomas H. Dowd of Boston and the Rev. James J. Howard, pastor of St. Peter's Church, following and ending with Senator Walsh, was the best ever heard in this city at any one gathering. The toastmaster and master of ceremonies, the Rev. Edward J. Fitzgerald of Clinton, was a genius in the way he welcomed the alumni and in his introduction of the various speakers.

A few excerpts from Senator Walsh's speech:

"France has bestowed many decorations upon her brave sons, but one, the cross of the legion of honor, has been sparingly given. Only exceptional deeds of valor and exceptionally conspicuous service has moved the French government to decorate the heroes of this terrible war with the cross of the legion of honor. Yet faithful to every task, doing the day's work, whatever it was 'Ad majorian Dei Gloriam,' 25 French Jesuit soldiers, brothers in the same great religious order with Father Carlin, have received from France the distinction of being decorated with the cross of the legion of honor.

"Father Carlin, if you have no other title but that of a son of Loyola, and were only an unknown brother of the 25 legion of honor Jesuit French soldiers, we would welcome you to Holy Cross—we would honor you for the two letters affixed to your name, 'S.J.'

"This occasion would be incomplete did we not here and now at our first reunion since the ending of the world war, pay tribute to our American soldiers and sailors, and especially to the sons of Holy Cross who have responded to the call of the country and have so gallantly and bravely assisted in achieving the complete victory we are still celebrating.

"The roll of Holy Cross men who have done their bit is long and honorable. Wherever duty called, whether on guard, on

the cheerless cargo ships bringing supplies to our soldiers and suffering people of Europe, in the home camps tediously awaiting and ardently longing for an opportunity for a real part in the thrilling scenes of conflict in France, or in the midst of the raging hell fire of the battlefield, they have one and all given proof to the world that Holy Cross men know how to serve, suffer and die for their country, and that the lessons of love of God and of country which the old mother college has taught these 75 years have not been lost on her sons of today.

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"We welcome to the presidency of our college the young man whom the alumni meets and greets tonight for the first time. We know Father Carlin and we are certain that we shall soon affectionately regard him as a Holy Cross brother, and we are confident that his administration will not only be successful, but that under his leadership Holy Cross will go forward with leaps and bounds.

"We miss one leader—that youthful, smiling, spiritual face of Father Dinand. We miss his enthusiasm. We miss his stirring, ringing eloquence. How well he understood us! How quickly he imbibed that spirit that has made Holy Cross men brothers the world over! But we know he is yet with us, for wherever Father Dinand goes, in whatever field of labor he may be called, we know his heart will always be here at Holy Cross—the Holy Cross that he loved so much—the Holy Cross to which he gave so much of his strength and energy, love and affection. Like the good soldier that he is he has gone to the higher post of duty to which his superiors have called him, and the blessing of every son of Holy Cross will follow him to 'the end of the trail.'"

Davitt Memorial Fund is Started. Over $5,000 *Pledged to Honor the Hero Chaplain.*—The nucleus of a fund to erect a fitting memorial in memory of the Rev. William F. Davitt, U. S. army chaplain, killed in action armistice day, was started last night at the banquet in the Bancroft Hotel, with the receipt of a telegram from William F. O'Neil of Akron, O., a class-mate of Father Davitt, 1907, who gave $5,000.

Announcement was also made that the Rev. Patrick Dowd had pledged $500 and the Rev. William Nugent $100 toward the fund. The memorial had been suggested by the Rev. James J. Carlin, S.J., in his address earlier in the evening.

Holy Cross Activities. The usual academic activities are well under way. There has been a marked increase in the Sodalities' membership, as well as in the waiting lists for the Debating Societies. A new work undertaken by the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the spread of the "America" and

the Queen's Work. Several sodalists are engaged in teaching Sunday School in Worcester.

The Glee Club and Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Boland, S.J., are arranging for a series of concerts. It was found last year that this musical work was a strong factor in removing much New England prejudice among non-Catholics who did not credit Holy Cross with such talent.

A "Purple" Poet.—A recent issue of "America" has this tribute to the poetry of Edward V. Killeen, Jr.:

"A delicate sheaf of verse that lately appeared is his parents' richly wrought tribute to the memory of their son, Edward V. Killeen, Jr., and comprises the poems he wrote as an undergraduate at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. This youthful poet, who was to be editor-in-chief of the Holy Cross *Purple* for 1919, had already attracted public attention by his annual appearance in "The Poets of the Future," when he died in the service of his country at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Ill., October 6, 1918. His war poems were particularly felicitous in their feeling and imagery.

The Holy Cross *Purple* management is publishing an edition of Mr. Killeen's poems.

Military Mass Offered in College Chapel as Farewell to Students of Training Corps.—Holy Cross formally bade Godspeed to the boys of its Student Army Training Corps, December 13, 1918, with a military Mass in the college chapel, which was one of the most impressive ceremonies ever witnessed on Mount St. James.

As the services opened the colors of the college training corps, consisting of the Stars and Stripes and the purple banner of the institution, were borne into the sanctuary by color bearers of the corps accompanied by the color guard. During the entire ceremony, except at the time of the consecration, the boys stood at attention. At the consecration, the guard presented arms and later on, at the elevation, the college bugle corps made up of buglers from the various units sounded "The General's March."

Another bit of color was added to the scene by the altar boys who were picked from the student body. They were divested of the usual cassock and surplices, and wore instead their uniforms of khaki.

The Mass was really the last general assembly of the corps, as Co. A was mustered out today, and Co. B was examined this afternoon and is ready to be mustered out.

The Mass was celebrated by Rev. James J. Carlin, S.J., president of the college, and seated in the sanctuary were Rev. Joseph Rockwell, S.J., provincial, and Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, socius and former president of the college, who were present

as a tribute to the work of the boys in the training corps.

The color guard was in command of Lieut. Joseph Genereaux and to anyone looking into the chapel, the color guard in the sanctuary with the Stars and Stripes and purple banner of Holy Cross held aloft by the khaki-clad boys of the corps, surrounded by the armed guard, was a most solemn and impressive sight.

Later on, at Holy Communion, every member of the army and naval units marched to the altar rail and received the Blessed Sacrament, the boys rising to take their place at the altar rail as the last notes of the General's March died away. The men marched back to their seats with the blue-clad boys of the naval unit taking the left side aisle and khaki-clad boys of the army unit taking the right aisle.

At the close of the service the boys were addressed by Father Carlin who said as he had, in the name of Holy Cross, welcomed the Student Army Training Corps he now, in the name of the college, wished the men Godspeed as they went forth into the world.

Honor for Father Coyle.—Rev. George L. Coyle, S.J., has been honored recently. Word has come to the college that Father Coyle was chosen to be a member of the executive committee in the North Eastern Division of the American Chemical Society. The appointment is a mark of the high and universal esteem in which the Dean of our chemical department is held.

Home News. *Academy in Honor of St. Catherine.* On the evening of November 24, the Philosophers honored their patroness, Saint Catherine, by an academy with the following program:

Norma (*Bellini*)—Orchestra. *Virtus Decus Scientiae*—D. J. Comey. *Discovery* (*Grieg*)—Glee Club. *Falstaff and Zagloba*—S. F. McNamee. *The Triumph at Noontide*—L. E. Feeney. *In Old Madeira* (*Spenser*)—String Quartette. *The Oxonian Jesuit*—W. J. Murphy. *'Tis Morn* (*Geibel*)—Glee Club. *God's Place in the Characters of Literature*—T. J. Feeney. *Tannhauser* (*Wagner*)—Orchestra.

Fall Disputations.—The fall theological and philosophical disputations took place on November 29 and 30. In theology: *Ex Tractatu De Divinitate Christi,* Father Charles E. Schmidt, defender; Fathers John H. Fasy and Arthur J. Hohman, objectors. *Ex Tractatu De Deo Creante,* Father Allen F. Duggin, defender; Father Patrick J. McHugh, objector. Essays: *Ex Sacra Scriptura,* "The Temples of Solomon and Herod," Mr. W. A. Stork. *Ex Jure Canonico,* "Matrimonial Impediments, Old and New Legislation," Mr. J. P. Gallagher. *Ex Historia Ecclestiastica,* "It Was The Prevalent Practice of The Early Church to Grant Pardon to Those Guilty of Capital Sins,"

Mr. D. F. Ryan. In philosophy: *Ex Ethica,* Mr. J. F. Dwyer, defender; Messrs. S. F. McNamee and J. Reith, objectors. *Ex Theologia Naturali,* Mr. J. A. Waldron, defender; Messrs. R. J. Barter and T. P. Butler, objectors. *Ex Psychologia,* Mr. F. A. Mulligan, defender; Messrs. F. X. Peirce and H. L. Irwin, objectors. Lecture: *Ex Biologia,* "Tree, Flowers and Autumn Coloring," Mr. J. A. Pollock.

Winter Disputations.—Because of the sickness at Woodstock during the influenza epidemic the winter disputations in theology and philosophy were dropped.

Ordination.—On February 2, 1919, Mr. John J. Monahan, S.J., was raised to the priesthood by Most Rev. Dennis J. Dougherty, at the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, Philadelphia. Father Monahan was ordained subdeacon and deacon on the 6th and 7th of April, 1918, at Woodstock, but because of sickness his ordination to the priesthood was delayed.